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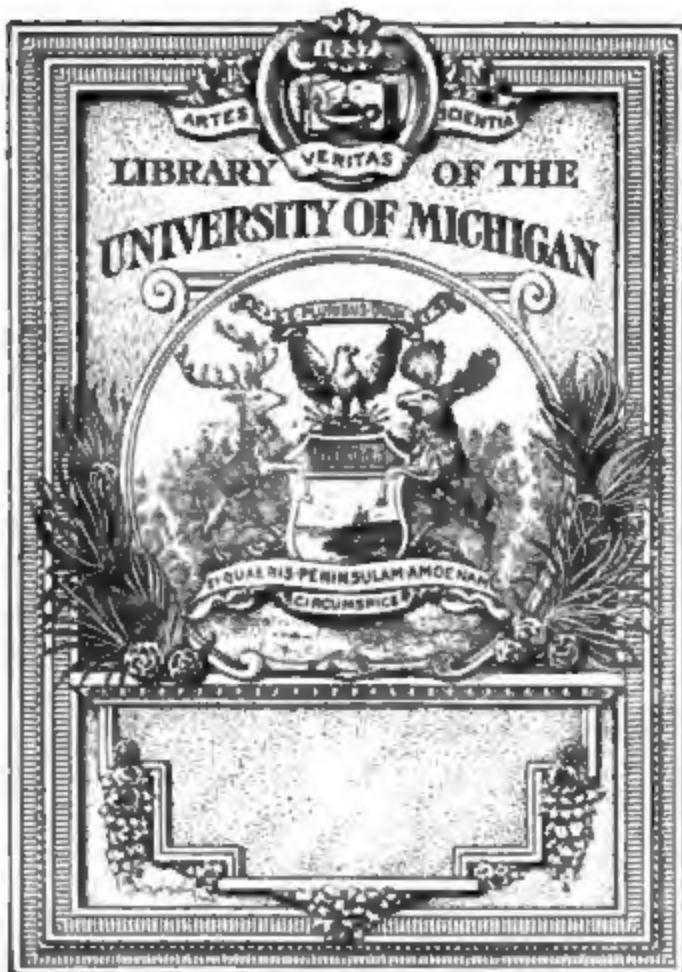
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1905.

AN ACTOR'S PATCH.

BY GEORGE HOLMES.

I.

THE young actor stood looking with an agonised expression at the great rent in his white satin coat ; it literally yawned like a chasm between the big frogged pocket and skirt-tail behind. Of course, a junior has to put up with second-best, and the coat, in spite of its trimmings—which were superb—was very old. But—and here lay the bitterness of the misfortune—if Miss Pamela Lupin had not leaned so heavily when she was being supported from the scene at the close of the first act, that rent would never have taken place. How, indeed, had he supported her himself—let alone the poor, old, cotton-satin dress-coat? He clenched his fist angrily :—

“ Half an hour's interval ; and she said her maid would soon put it right. *Never !* ”

Standing yet one more moment irresolute, a gentle laugh from some region on his left beyond the drop-scene fell on his ear, and a soft voice said quite distinctly,

“ *N'aie pas peur !* I shall be all right, of course. Only come back for the carriage, Albert is so stupid.”

The murmur of other voices seemed to silence the one, and the listener, with a half-smile on his lips, waited till all was quiet again, then stole quickly down the velvet-lined vestibule to the stage-boxes. The doors were all marked with well-known names, but, hardly examining them, he hurried on. Then, his hand on his beating

heart, his heart in his mouth, his heart in his eyes, he tapped twice firmly on the door above which ran "The Lochinvar" in gold letters.

II.

"Yes, I saw it all," she said. "Oh, I expect there is time. can work very quickly. I have plenty of practice here, as you have seen! Why! it matches beautifully, doesn't it? Oh, trains are really worn so long this spring. Now, will you take off your coat?"

The young actor obeyed, but he offered her the coat kneeling and I think if you had seen her you would have done the same.

She was quite alone in the luxuriously furnished inner room; gay little fire burned in the grate, and the coffee still smelt fragrantly on the carved table near. She had been at her embroidery, as ever night that month, and her little gold thimble was on the white hand that took the coat from his. Then a dazzling pair of scissors cut off a dazzling piece of satin from the great court train that seemed to flow round and round her little feet like summer waters, and the old rent and the new patch became one ere he had spoken.

The precious minutes were rushing away; soon it would be Miss Pamela Lupin again, and only in the distance the sweet face, the golden hair, the white hand that he worshipped. He stood gazing at the nimble fingers busy with the patch, all the hundred questions he had to ask unuttered.

"It seems so natural for you to have come," she said, "and you don't look like make-believe at all. I suppose it is because you wear our motto; and then, you are so like the picture of the Young Lochinvar in my own home."

His hand went up to the medallion hung round his neck by a broad tartan riband. It was no tawdry stage jewel, but a beautiful enamelled locket, inscribed, "*N'aie pas peur.*"

"I said that all the way I came here," he murmured, "but it is no good! I *am* so afraid!"

"And why? Is it only make-believe, then, when you wrestle with Ellen's Bridegroom, and hurl him down? You look as if you really could kill him, there and then!"

"*N'aie pas peur* is not for those who know *you*," he said quickly. "I am afraid because you are so beautiful."

She looked at him with her gentle eyes—those eyes whose gentleness had drawn him to her every night when the whole world stage and theatre and audience separated him from her. But n

that he had dared so much, now that he was actually within the rays of the sun of his paradise, his heart sank.

"*N'aie pas peur,*" she said, softly.

III.

And then some of his questions got answered. Her grandfather had taken a box for the season at this theatre because he fancied a play which ran upon an old family tradition of *The Lochinvar*. Every night he would bring her, but he soon tired, himself, and then, when their guests had drunk wine or coffee, he would leave her to her embroidery. Her grandfather, *The Lochinvar*, was her guardian, because she was an orphan, the last of her race.

And then he to her : Did she ever look up at the play? What did she think of the rescue-scene in the banqueting hall? Was not *Ellen* . . . not "fair *Ellen*"? It was she who had torn the white satin coat !

And she : Was he not fortunate to have so good a part while still so young at his work? She did admire the rescue-scene, and *Ellen* was really very handsome—only, perhaps, a little too stout to be "swung to the croup" very lightly !

Then footsteps hurry outside, and a confused mingling of voices, rustling ladies' dresses, and a clattering of attendants' trays brings the world of stage and theatre and audience back again.

"I shall come again till you forbid me," he said, and would have kissed her shoe, had he dared.

But the patch was pressed to his heart as he flew out of the door, the white satin coat over his arm, and the long lace ruffles of his shirt hanging over his shaking hands.

IV.

"Donald, ye'll tak' my compliments, and bid the laddie sup wi' *Lochinvar* to-night," exclaimed the old Earl, putting down his opera-glasses with a grin. "Faith ! Eelen, that young creature steps oot o' my granduncle's frame ! I'd like to talk wi' him. Dost see how his impudence walketh right up to oor box, and looketh right in each while he comes this way? We'll give him an extra skirl o' the pipes, Donald, before the day's oot !"

The tall piper who accompanies *The Lochinvar* wherever he goes bowed with his invariable answer, "It was so," and vanished.

"Eelen, he is daft ! Do ye mark him hugging the tail o' that

braw satin coat? And the saft Scots voice to him when he speak
It minds me——”

The Lochinvar's sigh could be heard distinctly by the pit folk.

. V.

The young actor stood, as in a dream, between the row pipers, a strange figure in a strange scene—the hall of a Grosvenor Square house. His flaxen hair fell on his neck, round which a tartan riband hung. “*N'aie pas peur,*” whispered the medallion his bounding heart.

“Will ye lead Eelen, the Lady Eelen, to supper, ‘Young Lochinvar’?” asked the old Earl.

She could not speak nor look, and the little hand lay trembling on his sleeve. There was the rustle of her satin gown at his side and the feeling that he was walking among the stars, one of which was guiding him. All fear forsook him when he knew that she was afraid.

“What took ye amang the fule-actor bodies?” asked The Lochinvar, very comfortable, with Donald plying his goblet, and the pipers screeching their best.

“’Tis an old family tale, The Lochinvar,” answered the young man, speaking the Scots tongue with his soft, rich voice. “My great-grandfather ran awa’ wi’ some strollin’ players when a wee bit laddie, and——;” he paused, and looked full at the Earl with his deep-blue eyes; “and he wasna’ seen in his ain hame again!”

The old man's hand holding the goblet trembled.

“There's mair to tell and to hear,” he cried.

“I have nae mair to tell ye,” said the young man, haughtily. “But I will tell *all* to the Lady Eelen, some day!”

VI.

It was the murky London air that had made his head burn and throb all these weeks.

“We'll awa’ ower the border, Eelen,” said the old Earl, wearily.

She sat at her harp to soothe him, but the chords so weakly struck hardly reached his ear.

“Does thee mind that actor-laddie, child, and how he talk that night? I could hear him again, faith!—’twas good play-acting that! Do ye mind him taking Donald's pipes, and playing the claret reel only *one* of us hath the right to? The De'il must ha' been

the goblet he drank! And brawly he drained it *twice*,—the lad! Donald, I could speak wi' him again,—for diversion, ye ken."

The piper had just entered the room with a salver. The old Earl lifted the card:

"'To enquire,'" he read, and looked at Ellen uneasily. "*Mr. James Lochinvar.*"

"Will I show him in? He's to speir how ye are, The Lochinvar," said the piper.

The young man stood in the doorway. He was in the Highland dress:—his bonnet, with a carven silver crest-brooch, hung by its ribbons from his hand; his kilt was the clan-tartan that is so like the Sutherland that it would puzzle a Britisher; his sporan, of finest fallow deerskin, shaded like an autumn beechen leaf; the jewels in his dirk and hose were cairngorms, pale as moonbeams. He wore no plaidie, but a little jacket, and the enamelled medallion lay on his breast. His shirt was of finest lawn where the clan-tartan riband hung. He towered tall and grave in the doorway, the murky gleam from the window playing with his flaxen hair.

The old Earl gazed at him in amazement.

"Ye're still play-acting, then, lad," he said, and looked uneasily at Ellen. The young man had not glanced at her at all, but there was the blue flash from his eyes as he met her grandfather's glower.

"I saw your illness in the papers," he said, speaking the English purely and melodiously. "I trust you are better, The Lochinvar?"

When he was seated at Ellen's harp, she must steal out of the room. Outside the notes can melt on her enchanted ear, and no one will see *the tears down fa'*. The young man had not looked at her,—so pale, so grave he was. And she is pale and grave. He plays the loved airs of that beloved land.

"'Twill be ye'll warble it, laddie," murmured the old man, who trembled with happiness. "Ah! *there* is a melody for a broken heart! Do ye mind what Burns said o' the *Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*?"—No pen can give The Lochinvar's sounding of the poet's name.

"Thy voice is as sweet as the heather honey."

Deep, rich, full, and sad as parted friends are the tones that fall upon the quiet room. Those tears that rise in the heart have gathered to the old man's eyes.

The dusky twilight creeps upon them when he ceases.

"Show me the jewel thou wearest!"—commanded The Lochinvar.

VII.

You have no fairer city in your dominions, Sir.

The blue waters of Beaulieu would fain kiss the silver Moray, but the gentle Ness is jealous, and prompts the Caledonian waters to interfere. Flora Macdonald is guarding the Castle, and the dog lifts his paw, as any loyal Highland dog always does. You shall see no more beautiful cemetery than the tree-clad hill where the grave-stones seem to walk up and down together, conversing of this life and another. And, *ladies*, if you would be *well* clad, go to Mr. Macdonald's in Bridge Street and get you a real Harris tweed! Fragrant of peat fires, with shades of the heather or the woods in the fall of the year,—warm, light, weather-and-time-proof: what would you better? Neatly stitched, collared with soft velvet, lined with satin, and your Tam-o'-Shanter to match with its wild-bird's wing!—There's a gown to make London lassies ache with envy, that go mincing in shoddy will not brook an April tear! If you do not believe me, ask Lord Rosebery.

But, if you are for knowing where *they* are, you must on yet higher,—up, up, up, beyond city and waters, to the lonely castle among the hills, where no steam will carry you. There is rarely a morning without snow to see, even if it is miles away; and within the towers you shall hear no bell or gong: would you summon or be summoned, you must blow a horn; each guest knows the custom of the place.

The moonlight of summer falls on the broad drive where the saddled horses are waiting. The light in the great hall, dark with flags and armour and many goblets and antlers, falls dimly on the stairway. The carved chairs bear the clan-crest,—a horse's head champing at the bit, the wild eye eager for the chase.

'Two steps above him she stood, so that her white hand may play among his flaxen hair as she listens. He is in riding dress, but his cloak hardly conceals an old, faded, white satin coat that has a great, gleaming patch to it! Her mantle hangs over the balustrade, so that you may still feast your eyes, as he does, upon that sweet vision of his beauty.

"I'm a'right, I am yours, soul and body," he whispered. "To-morrow, all happiness, all beauty are ours; all life, all light, world and Heaven,—for ever and ever! But say it again Helen, I'm a'right——"

She bending over him, her hands on his beating heart.

"I'm a'right," he whispered. "It beats for you!"

death of Queen Eleanor. The cross, in fact, was named after the village from its accidental erection on that spot. A note in Leland's "Collectanea" says, "Anno D. 1292 crux apud Cheringes incepta fuit."¹ But it seems possible, nay probable, that there was a way-side cross standing here before the erection of the more famous work of Richard and Roger de Crundale, who indeed, according to one writer, erected the Eleanor cross "in place of the original wooden cross."² The gloss imparted to the "chère reine" interpretation was no doubt acquired from the fact of the first Edward having been so strongly and deservedly attached to the heroic woman, his first wife, Eleanor of Castile. But *nimum ne crede colori*, and the name assuredly had its origin, like so many other place-names, in the geographical situation of the spot, placed as it is at the bend of the river—the only bend between Chelsea Reach and Wapping. This may be seen by referring to the map of London, where the Thames at Charing takes a perfectly rectangular course, with the quondam village at its elbow, *i.e.* at the spot where it turns or bends. Now the Anglo-Saxon word "char" means to turn, whence wood *turned* to coal becomes *char*-coal, a char-woman is one who takes a *turn* at work, and to leave the door a-char is to leave it on the *turn*. One circumstance, in particular, helped to make this bend in the river remarkable, and was probably instrumental in suggesting the name of the village. London was more plainly visible than it is now, and even Loftie, in his "Historical Notes of Whitehall," mentions this "curious bend" in the course of the Thames, on account of which London was nearly as visible from Westminster. "Ing" is the Anglo-Saxon for "meadow," and so Char-ing appears to have been "the meadow at the bend" (of the river).³ The Anglo-Saxon *cerr*, says Professor Skeat, means a *turn*; Old High German *chér*, a turning about; Middle English *cherren*, *charren*, to turn; Anglo-Saxon *cerran*, to turn. In Newcastle and some neighbouring towns

¹ Vol. ii. p. 356.

² See also *Manners and Household Expenses of England in the 13th and 15th Centuries*, by Beriah Botfield (Roxburghe Club), 1841, pp. 110, 122. Earlier even than these instances, in a MS. entitled "Liber de Antiquis Legibus," occurs an allusion to the village in the year 1260—thirty-one years before the death of Queen Eleanor, and consequently before the erection of the cross to her memory. See transcript of this MS. among the Archives of the City of London; also reproduced, I think, by the Camden Society.

³ "Ing" as a suffix in the names of persons had much the same significance as the prefix "Mac" in Scotland, "O" in Ireland, and "Ap" in Wales, but the existence contemporaneously of the Charing in Kent and the Charing at Westminster points to the syllable *ing* having been intended—although exceptionally so—to signify a meadow, in which sense it occurs as a prefix in *Ingham*.

a *chare* is a local name for a narrow lane, alley, or wynd—in short, for what we should call in less plain Saxon, a *turning*. Reverting to the ancient spelling of the name we shall find reason to conclude that Charing in Kent is exactly identical in its etymology with the Charing now known to us as Charing Cross, for if the map inserted in Furley's "History of the Weald of Kent"¹ may be relied on, Charing in Kent is also situated at a decided deviation of the river's course, and in Domesday and other ancient records is written Cheringes, Cerringes, and Cherring.² That "*Char-ing*," therefore, means "the meadow at the bend of the river," is not discounted by the fact that Charing was not even a village at the time that the beautiful memorial to the devoted Queen Eleanor was erected, fields surrounding the cross both north and west. Moreover, there is an engraving of the village of Charing in Grose's "Antiquarian Repository,"³ which, if rightly attributed, as it is, to Hollar, goes to prove that even in Charles I.'s time there were only the one or two dwellings that can at the very least be supposed to constitute a village, the only other symptom of village life, or of any human habitation, being a tavern to the left of the spectator, nestling comfortably beneath a large tree, and next to the cottages alluded to. There was, of course, the alien priory of St. Mary Rouncival, which at the Dissolution came into the hands of the Earl of Northampton, who built upon its site the last of the riverside palaces, Northumberland House, the site and grounds of which are now occupied by Northumberland Avenue. All around Charing, excepting on the east and north-east sides, appears to have been meadow land, as may be seen in Aggas's plan of the village of Charing, 1560, the north being occupied by the Mews, the east by the Strand palaces, and some distance to the west the Hospital of St. James, afterwards St. James's Palace. The lazar- or leper-house of St. James's is described by one chronicler as being as dreary and lonely a spot as could be desired for the isolation of its inmates.⁴ What is now St. James's Park was nothing but chaotic marsh land, and so remained until

¹ This map shows the "Ancient and Modern names of the Manors &c., mentioned in the survey of Domesday, compiled A.D. 1086" (vol. ii. part 1). The ancient manor of Charing in the Hundred of Calehill was one of the earliest possessions of the See of Canterbury after the Conquest, and the district of Charing had been taken about the year 839, by Offa, from that See, but restored by Cenulph (Hasted's *Kent*, vol. iii. p. 211).

² See also Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. ii. pp. 443, 542.

³ Ed. 1807, vol. i. p. 371.

⁴ See Bailey's *Antiquities of London and Westminster*, and J. E. Sheppard's *History of St. James's Palace*.

Henry VIII. had it laid out and walled in. Long Ditch, only 720 yards from Charing Cross, so called "for that the same almost insulateth the city of Westminster," was even in Strype's time, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, "a place of no great account for houses or inhabitants." It was situated, I think, between what are now Tothill Street and Great George Street, but the locality is laid down with great exactness in Strype's map of St. Margaret's, Westminster. One of the Westminster prints lately exhibited by Mr. C. E. Jerningham in Westminster Town Hall shows a view from the village of Charing, depicting even Whitehall as wooded meadow-land. Northwards, Long Acre was in 1556 known as the back-side of Charing Cross. An item in Machyn's *Diary* says: "Anodur theyff that dyd long [belong] to one of master controller . . . dyd kille Richerd Eggylston the controller[']s] tayller, and k[illed him in] the Long Acurs, the bak-syd Charyng-crosse" (p. 121). The village was in fact known principally as the border-land, connected on the one hand, by means of the historic thoroughfare of the Strand, with the City of London, and on the other, by way of the Whitehall and King Street Gates, with Westminster—although of course these gates did not exist before the removal of the royal palace of Westminster to Whitehall. Consequently the spot has been the scene of innumerable because unchronicled events in English history, and those who ventured from either direction as far as Charing no doubt found the inhabitants of the few dwellings which, at a later time, constituted the village—especially the landlord of the rustic tavern that stood there—convenient "middle-gossips" as to what was transpiring either at Westminster or in London. Boniface would recall the exciting time which diversified the normal loneliness of the villagers, when in 1222 a great wrestling match was held near the Lepers' Hospital, now the palace of St. James's, between the men of London and those of Westminster, city and suburban. The Londoners were victorious, but their victory only aroused in the vanquished a desire for revenge such as is unfortunately associated sometimes even nowadays with the noble games of "Socker" and "Rugger." A steward of the Abbot of Westminster—"seneschal" as he was called—was so annoyed at defeat that he resolved on revenge. With the usual live ram as a prize¹ he proposed a second trial of

¹ Chaucer says of the big and brawny miller, in the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*:

"At wrastlynge he wolde bere away the ram ;"

and again, in *The Rime of Sir Thopas*, it is said of the Knight :

"Of wrastling was there none his pere,
There ony ram should stonde."

skill a week after the first, *i.e.* on August 1. The Londoners in great numbers flocked to the rendezvous, where, as bout succeeded bout, it was perceived that the London men were again getting the upper hand, upon which, unarmed as they were, they were attacked by the seneschal's armed followers. The deluded postulants for the ram are described as having been "cruelly maimed and wounded," and forced to fly for refuge within their stout city walls. This was, of course, more than the Londoners could stand. The efforts of the Mayor, Robert Serle, mercer, to restore peace and satisfaction by advising the citizens to complain to the Abbot of Westminster were of no avail. Stronger measures were voiced by one Constantine Fitz Arnulf, who in 1198 had been sheriff under Mayor Fitz Alwin.¹ This firebrand aroused in the general populace such a degree of fury and resentment that they marched at his call on Westminster, with the watchword of the late French invaders on their lips, "God help us and our Lord Lewis," and with the avowed intention of levelling with the ground the houses of the devoted Westmonasterians. This they accomplished, pillaging them to boot, and returned in triumph to the city. But Fitz Arnulf was hanged for his trouble, in spite of large sums offered for his ransom.² He was, however, hanged unjustly, as we may well suppose, from all the known circumstances, and the injustice of Hubert de Burgh, the original builder of Whitehall Palace, recoiled on his own head, for on his downfall in 1232 the citizens of London failed not to attribute to him Fitz Arnulf's undeserved death. It was at the "Admiral Duncan" tavern at Charing Cross that in March 1824 the men of Cumberland and Westmorland in the metropolis met, and resolved to found the annual North Country wrestling matches. A "scrum" is not dearer to the heart of the festive Milesian than it appears to have been to those who breathed the humid air of Westminster. One Saturday afternoon in July 1722 the "King's Scholars" at Westminster had an *argumentum baculinum* with the lads of several other schools. The battle was fought with such fury that three lives were lost and others despaired of. The "King's Scholars" were not satisfied with vanquishing their academical rivals. Some hackney coachmen chivalrously took upon themselves to aid the weaker side, but paid dearly for their magnanimity, one losing his life and another being placed seriously *hors-de-combat*, while the

¹ Vide "Calendar of Mayors and Sheriffs" in B. B. Orridge's *Account of the Citizens of London*, 1867, p. 208.

² Vide Matthew Paris, and Lyttelton's *History of England*, 1808, vol. i. pp. 374-5.

others were so well beaten that "it is believed they will never forsake their Coach-Boxes again to meddle on such an Occasion. We are told several of the Scholars are expelled for this Offence."¹ In Machyn's "Diary" is an account of "a boy [that] kyld a byge boye that sold papers and prynted bokes [with] horlyng of a stone and yt hym under the ere in Westminster Hall; the boy was one of the chylderyn that was [at the] sckill ther in the abbey; the boy ys a hossear sune a-boyff London-stone."²

But an event of greater moment than a wrestling match was celebrated nearly two hundred years later, in the year 1415, when the neighbourhood of Charing allowed its excitement to reach fever-heat at the news of the hard-fought victory of Agincourt. Monmouth, however—not yet returned from the scene of his sanguinary triumph—was unable to participate in the national thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey, which took place four days after the battle. So that whereas it was the usual custom to go to Westminster on similar occasions in procession on horseback, the Mayor, aldermen, and an immense number of the commonalty, proceeded on this occasion like pilgrims on foot, partly apparently on account of the sorrows and adversities which the campaign had entailed and partly from feelings of humility in the hour of conquest due to a solemn religious service.³ But a triumphant note was not unvoiced by the people, and a curious ballad-relic has survived in the "Song on the Victory of Agincourt," which, in its original state, says Dr. Rimbault, may justly be considered as the first English *regular* composition of which we have any remains:

"Owre Kynge went forth to Normandy
With grace and mygt of chivalry;
The God for hym wrought marvellously,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry,—
Deo gratias."⁴

Our landlord, or his good dame, or perchance his skinker could also tell you how Sir Thomas Wyatt, incensed at Queen Mary's resolve to marry Philip of Spain, marched with an army on London and met with a temporary success at Charing Cross where he repulsed the attack of Sir John Gage, who was at the head of 1,000

¹ *London Journal*, July 7, 1722.

² 1556, p. 121.

³ Riley's *Memorials of London and London Life*, 1868, pp. 620-1-2.

⁴ The melody is "in a modern dresse" as it appears in the first volume of *Old Ballads* in the Pepysian Collection. It was probably modernised in the reign of Charles I.—Rimbault's *Musical Illust. of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, 1850, p. 60.

men, and obliged him to seek shelter within the gates of Whitehall Palace, where cries of "Treason" were raised, and there was "running and crying out of ladies and gentlemen, shutting of doores and windowes, and such a shrieking and noise as was wonderfull to heare."¹ And who was the doughty Kentishman who, with his pike, "kept seventeene horsemen off him a great time, but at the last was slaine,"² for by this time Wyatt's army had dispersed, and their leader was riding pillion-wise behind Sir Maurice Berkeley, to whom he had surrendered, and he must, on his way through Charing to the court at Whitehall, have witnessed his men being apprehended on all sides by Pembroke's horse. Later, on February 22, 1554, about 400 of Wyatt's faction were led past Charing Cross to the Tilt Yard opposite Whitehall Palace with halters round their necks, and were there pardoned by the Queen, "who looked forth of her gallery." They were lucky in thus escaping the fate of another fifty of their leader's adherents, who, a week before, were hanged on "twenty paires of gallowes made for that purpose in divers places about the citie."³ Another sequel to the general dissatisfaction with which the populace viewed the projected marriage between Philip and Mary was the conflicts which frequently occurred between the Spaniards in London and the Londoners. These Spaniards were apparently the servants of the ambassadors from the Emperor Charles, father of Philip, who came over to conclude a treaty for the Queen's marriage. The ambassadors were the Count d'Egmont, Charles Count de Laing, Jehan de Montmorancy sieur de Corriers, Philip Negri, and Simon Renard. "On the iiij day of November" (1554), says Machyn, "be-gane a grett fray at Charyng crosse at viij of the cloke at nyght be-twyn the Spaneardes and Englysmen, the wyche thurgh wysdom ther wher but a fuwe hort, and after the next day thay wher serten taken that be-gane yt; on was a blake-mor, and was brought a-for the hed offesers by the Knyght-marshall[']s servandes."⁴ Later, "on the xxvj day of Aprell, 1555, was cared from the Marsalsee in a care thurgh London unto Charyng crosse to the galows, and ther hangyd, iij men for robying of serten Spaneardes of tresur of gold out of the abbay of Westminster."⁵ "On the xxix day of Aprill was cutte downe of the galows a man that was hangyd the xxvj day of Aprill, a pulter[']s servant that was one of them that dyd robed the Spaneard with-in Westminster Abbay, and he hangyd in a gowne of townny (tawny) fryse and a dobelet of townny taffata, and a payre of fyne hose lynyd with sarsanet, and

¹ Stow's *Annales*, p. 1052.² *Ibid.*³ *Ibid.* p. 1054.⁴ *Machyn's Diary*, ed. by J. G. Nichols, 1848, p. 74.⁵ *Ibid.* p. 86.

after bered undur the galaus, raylling a-gainst the pope and the masse, and hangyd iiij days.”¹ A Spaniard also was hanged at Charing Cross for killing a servant of Sir George Gefford without Temple Bar.² A tumultuous crowd now appears in the distance—we must give the reins to our imagination of the scene, in the absence of a seventeenth-century cinematograph—the most conspicuous figure in which has left both his ears with the Star Chamber ; he is branded, too, on each cheek with S.L. (seditious libeller), but his gait is resolute and his spirit unsubdued. This is the author of “*Histriomastix*,” who had greater reasons perhaps than exist to-day, fortunately, for hurling his anathemas at the theatrical exhibitions then in vogue. Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick came this way on different days to plead their cause in person : the storm of the Great Rebellion was about to burst. Prynne was attended by hundreds of carriages and thousands of horsemen, amidst multitudes on foot, in much the same form, one may well imagine, as the approach of the mob across Westminster Bridge on the occasion, as I remember well, of the meeting in Trafalgar Square, which was projected in the interests of the release of William O’Brien. The mob that acclaimed the release of Prynne, as they passed the cross at Charing, soon to fall before their unreasoning fury, wore bay and rosemary in their hats as recorded by Lingard, emblems, in these circumstances, of rejoicing and defiance. In “*A Perfect Journal &c. of that memorable Parliament begun at Westminster, November 3, 1640*,” i. 8, is the following passage : “*Nov. 28.—That afternoon Master Prin and Master Burton came into London, being met and accompanied with many thousands of horse and foot, and rode with rosemary and bayes in their hands and hats ; which is generally esteemed the greatest affront that ever was given to the courts of justice in England.*”

In what part of Charing Cross the villas or mansions were situated is not exactly apparent, but soon after Elizabeth had ascended the throne the village appears to have become a fashionable residential suburb, much as Hammersmith, for instance, was in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of the illustrious Francis, had a house here, where he died in 1578,³ and Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord Chancellor, dates a letter

¹ *Machyn's Diary*, ed. by J. G. Nichols, 1848, p. 86.

² *Ibid.* p. 72. See also Wriothesley's *Chronicle*, vol. ii. pp. 125–128 (Camden Society).

³ J. T. Smith's *Streets of London*, 1849, p. 91. This was York House, the site of which is now occupied by Buckingham and Villiers Streets, Strand. 1579 is generally given as the year of Sir Nicholas Bacon's death, but Cunningham is wider of the mark still in saying that it was 1594.

from his house near Charing Cross in 1582.¹ In 1613 Lord Fenton writes to the Lord Mayor for "a quill of water out of the City's great pipe for his house near Charing Cross."² And the tenth Earl of Northumberland in another letter also writes complaining that he had lately been deprived of the conduit water which had always served Northumberland House at Charing Cross. He requests permission for a quill of water from the City's pipes, which passed the gates of his residence.³ This may be said to be the period when London was becoming imperceptibly united, by means of Charing Cross, with Westminster, until its teeming life reached, in Dr. Johnson's time, the "full tide of human existence." London and Westminster were not indeed, at one time, much more than a mile asunder, becoming insensibly incorporated in point of continuity though not of government. The union was greatly accelerated by the influence of a greater Union, that of England and Scotland, "for the Scots multiplying here mightily, neasted themselves about the Court, so that the Strand, from mud Walls and thatched Houses, came to that perfection of Buildings, as now we see."⁴

The majority of the accused in the great state trials at Westminster, although passing close to Charing, probably reached the Courts of Justice by water, as in the case of the Protector Somerset from the Tower. Charles I. went by way of St. James's Park from the Palace of St. James. Dutch William slipped round quietly by water to meet his Parliament, entering his state barge at Whitehall Stairs.⁵ Strype speaks of that part of the Strand upon which abutted the stables of Durham House, as "ready to fall and very unsightly in *so public a passage to the Court and Westminster.*" This unsightliness was caused by the ruinous state of the said stables, situated close by the spot afterwards occupied by the New Exchange and Coutts's Bank. When in 1643, soon after the battle of Edgehill, the City was fortified with outworks, of which relics still exist in place-names round what was then suburban London, Charing Cross was one of the ways into the City for which exception was made as to closing it. Other passages that were left open were at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, St. John Street, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel.⁶ But beyond

¹ *The Remembrancer*, 1878, p. 177.

² *Ibid.* p. 555.

³ In 1664,—*ibid.* p. 561.

⁴ *Londinopolis*, by James Howell, 1657, p. 346. There are still a Thatched House Tavern in the Strand, and the Thatched House Club in St. James's Street.

⁵ Strickland's *Queens*, 1847, vol. xi. p. 31.

⁶ See Maitland's *London*, 1739, p. 237.

Charing Cross were the musket-proof¹ Chelsea turnpike, a large fort with four bulwarks at Hyde Park Corner mounted with artillery, and a redoubt and battery at Constitution Hill. And again, Charing Cross was the scene of the reception, by the Common Council, of Fairfax at the head of an army that thus became masters both of the City and the Parliament. Then Nemesis !

O thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis !
Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss,
For that unnatural retribution.

There are, of course, two views of this retribution : whether a bloodless revolution might not, in time, have been consummated, without cutting people's heads off, or whether the scaffold was a *sine quâ non*. At all events, the shedding of blood recoiled, as it very often does, like a boomerang, and Charing Cross was made the scene of one of those orgies of blood, a taste for which seems to have been ingrained from the cradle among Royalist and Roundhead, Catholic and Protestant alike. The majority of the regicides were executed at Charing Cross. When, three days after the execution of Harrison, John Cook and Hugh Peters were drawn upon sledges to the place of execution, Harrison's head "was placed on the sledge which carried Cook, with the face uncovered and directed towards him."² The atrocities—usual to the times, however—which attended the hanging, drawing, and quartering of Harrison are not desirably repetitional.

On subsequent occasions, two historic personages, Lord Balmerino, and Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker in the time of Charles II., by their British composure in what one would have thought were trying circumstances, strikingly emphasised the imperfection of Goldsmith's saying that "philosophy is a good horse in a stable, but an arrant jade on a journey." The former, on his way to the Tower from his trial at Westminster, stopped the coach at Charing Cross, to buy what he, a Scotchman, called honey-blobs, but which we know as gooseberries.³ And when Sir Edward Seymour's coach broke down at Charing Cross, he coolly ordered

¹ An old expression meaning to be in no danger from a musket. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, employs a similar expression in "halter-proof" :

' Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.'—(Part III. canto 1.)

² *Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Ludlow*, 1690, vol. iii. p. 75.

³ Walpole to Montague, Aug. 2, 1746.

the beadles to stop the next one passing and bring it to him. The gentleman occupying it was much surprised to be turned out of his own coach ; but Sir Edward told him that it was more proper for him to walk the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons, and left him so to do without any further apology.¹

When Queen Anne's Government thought fit to hobnob with the French Camisards as a means of annoying Louis XIV., it extended a warm welcome to them in London. But they had scarcely become reconciled to the position of refugees before "the lively spirits of the natives of the south began to effervesce in a style extraordinary, even among the numerous sectarians of Great Britain." Their ministers, after remaining in trances or slumbers, such as in these days would have been called mesmeric, gave vent to such wild prophecies that the Government thought fit to interfere, and Charing Cross became the scene of their *dénouement*. Here John Aude and Nicolas Facio, for printing and publishing the writings of Elias Marion, were sentenced to be perched on a scaffold with papers in their hats, signifying their crime, and at Charing Cross they accordingly suffered.²

Even as late as Queen Anne's time the populace seem to have sought the neighbourhood of Charing Cross as the most likely source of information as to what was stirring in the political world. The Admiralty, being close by, became a legitimate cradle of the national curiosity as to certain whisperings about abuses in Her Majesty's navy. Accordingly people came this way to see what they could pick up as to the conduct and progress of national affairs. Two citizens, apparently Ned Ward and a friend, issuing from Scotland Yard one day, probably from Well's Coffee-House situated there, were much struck by "a merry cobbler at Charing Cross," indulging his cheerful humour by singing a piece of his own composition while sitting in his stall. In this act he kept repeating the following words: "The King said to the Queen, and the Queen said to the King." A passenger coming by, who was mighty desirous of knowing what it was the King and the Queen said to each other, stood listening a considerable time, expecting the cobbler would go on with his ditty, and thus satisfy his longing curiosity. The cobbler, however, continued in the same words, till he had tried the patience of his auditor to breaking point—"The King said to the Queen, and the Queen said to the King,"—when the latter feverishly stepped up to the stall and asked the drolling sole-mender what it was the King said to the Queen

¹ Lord Dartmouth in *Burnet*, ed. 1823, ii. 70 (quoted by Cunningham).

² Strickland's *Queens*, 1847, vol. xi. p. 195.

and the Queen to the King? Upon which Crispin snatched up his strap, and applying it with all his might across the shoulders of the inquirer, said: "How now, Saucebox! Its a fine Age we Live in, when such Coxcombs as you must be prying into Matters of State! I'd have you know, Sirrah, I am too loyal a Subject to betray the King's secrets, so pray get you gone, and don't interrupt me in my Lawful Occupation, lest I stick an Awl into ye, and mark ye for a fool that meddles with what ye have nothing to do."¹

From comedy to tragedy was in those days a transition so frequent that every dweller in London probably had learnt how "every light has its shadow." On November 20, 1727, the unfortunate poet Richard Savage came from Richmond to pursue his studies less interruptedly in London. "Accidentally meeting two gentlemen his acquaintances, whose names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, for it was in no time of Savage's life any part of his character to be the first of the company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house; but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the streets, and divert themselves with such amusements as should offer themselves till morning.

"In this walk they happened unluckily to discover a light in Robinson's Coffee-house, near Charing Cross, and therefore went in. Merchant, with some rudeness, demanded a room, and was told there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company desired to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, with this answer, rushed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the door. They were drawn on both sides, and one, Sinclair, was wounded, having likewise wounded a maid that held him, with Merchant out of the house; but being injured, without resolution to fly or stay, they were surrounded by one of the company, and some soldiers were called to his assistance." The upshot of this was that the poet was set at liberty, through the intercession of the humane Countess of Hertford, but the story is continued with dramatic precision by Dr. Johnson in his "Lives and blue Poets."² prize was

¹ *The London Spy*, by Edward Ward, 1709, part ix. pp. 202 private stairs of

² Vol. ii. pp. 277-286.

Charing Cross Post Office now occupies the site of the Hermitage, a chapel from very early times dedicated to St. Catherine. It must have been of considerable dimensions, for it was occasionally used as the lodging for such bishops as came to attend the Court, and had no other residence in London or Westminster.¹ Willis, in his "History of the See of Llandaff," states, on the authority of the Patent Rolls of the forty-seventh year of Henry III., that William de Radnor, the then bishop, had permission from the King to lodge, with all his retainers, within the precincts of the Hermitage of Charing—the mention of which affords further evidence, if need were, that the village existed before the death of Eleanor—whenever he came to London.²

Those who would become acquainted with one of the most remarkable views in London, perhaps the *most* remarkable in point of fineness—the vista through Ludgate Hill terminating in Wren's masterpiece, and enhanced by the spire, as Wren intended that it should be, of St. Martin's Church on the Hill, is, viewed from Fleet Street, probably the most picturesque—should take their stand at the south-west corner of Charing Cross Underground railway-station, and looking westward it will, I think, be admitted that on a fine summer's day,—a winter's day preferably, because of the absence of foliage,—the massive architecture of Whitehall Court and the National Liberal Club, overlooking the Gardens, with the Embankment, and its avenue of trees, and the shining river beyond, present one of the finest spectacles to be seen in any capital in Europe. I allude to this because the Gardens are probably identical with those which grew the flowers, fruit, vegetables and sweet-herbs supplying the wants of the Hospital of St. Mary Rouncival,³ and successively the wants of the households of the Earls of Northampton, Suffolk, and Northumberland.

It is not a matter of common knowledge, I think, that Charing Cross witnessed the first regatta in England. The "Quality" had read and heard of the Venetian *Regattera*, or race of oarsmen, and

¹ *The Memoirs of Lieut.-Gen. Ludlow*, 1698, iii. 75.

² See J. T. Smith's *Streets of London*, 1849, p. 133.

³ A view of St. Mary Rounceval Chapel, a most interesting contemporary drawing from the Wellesley Collection, was exhibited, among the Gardner Collection, at the National Library and Museum in November 1872. In the priory garden, no doubt, grew the Rounceval Pea (*Pisum majus*), producing a pea, but possibly the parent institution at the foot of the Pyrenees. There was a burial-place attached to the convent. See Lord Darlington's *London Burial Grounds*. See Strickland's *London Burial Grounds*.

a new boat, with furniture complete, coats and badges, and an ensign with the word "Regatta" in gold letters. The second boat had eight guineas each, and the third five guineas; and to every other candidate who rowed the full distance, half-a-guinea, with permission to be in Ranelagh Gardens (in their uniforms) during the entertainment.

As soon as the winners were declared and their prizes awarded, the whole procession began to move from Westminster Bridge for Ranelagh; the Director's barge at the head of the whole squadron, with grand bands of music playing in each.

The ladies in general were dressed in white, and the gentlemen in undress frocks of all colours. It was thought that no fewer than 200,000 people witnessed this procession. Minuets and cotillons, &c., were danced after supper in the Temple of Neptune at Ranelagh and other entertainments were patronised, the company consisting of about two thousand persons and personages, among the latter being the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, the Duke of Northumberland, Lords North, Harrington, Stanley, Tyrconnel, Lincoln, Lyttelton, Colerane, Carlisle, March, Melbourne, Cholmondeley, Petersham, &c., and the French, Spanish, Prussian, Russian, and Neapolitan Ambassadors. Mrs. Cornely provided decorations and "an indifferent supper" for seven hundred guineas, and the wine was very scarce presumably in quantity perhaps as well as quality.¹

Many quips and practical jokes that are popularly supposed to have had their origin at a specific time or in specified circumstances are, it is well known, traceable to an earlier source. And it seems likely that the whimsical story of the tail-wagging lion which, as the crest of the Percies, adorned the top of Northumberland House, was suggested by a similar story, to be found in Heywood's "Fyrst Hundred of Epigrammes," concerning a fox that stared admiringly at the weathercock of St. Paul's Cathedral. As to the Percy lion, some nameless wag undertook, for a trifling wager, to collect a crowd in the streets of London, upon any pretence, however absurd. He accordingly took his stand opposite, and gazed very earnestly up at the lion. Joined by one or two passers-by, he took out a spy-glass and looked still more intently. A hundred people quickly assembled, and it went round that at a certain hour the lion would wag his tail! The crowd increased until the Strand was rendered impassable. The greatest curiosity was manifested; several swore positively that

¹ See Malcolm's *Manners and Customs of London in the Eighteenth Century*, 1800, vol. ii. pp. 293-300.

they saw the tail wagging, and long arguments ensued *pro* and *con*. The story adds that the crowds were not dispersed till a smart shower came on, and even then some of the most pertinacious believers ensconced themselves in covered alleys and under doorways to watch the phenomenon. Heywood's story presents, I think, enough resemblance to have suggested the above. The fox thus explains his admiration :

My noddying and blyssyng breedth of wonder,
Of the witte of Poules wethercocke yonder.
There is more witte in that cock's onely head,
Than hath bene in all men's heades that be deade.
As thus, by common reporte this we fynde,
All that be dead, did die for lacke of wynde.
But the wethercock's witte is not so weake
To lacke wynde : the wynde is ever in his beake.
So that while any wynde blowth in the skie,
For lack of winde that wethercocke will not die.¹

The Percy Lion now occupies a similar position at Sion House, Isleworth, the suburban residence of the Duke of Northumberland. It was at a conference to which Monk was invited by the Earl of Northumberland in Northumberland House that the restoration of Charles II., as yet not openly talked about, was for the first time proposed in direct terms.²

Mons. de Monconys, tutor and travelling companion to the young Duke de Chevreuse, on his visit to England in 1663, describes Northumberland House with brevity and exactness enough to afford a graphic word-picture : "et Nortombelland, qui est de brique, mais plus grande et plus exhaussee que les autres [*i.e.* the other Strand mansions], composée d'un grand corps de logis quarré, accompagné de quatre petites tours, une à chaque coin de Bastiment qu'elles flanquent"³ There were at first, however, as the House was erected by Bernard Jansen, only three sides of this quadrangle, the fourth having been built towards the river by Algernon Percy, immediately after he came into possession, so that the principal apartments might be removed from the dust and noise of the Strand.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross, between where Rounceval Priory stood on the east and Peterborough House,

¹ John Heywood's *Woorkes*, 1562 (*Fyrst Hunared of Epigrammes*), "The foxe and the mayde," 10.

² J. T. Smith's *Streets of London*, 1849, p. 135.

³ "London in the Seventeenth Century," by A. J. Dasent, in the *National Review*, August 1889.

Millbank, on the west, grew, at the beginning of last century, many indigenous plants that would not reward the keenest search to-day: the Ivy-leaved Toad Flax; the sweet-scented Camomile; a variety of *Arctium Lappa* called Rose-Burdock; a variety of flat-horned Clavaria; Net Conferva; a variety of Female Fern, or Brakes; a variety of Arrow-head (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*); a variety of the Round-headed Bastard Cyperus; the Pointed Bulrush; the Hooded Willow Herb in St. James's Park; the Bird's-foot Trefoil and the Dwarf Trefoil.¹

Cockspur Street may be said, approximately, to occupy the site of the three or four houses which up to the middle of the sixteenth century constituted the village of Charing. This street is a very old one. Pennant speaks of it as, in 1572, filling up the space between the few houses alludes to and Charing Cross.² There does not seem to be any difficulty as to the origin of the street's name, although Cunningham says "why it was so called I am not aware, unless it had some fancied connection with the Mews adjoining." And Mr. Wheatley is disposed to derive it from the Cock Tavern which stood at the end of Suffolk Street. Perhaps it was so named for neither of these reasons, but because here was first established the trade in artificial cockspurs which supplied the constant demand that must have been created by the frequenters of the cockpits in Whitehall and St. James's Park. Further reason for thinking that this is so exists in the remarkable fact that steel cockspurs are at the present time still being sold by old-established cutlers in the neighbourhood of Cockspur Street, as I have ascertained by personal inquiry. The sport is not unknown in the recesses of the Cumberland mountains, and ready purchasers of cockspurs are to be found among even our own county gentry. The principal trade, however, I am given to understand, is with the native princes and others of India, and with wealthy citizens of the South American republics. There was a silver-cockspur maker dwelling near here, in the Strand, "near Hungerford Market." He was also a clock-maker, and consequently displayed the sign of the "Dial and Crown." There is a bill to this effect preserved among other curiosities, framed and suspended in the interior of Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer's shop in the Haymarket, the famous old snuff-dealers at the "Crown and Rasp." Similar street names to Cockspur Street occur in Spurriers' Row, Ludgate Hill, and Spurriers' Lane, Tower Street; Spur Alley in the Strand, and the Spur Inn in Southwark; but in these instances

¹ See "Middlesex" in Dugdale's *British Traveller*, iii. 459-466.

² *Tour of London*.

the rider's spur is meant no doubt. The Cock Tavern, at the end of Suffolk Street, facing Cockspur Street, probably also derived its sign from the circumstance of receiving its chief support from those who had come from a long main or a short main, a Welsh main or a battle-royal, at the Whitehall and Westminster cockpits. Pepys "made merry" over a good soup and a pullet for 4s. 6d. the whole, at the "Cocke," walking in St. James's Park while it was dressing.

"At the Cockpit Royal, the South Side of St. James's Park, on Monday next, being the 4th of this Instant, will be seen the Royal Sport of Cock-Fighting; and on Tuesday begins the Match for 2 Guineas a Battle, and 20 Guineas the odd Battle; between the Gentlemen of Middlesex, and the Gentlemen of Surry, and will continue all the Week. To begin exactly at 4 a Clock."¹

Much larger sums were sometimes staked on the odd battle. A main of cocks was fought on May 11, 12, and 13, 1736, at the George Inn in Alton, Hants, between the Gentlemen of Alton and Petersfield, for five guineas a battle, and one hundred guineas the odd battle.²

In Cockspur Street, in 1748, a female dwarf, the "Corsican Fairy," was one of the sights of London. She drew, at half-a-crown a head, crowds almost as numerous as those which in our own day waited on "General Tom Thumb."³ But we are not told whether this gossamer person, to ensure her safety on a windy day, ever resorted to the expedient favoured by the most famous of the dwarfs of antiquity, Philetus of Cos, who carried leaden weights in his pockets as ballast "to prevent his being blown away."

There were giants in those days, more so than now apparently, and it is questionable whether there is any neighbourhood in the world that has afforded such opportunities for giant-worship as that of Charing Cross. There was the Cambridge giant, the Norfolk giant, the Kentish giant, the Irish and French giants, the Dutch and German giants, at a later period the Italian and the Chinese giants, and many more. The Swedish giant is described as "that Prodigy in Nature the living Colossus or wonderful Giant, from Sweden, now to be seen at the Lottery House next Door to the Green Man, Charing Cross. It is humbly presum'd, that of all the natural Curiosities which have been expos'd to the Publick, nothing has appear'd for many Ages so extraordinary in its Way as this

¹ *The Weekly Journal*, December 2, 1721.

² *St. James's Evening Post* (London) of April 15 in that year. Cockfighting was so much in vogue in the reign of Charles I. that Vandyck painted a picture of the Court watching a match in the royal pit, Whitehall.

³ See E. J. Wood's *Giants and Dwarfs*, 1868, pp. 351-2.

surprising Gentleman. He is much taller than any Person ever yet shewn in Europe, large in Proportion ; and all who have hitherto seen him declare, notwithstanding the prodigious Accounts they have heard, that he far exceeds any Idea they had framed of him.

“ Note, He is to be seen as above any Hour of the Day by any Number of Gentlemen and Ladies, from Nine in the Morning till Nine at Night ” (poor giant!) “ without loss of time.”¹ Before this he was exhibited at the “ Glass-Shop facing the Mews Wall, Charing Cross,” and was then described as a foot taller than “ the late famous Saxon, or any ever yet introduced to the World as Giants, and as several learned Gentlemen have declar'd, may justly be call'd the Christian Goliath, no one of human Species having been heard of since that Æra of so monstrous a Size.”² One spectator fell into poetry over him :

“ WRITTEN EXTEMPORE BY A GENTLEMAN ON SEEING
THE GIANT AT CHARING CROSS.

Amazing Man ! of such stupendous Size,
As moves, at once, our Wonder and Surprize.
The Son of Kish (being Head and Shoulders taller)
Was chose a King, to govern all the smaller :
Had you been there, the stately Monarch Saul
Had had no Title to that sacred Call.
Repair to Oxford, that sublime Retreat,
The Source of Wisdom, and the Muses' Seat ;
Her learned Sons (who rummage Nature's ways)
Shall come with Pleasure, and with Wonder gaze :
In every Science there each curious Spark,
May mark how Nature has o'er-shot her Mark.”³

“ Last Saturday their Royal Highnesses the three Princesses went to see the surprising Swedish Giant, at Charing Cross, at the sight of whom they express'd the greatest Satisfaction and Astonishment, and made him a very handsome present.”⁴ There was another remarkable exhibition, which I do not think has been alluded to either by Mr. E. J. Wood in his “ Giants and Dwarfs ” or by the writer of two excellent illustrated articles entitled “ Giants and Dwarfs ” in the “ Strand Magazine ” for October 1894. “ We

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, January 22, 1742. His name, according to Mr. E. J. Wood in his *Giants and Dwarfs*, was Daniel Cajanico. Some say he was 7 ft. 8 in. and others 8 ft. 4 in. (Swedish).

² *Ibid.* March 24, 1741. The Saxon giant was probably Maximilian Christian Miller, who was born at Leipzig in Saxony in 1674, and was exhibited in London in 1728 (George II.) ; another Saxon giant was seen by George I.

³ *Ibid.* April 24, 1742.

⁴ *Ibid.* April 9, 1742.

hear that the tall Woman Christian Godwin, from Essex, who has had the honour of being seen by most of the Nobility and Gentry at Charing Cross for some time, designs very speedily to make a Tour round England. She is seven Foot high, and proportionable to her Height, tho' but 18 Years of Age. She has had the Pleasure of giving Satisfaction to everybody whose Curiosity has led 'em to see her."¹

Practical jokes have passed out of vogue nowadays, partly, perhaps, because of the inability of the joker to distinguish between what was offensive and inoffensive in this direction, and partly because we have become too serious. Then there is the ogre who does not believe in fun of any kind. Not so our forefathers, one of whose favourite atticisms was to make the victim of their drollery himself responsible for an act with an unpleasant sequel. This propensity was the origin of the Spring Gardens at Charing Cross, which have been such a considerable asset in London life from the days of Charles I. to those of the County Council. They were so named from a jet of water which was sprung upon anyone who was unwary enough to tread on a pre-arranged spot.² Paul Hentzner, in his "Travels," says: "In a garden joining to this palace (Whitehall) there is a jet d'eau, with a sundial, at which while strangers are looking, a quantity of water forced by a wheel which the gardener turns at a distance through a number of little pipes, plentifully sprinkles those that are standing round."³ I remember seeing an imitation tree, perhaps a "weeping" willow, at Chatsworth about the year 1880, whose branches were said to "weep" over anyone standing under it at the promptings of the gardener. The branches were nothing but water-pipes: in fact the tree was made of iron. But the ducal joke seems to have been played out, for it did not work when I was there. There was a similar piece of waggery in favour at Mrs. Salmon's waxworks in Fleet Street, visitors to which, upon treading on a certain spring, received an ignominious kick from a figure at the entrance. The late Miss Cuming remembered the gossip about this trap for the unwary, and from her I had it. And another figure, I was told by the late Mr. H. S. Cuming, stood at

¹ *St. James's Evening Post*, May 27, 1736.

² Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the name was derived from several springs of excellent water which existed here, and probably do still. In fact, Jesse, in his *Literary and Historical Memoirs of London*, Nimmo's edition of 1901, says, "It is remarkable that every house in what is called Spring Gardens Terrace has still a well attached to it."

³ Hentzner's *Journey into England*, 1757, p. 34.

the top of the stairs. This, when a certain spring was trodden upon, was thrown into a threatening attitude with an uplifted broom.

The behaviour of the public, or of a large portion of it, in old Spring Garden led to the royal privilege being withdrawn, and a new Spring Garden was discovered in Fulke's Hall, Lambeth, which was popularly known as Vauxhall or Fox Hall. The comedy of the "English Monsieur," by James Howard, acted at the Theatre Royal in 1674, was a success of the time, and affords a striking picture of Spring Garden society at Charing Cross. But long after the Garden was built upon it maintained a remnant of its reputation as a corner of London devoted to amusements, although not exclusively so, for here was situated the French Protestant Chapel which on December 2, 1716, was discovered to be on fire, occasioning great alarm in the neighbourhood from its vicinity to several depositories of gunpowder. Disaster was averted, however, by the timely turning to account by the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.) of his one useful accomplishment, soldiering. Accompanied by a captain of the guard, and having risen between four and five o'clock, he proceeded to the spot and issued directions for subduing the fire. A new chapel was erected in 1731. This chapel seems to have been the one built by an ancestor of Lord Clifford, and which occasioned a dispute, says Cunningham, in 1792 as to the right of presentation, both Lord Clifford and the Vicar of St. Martin's claiming it.¹ So late as 1803 there was exhibited at Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, Maillardet's Automaton, which consisted of "a musical lady, who performs most of the functions of animal life, and plays sixteen several airs upon an organised piano-forte by the actual pressure of the fingers. Admission one shilling, from ten o'clock in the morning until ten in the evening."²

The Society of Painters in Water Colours, formed in 1804, held its thirteenth annual exhibition 1817-18, for the first time apparently in Spring Gardens,³ and at Wigley's Promenade Rooms, Spring

¹ Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivum*, 1807, iv. 319.

² *The Picture of London* for 1803, p. 189.

³ *Ibid.* for 1818. Close by, in Pall Mall, the Royal Academy held its first exhibition. In the *Public Advertiser* for Saturday, April 22, 1769, is the following paragraph :

"Royal Academy, Pall Mall, April 21, 1769. The Exhibition will open on Wednesday next, the 26th instant, at Nine o'clock. Admittance One Shilling each Person. The Catalogue gratis.—F. M. Newton, Sec."

The origin of the society, however, was with a number of artists who met also in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, in St. Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, about 1739, which Hogarth established as the Society of Incorporated Artists,

Gardens, our wonder-loving ancestors might be entertained with Mr. Theodon's grand Mechanical and Picturesque Theatre, illustrative of the effect of art in imitation of nature, in views of the island of St. Helena, the city of Paris, the passage of Mount St. Bernard, Chinese artificial fireworks, and a storm at sea. Admission to front seats, 2s. ; second seats, 1s. ; with occasional changes of scenes. Or they could satisfy their curiosity with something that promised, even at that time, to make good Mother Shipton's prophecy as to carriages going without horses, for here was to be seen (admittance 1s.) the original model of a new invented Travelling Automaton, a machine which can, with ease and accuracy, travel at the rate of six miles an hour, ascend acclivities, and turn the narrowest corners without the assistance of horse or steam, by machinery, conducted by one of the persons seated within. There is also a new invented American stove, for saving fuel.¹ The famous Irish Giant was on show next door to Cox's Museum in Spring Gardens.² Mrs. Harrington advertises her readiness to undertake miniatures at the Hardware Shop, next Cox's Museum, Spring Gardens . . . she takes the most striking likeness in miniature at 2s. 6d. each by virtue of his Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, granted to Mrs. Harrington for her improved and expeditious method of taking the most accurate likenesses ; time of sitting three minutes only : nothing required unless the most perfect likeness is obtained.³ A relic of these Gardens on the west side of Charing Cross existed as late as the year 1825 in a pleasure resort known as the "Grove." To enter, one had to descend into a cellar of a house surrounded by other houses. This was painted with shrubbery, but the only fragrance inhaled, says the author of "Tavern Anecdotes," was that of the "weed," arising in columns from numerous tubes of clay, rendering the well-painted walls at times invisible. This "Grove" *tavern*, as it appears to have been, was doubtless a survival of the actual grove which rendered Spring Gardens a pleasant rustic resort until, towards the end of the 17th century, it was suppressed in the interests apparently of public morality. Says a writer in 1659,—“the enclosure not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the *grove*, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's . . . for it is usual who held their first exhibition at the Society of Arts, April 21, 1760. From this sprang the Royal Academy. On the north side of Pall Mall, a little east of St. James's Street, was Alderman Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. See account in Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivum*, 1807, iv. 319.

¹ *The Picture of London* for 1803, p. 263.

² See E. J. Wood's *Giants and Dwarfs*, 1868, p. 158.

³ *Morning Post*, January 28, 1778.

here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, *at a certain cabaret* in the middle of this paradise where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats' tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish.¹ The ladies that have an Inclination to be Private, take Delight in the Close Walks of Spring Garden, where both Sexes meet, and mutually serve one another as Guides to lose their Way, and the Windings and Turnings in the little Wildernesses are so intricate that the most Experienc'd Mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their Daughters."² So that, while, after the Restoration, Old Spring Gardens was built upon, a memory of it appears to have survived the ravages of time long afterwards, in the "Grove" tavern. "Admirers of Curiosities" were invited to the Charing Cross Coffee-house, in the corner of Spring Gardens, to see—"arrived from France a Man Six-and-Forty years old, One Foot Nine Inches high, yet fathoms Six Foot Five Inches with his Arms. He walks naturally upon his Hands, raising his Body One Foot Four Inches off the Ground: Jumps upon a Table near Three Foot high, with one Hand, and leaps off without making use of anything but his Hands, or letting his Body touch the ground. He shows some Part of Military Exercise on his Hands, as well as if he stood upon his legs. He will go to any gentleman's house if required."³ In 1699 there was born a child, afterwards exhibited at the Sign of Charing Cross, with but one body and two heads.⁴

J. H. MACMICHAEL.

¹ *A Character of England*, 1659, p. 56.

² Thomas Brown's *Amusements for the Meridian of London*, 1700, p. 54.

³ Henry Morley, *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*, Warne's ed., p. 249. ⁴ *Ibid.*

(To be continued)

THE CASE OF THE PERREAUS.

THE trial of the Perreau brothers filled the public mind during nearly the whole of the year 1775. It is specially interesting to the lawyer owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence which led to a conviction. It is interesting to the general reader from its incidents, and from the position of the accused. And some new matter, which we shall lay before our readers, gives a curious insight into the principles which, a century and a quarter ago, governed the consideration of the Recorder's Report, in other words, the question of reprieve.

In January 1775, Mr. Robert Perreau, an apothecary in good practice residing in Golden Square, borrowed of Messrs. Drummond, the bankers, whose house stood then, as now, at Charing Cross, a sum of £1,400 on the security of a house in Harley Street, belonging to his brother. The money was not repaid within the short period for which it was borrowed; the bankers, however, were in no wise alarmed, for they knew their creditor, and, moreover, the security was good. Mr. Perreau had also spoken of shortly borrowing a larger sum on a good bond. They were therefore not surprised when, on Tuesday, March 7, Mr. Perreau walked into the bank and proposed to borrow £5,000, out of which the £1,400 was to be repaid, on a bond for £7,000 signed by William Adair, a well-known army agent. Mr. Drummond, who had formerly had transactions with Mr. Adair, was doubtful as to the signature, and asked Perreau whether he had witnessed the execution of the bond. Perreau replied that he had not, but that he was closely connected by family ties with Mr. Adair, who held considerable monies of his. He would, however, take the bond and have it verified. He accordingly went away, and returned with the bond in a couple of hours, stating that he had just caught Mr. Adair before he went out for his ride, who had explained that the difference in signature was only that produced by age in the twenty years since he had last signed for the Drummonds. Mr. Drummond was still dissatisfied, and asked Perreau if he would leave the bond to be submitted to

his brother, and call again the next day. Perreau readily agreed to this. In the course of the evening Drummond ascertained from a friend of Adair, and on the next morning from Adair himself, that the bond was forged. He was, therefore, not a little surprised when, at the appointed hour, Perreau returned. The banker said that he still doubted the signature, and suggested that Perreau should go to Mr. Adair with him. Perreau assented with perfect willingness and drove the banking brothers to the house in his own carriage. There, to Drummond's astonishment, the apothecary was received as a stranger by Mr. Adair; and when the latter pronounced the bond to be a forgery, Perreau said, "Sir, surely you are jocular?" When Adair repeated his statement, Perreau said that he had received the bond from the wife of his brother Daniel. One of the Drummonds then reminded him that he had claimed intimacy with Mr. Adair, to whom he now appeared to be a stranger, told him that he must be either the greatest fool or the greatest rogue ever seen, and proposed to send for a constable. Then Robert begged that his brother Daniel's wife might be sent for, which was done at once. On her arrival that lady immediately took the whole blame upon herself, declaring that she had forged the signature, and that her brother-in-law Robert Perreau was quite innocent. Mr. Drummond doubted if she could sign in so masculine a style; whereon she seized a pen and wrote Adair's name exactly as it appeared on the bond. Perreau then said he hoped that her statement exculpated him. "We had better not inquire into that," said the banker; and then for the first time the apothecary showed signs of fear. Constables having been called in secretly, it occurred to one of those present that Mr. Daniel Perreau could perhaps give some useful information; but he, on his arrival, said he knew nothing about the bond. Mrs. Perreau then proposed to speak privately to Adair; this was declined, but she was allowed to see one of the Drummonds alone. That gentleman on returning to the room said there need be no more trouble, and that if Mr. Perreau was innocent he was a great dupe. Finally, as no loss had been suffered, the constables were dismissed, and the three Perreaus were allowed to go. And so ended the first act in this drama.

We will now briefly consider what is known of the three persons involved in this difficulty. Robert and Daniel Perreau were twin brothers, born in the West Indies about the year 1734. They were sent with their two sisters to England for their education. Robert was apprenticed to an apothecary, married young, succeeded to his

master's business, and became a fairly prosperous man, earning £1,000 a year, and occupying a house in Golden Square. Daniel returned to the West Indies as a young man, and engaged in commerce. He seems to have been a self-indulgent person. His business failed, and he returned to London, where he began to gamble on the Stock Exchange, or, as the phrase then ran, "in the Alley." He probably commenced with money procured from his brother, and we presently find the apothecary joining in this hazardous business. Daniel seems to have aimed specially at making money by speculating on secret political information. He had the usual ups and downs of such a life, and having become bankrupt, he received his certificate early in May 1770. At the end of the same month he met the person who has hitherto been described as his wife. About her it is difficult to speak with certainty. Daniel afterwards declared that when he met her she was leading the life of an adventuress, and was in great poverty, and that he gave her large sums of money. The woman said that she was the ill-used and deserted wife of an Ensign, one Valentine Rudd. She always gave herself out as a person of high birth, claiming to be the daughter now of a Scottish peer, now of no less a person than the Young Pretender. A Mr. Stewart, who was supposed to be an important person in the county of Down, acknowledged her kinship; but it is not easy to measure the importance even of contemporary gentlemen in Irish counties, and the task is much more difficult after the lapse of a century. It is more than probable that she was the daughter of a small tradesman in Ulster, and that she had eloped with the ensign, who was said to be in a lunatic asylum when she met Daniel Perreau. According to her own account, far from being poor, she possessed about £13,000, which she stated at one time to come from her husband, at another to have been bequeathed by a sympathetic friend after her desertion. Towards the end of 1770 she went to live with Daniel at his house or lodging in Pall Mall Court, styled herself Mrs. Perreau, and was received by Robert and his wife, who appear to have believed that she was *bona fide* their sister-in-law. By some means or other Daniel became possessed of considerable sums at different times. In 1774 he set up a carriage and purchased for £4,000 a house in Harley Street, into which he moved in January 1775. These were the remarkable persons who were shown out of Mr. Adair's house on Wednesday, March 8, of that year.

What they did on the Thursday and Friday after that interview we do not know; but on Saturday, March 11, Robert, the apothecary,

brought his supposed sister-in-law to Bow Street, and there charged her. She recriminated, and both were imprisoned. On the following day Daniel visited his brother in prison, and he too was detained. The brothers declared their innocence; but Mrs. Daniel, or, as it is better now to style her, Mrs. Rudd, offered to confess and give evidence as an accomplice. On the following Wednesday she was examined before the magistrates, and declared that Robert had brought the Drummond bond to her, and asked her to keep it for a time as being an important document, and that she had returned it to him on the day on which it was presented to Drummond. She explained that she had endeavoured to shield him at Mr. Adair's out of pity for his family, but now that the brothers had betrayed her unmarried position, and were aiming at her life, she had no longer any consideration for them. At a subsequent examination, two days afterwards, she went further: she said that Robert had brought her the bond unsigned, and begged her to sign it in imitation of a letter which he produced; that she declined, and both brothers had for days implored her to sign it and save them from imminent danger; that on Monday, the 6th, when they had retired to rest, Daniel had compelled her to sign it, holding a knife over her head, and threatening her life. She yielded reluctantly, and gave the bond to Robert on the next morning. She further swore that she knew of no other forgeries. Under these circumstances the magistrate accepted her as King's evidence, and released her on small bail.

In a moment the story was all over the town. London was then a mere fraction of what it is now; and the two brothers had lived in such style as to make them well known. A certain Dr. Brooke of Charles Street, St. James's Square, bethought him that he held a bond of W. Adair's on which he had lent Daniel Perreau £3,300. He took it to Adair, who pronounced it a forgery. Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland¹ had also lent to Robert two larger sums, which were secured by bonds of W. Adair—one to Robert, the other to Daniel; these both proved to be forgeries. The bond to Daniel was due on March 8, and it seemed probable that they had tried to get the money from Drummonds on the 7th with a view to "taking it up." It appears that the brothers had also borrowed other sums from these and other persons on similar bonds, some of which had been duly redeemed. It now became necessary for the brothers to give their version of the story, which was as follows. Early in their connection Mrs. Rudd had informed Daniel that she had met a Mr.

¹ A descendant of Oliver Cromwell, and ancestor of the present Sir F. Frankland, Bart.

J. Adair, who was her relation, and who was very friendly, and was going to do great things for them; and from 1773 she actually produced some £800 a year which this Adair was said to have allowed her and her children. In the following year she said that J. Adair had introduced her to W. Adair, who was to do even more for them. He would get Daniel a baronetcy and a seat in Parliament, would establish him in a bank, and settle a very large income on them; and it was by his wish that they bought the house in Harley Street. But about the end of the year W. Adair wished the Perreaus to raise money on his bonds, as he was in temporary difficulties owing to his having lent the King £70,000. Strange to say, neither Daniel nor Robert ever saw this generous benefactor until the interview about the forged bond. Mrs. Rudd often mentioned that he had called on her; but this always happened when Daniel was out. The latter did indeed once see Mr. J. Adair, but, by her request, he made no allusion to his kindness. Mrs. Rudd told all these stories equally to Robert, and both brothers professed to have believed them.

What seems clear out of all this farrago of contradictions is (1) that the trio at times raised large sums for their occasional needs or losses; (2) that Mrs. Rudd sometimes produced considerable sums; (3) that Mrs. Rudd forged all the signatures; (4) that Robert uttered three out of the four bonds of which we have knowledge. Remains the question, were the three in a conspiracy, or were the brothers the dupes of Mrs. Rudd?

The brothers were incarcerated in the new prison at Clerkenwell (now demolished) until the end of May, when they were removed to Newgate for trial. Robert was brought up at the Old Bailey on Thursday, June 1, 1775, in the mayoralty of John Wilkes. He was charged with uttering the Drummond bond. The bankers proved the facts which have been stated. Strange to say, Mr. W. Adair did not give evidence, but the forgery of his signature was proved by clerks. Mrs. Rudd was not called. A scrivener named Wilson proved that Robert had called on him late in February and ordered him to draw up the bond with the names and figures, requesting him to antedate it to December. In his defence Robert protested that he was an innocent victim. Mrs. Rudd, whom he had believed to be his brother's wife, had beguiled him with the stories of what Mr. W. Adair was going to do for them all, and he quite believed her when she said that that gentleman wished him to raise some money for him on a bond owing to temporary difficulties. He had handed the bond to her to get it executed by Mr. Adair, and she had returned it to him on the morning on which he had presented

it. She had brought him other bonds of Adair's in the same way, which had been duly paid. Had he been dishonest, he would not have had it drawn up by a scrivener, he would not have left it for a day in the bankers' hands, and he would not have gone to Mr. Adair's. He had to own that he had made one misstatement: on his return to the bank, after the first objection of Drummond, he had said he had caught Mr. Adair before his ride; as a fact, he had not seen him, but Mrs. Rudd had professed to take the bond to Mr. Adair's; and had returned with that statement, which he had foolishly repeated to the Drummonds as his own. He called a Colonel Kinder, or Kimber, who had known them many years, and who swore that he had frequently heard Mrs. Daniel talk of the Adairs and their splendid intentions towards them, and that he had thought that she was a daughter of J. Adair. One Moody, a servant to Daniel, swore that his mistress had often asked him to tell Perreau that Mr. W. Adair had called in his absence and seen the lady, and had given him letters addressed to herself in a disguised hand which he was to deliver to her in his master's presence as having just come from Mr. Adair. A female servant gave similar evidence. Daniel Perreau deposed that he knew that there was a bond on which money was to be raised for Adair, though he had never seen it, and that by his denial at Adair's he had intended to say merely that he was unacquainted with its particulars. Many persons of position spoke to Robert's high character, Lady Lyttelton,¹ in particular, saying she could believe as easily that she had committed the fraud herself as that the prisoner had. All was in vain: the poor man was found guilty of felony.

On the following day Daniel was charged with uttering a forged bond to Dr. Brooke. In this case there was no doubt about the facts for the prosecution; but it is worth noting that Mr. W. Adair was again absent from the witness-box. For the defence the same argument was put forward, namely, that Mrs. Rudd had given Daniel the bond, with the request that he would raise money on it for W. Adair; and the servant witnesses were again called to prove Mrs. Rudd's habit of pretending sham visits and sham letters from

¹ This lady had, three years before, as a widow of twenty-eight, married the second Lord Lyttelton (commonly styled "the wicked Lord"), who soon began to neglect her. It was this Lord Lyttelton who, in 1779, dreamed that an apparition foretold his death within three days, a prophecy which was fulfilled, though he was then young and in good health. He will appear again in this narrative. His widow devoted her life to works of charity, and died in 1840 at the age of ninety-six.

that gentleman. Several witnesses were also called who spoke highly of his character, among them no less a person than Mr. Edmund Burke. He was found guilty, and both brothers were sentenced to death.

At the close of Robert's trial, Mrs. Rudd was brought up on bail before the judges, who declined to recognise her as King's evidence, and committed her to prison ; and so she, too, now became an inmate of Newgate, while the punishment of the Perreaus was deferred until her case should be decided. She was brought up for trial on September 16. She claimed that she was free as having confessed as an accomplice. The judges held that her confession was not full, in that she had denied all knowledge of any other forged bonds than that offered to the Drummonds, and that she therefore could not plead that confession against the present charge of forging a bond deposited with Sir T. Frankland. They sent her back, however, until the matter should be argued before the Twelve Judges. That august court also decided against her, and she was tried at the Old Bailey on December 8. There was little evidence to connect her with the forgery, which, by the way, was again proved, not by W. Adair, but by his clerks. Mrs. Robert Perreau deposed that her husband had given Mrs. Rudd the money procured on this bond, and that it was spent in paying for the Harley Street house. Wilson the scrivener had prepared this bond also ; but owing to their strong mutual resemblance, he was unable to say which of the brothers had given him the order, though he inclined towards Daniel. A woman named Christian Hart gave very remarkable evidence. She had formerly been in Mrs. Rudd's service, and, on hearing of her arrest, she went to see her in Newgate. She swore that Mrs. Rudd had then begged her aid, and promised her £200 or even more, if she would do as she wished. On her second visit Mrs. Rudd gave her a paper to sign which contained a statement that Mrs. Robert Perreau and Sir T. Frankland had used her (Hart's) house as a place of assignation ; that she had seen them write bonds, and overheard them say that Mrs. Rudd must be hanged out of the way. This paper Mrs. Hart signed, but took it away and showed it to her husband, who at once laid it before a magistrate. For the defence, a Mr. Bailey, a barrister, was called, who swore that he was in Mrs. Rudd's room in the prison when Hart came, that the paper was written down by Mrs. Rudd from Hart's mouth, and that Rudd also made a copy of it which she retained. The copies, however, did not coincide and it was rather curious that Mr. Bailey called on Hart the same evening to get back the paper, which was, however, then in the magistrate's

hand. A Mrs. Nightingale swore that to her knowledge Mrs. Rudd had received £16,000 from a deceased friend, but she declined to give the name of the person. In the end Mrs. Rudd was acquitted.

From the moment of the arrests in March, the town had been full of the case, and was divided into partisans of the brothers and of Rudd. Letters were published in the papers, pamphlets and books were written, until a perfect literature of the case had grown up. After the trials in June the brothers themselves published their respective defences; and Daniel also issued a narrative. Mrs. Rudd published two or three accounts which did not agree on all points. Thus, at one time she said that she had received £13,000 from her husband on their separation: at another time it was £16,000, which did not come from her husband, but was bequeathed to her by a gentleman who sympathised with her in her troubles. All this money, she said, had been squandered by Daniel, who had received his bankrupt's certificate just before they met, as she discovered, to her surprise, two or three years later. She had borne him three children, and acted in every respect as a model wife. Robert knew of her unmarried position, and was a gambler; and she told how he had once borrowed of a Mr. Jaques in Westminster (of whom more hereafter) a sum of £300, in order to purchase secret information from a secretary of the Spanish embassy, and how Mrs. Jaques insisted on having the money back. She also denounced Robert's witness, Colonel Kinder, as he is named in the Sessions paper, or, as she more correctly styles him, Kendal (of whom also we shall speak hereafter). He was an Irishman, it appears, and an officer in the French regiment *Royal-Irlandais*. He had come over here as a hanger-on of the French Embassy; but having attracted the attention of the British Government, in 1769 he found it convenient to return to France, where he lived much with the Comte de Châtelet. To sum up her story, she was a woman of good birth placed in a very unfortunate position, and the Perreaus had wasted her fortune, had compelled her to commit forgery, and had then conspired against her life.

Daniel Perreau, on the other hand, maintained that he had found her in abject poverty, and that it was only two years later, when she said she had reconciled herself with her so-called kinsman, J. Adair, that she had produced any money; that afterwards, when she said that W. Adair had interested himself in them, she had brought letters or requests from him to raise large sums on his bonds, which sums were to be used for their benefit, Adair being rather pressed for ready money through having lent the King £70,000 with which to pay

the Duke of Gloucester's debts ; that she had produced the money (as he supposed, from Adair) to redeem these bonds ; that on one occasion she had given him a bond of Adair's for £19,000, but had some time after demanded it back, because Adair had purchased him an estate in Suffolk in order to qualify him for Parliament. He stated further that the Drummond bond had been brought to her signed, in an envelope on the evening of March 6, and that she had then said that it had been sent by Adair. However absurd it might appear, he declared that in his infatuation for the woman he had absolutely believed all her stories as to what Adair was doing, and would do, for them, and thought it was only by accident that he never met him at his house. He also said that after they had left Adair's house on the 8th March, she told him that in the private conversation with Drummond she had persuaded the banker that, in spite of appearances, the signature was really W. Adair's. She then went out on pretence of going to tell the same story to J. Adair, and on her return said that the latter was so shocked by her statement that he could not shave. She said that he (Daniel) must not go to J. Adair, but he went nevertheless, and J. Adair said that Rudd had told him that the bond was her forgery. On the Thursday and Friday she was desirous that all three should fly ; he and his brother, however, being innocent, refused ; they consulted a solicitor, and, in accordance with his advice, gave her into custody on Saturday the 11th. It was not until her second confession, on the 17th, that she first spoke of his having compelled her to forge the signature by threats to take her life.

Other persons wrote pamphlets on both sides ; and it should be noted that many of these publications stated positively that Mrs. Rudd had been living a life of open infamy for years before her acquaintance with Perreau ; and it seems clear that she reverted to a similar life immediately after her acquittal.

The case was, without doubt, one of great difficulty. Rudd's statement that she had forged the Drummond bond only, and that she had done this in fear for her life on March 6, may be dismissed at once ; for not only did she keep that bond until the morning, and then calmly hand it to Robert, but the signature of it corresponded with that of Frankland's bond, which had been in the Admiral's possession for more than two whole months before March 6. We are left, therefore, with two alternatives : either Mrs. Rudd duped the brothers as they stated, in which case she alone was guilty : or, all three conspired in the swindle, and then she was equally guilty with the brothers.

The latter theory is supported by the inherent improbability of the brothers' story about Adair, and by the fact that, while Rudd, living with Daniel, forged the signatures, Robert uttered nearly all the bonds. Moreover, Daniel was a gambler, and Robert was fast becoming one ; it is therefore possible that they took the step, which has so often brought the speculator to utter grief, that at a pinch they possessed themselves by unlawful means of money which they hoped to replace by better luck, or by funds procured by Rudd from her friends. In this case we must hold the brothers guilty also of something like making money out of Rudd's prostitution.

On the other hand, there is much to support the theory that the Perreaus were Rudd's dupes. They persisted in their innocence until death, in an age when criminals almost invariably confessed when all hope was gone. Many of the incidents were inconsistent with the theory of their guilty knowledge. For instance, they had the bonds prepared by a scrivener. Daniel actually paid away much of the money obtained on the bonds in the purchase of his house. Robert took the forged bonds to a bank within a stone's throw of Adair's office, where the signature of the latter would probably be known. After the Drummonds had manifested suspicion of the signature, he returned to them, and, though he lied on the not very material point of having seen Adair, even left the bond with them over-night. He returned again the next day, and without hesitation went to Adair's house, where the forgery was bound to be discovered. His behaviour there was that of an innocent man. Rudd then confessed that she alone was guilty. Daniel also came to Adair's house willingly when summoned ; they made no attempt to fly on the following days : lastly they, of their own accord, lodged an information against Rudd. All these proved facts tell very strongly in favour of the innocence of the brothers. Further, they agreed in their statements, and adhered to them from first to last, while Rudd made no less than three utterly inconsistent confessions. It may be added that Robert at least bore an excellent reputation, having spent his whole life prosperously in his profession in one place. The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE believed in the brothers ; for in June 1775 it concludes the report of their trials with the following remarks : "Is it not possible that the plausible promises of an artful impostor, aided by the vain hope of being made rich and great by her pretended connections, may have operated on a credulous, though otherwise sensible, mind, like as a gypsy's tale is frequently found to do on weak and unsuspecting women ?"

There was one very noteworthy feature in the three trials.

W. Adair was not called, nor was any reason given for his absence. Now the refusal of such a witness to offer himself for cross-examination would be fatal to the case against the Perreaus in our day. It is certain that, with or without Daniel's knowledge, Rudd was procuring large sums of money from other men, for there was no evidence of the slightest value that she had possessed any money before her connection with Perreau. If then, as appears very probable, she was on intimate relations with W. Adair, this fact would have gone far to account for the gullibility of the Perreaus, though it would have shown Daniel to have been anything but fastidious as to his modes of procuring money. A careful examination of all the documents leads to a strong presumption that there was a miscarriage of justice in the conviction of the Perreaus, and to a certainty that there was one in Rudd's acquittal; for it is beyond doubt that she had a full share of the guilt, if the guilt was not hers alone.

Great efforts were made to procure the mercy of the Crown for Robert. Seventy-eight "capital bankers and merchants" of London petitioned the King on his behalf on January 15, 1776, and on the same day his unhappy wife and three children presented themselves before the Queen. All prayers, however, were vain.

Although at that time the execution of an innocent man was looked upon as hardly more out of the way than the death of a virtuous person from small-pox, it was with surprise that the public received the news that the King was obdurate, and the readers of this narrative will admit that there was at least uncertainty enough in the case to justify a reprieve. But there are preserved in the Record Office certain documents which explain the severity of the authorities. The Government had long suspected that the Perreaus, and the man Jaques who has been mentioned, and who lived in Petty France (now York Street, near St. James's Park Station), were spies in the service of foreign States; and detectives had been watching them for years. The following extracts are taken from certain "Minutes of Jaques' Proceedings" by an unnamed informer in the service of the Government.

"*Monday 10th June, 1771.*—Jaques went to Depthford yard and was there some time. An acquaintance was made with the Servant Maid of the family, and it was discovered that Jaques and his wife are intimate with Richard Slaughter one of the King's messengers, and his wife.

"*18th June.*—Nothing particular was observed till on this day he went to the French Ambassador's staid there some hours.

" 20th June.—This morning he left his house and went along Parliament Street towards Northumberland House—very soon after he left Home a person dressed in white came to Jaques's in a Chariot, and not finding him at Home drove off after him—The Chariot was followed—Just by Northumberland House Jaques was overtaken : The Person in the Chariot and Jaques held some Conversation, Jaques got into the Chariot and they drove off, they were followed to Chancery Lane, and Jaques was set down there. One person followed the Chariot up Chancery Lane, but it drove too fast and he could not discover which way it went—Another person followed Jaques into Exchange Alley but there lost him.

" 10 July.—Some time afterwards a young man was observed to come out of Jaques's House, he was followed into the Park and observed to walk backward and forward near the gate going into Great George Street seeming cautiously to observe whether he was watched.

" 11th.—He (Jaques) was visited by the Gentr in the Chariot before observed, who was followed on his leaving Jaques's round by Highgate and Hampstead till he got out of his Carriage at Pall Mall Court—The Carriage then went to a Livery Stable in Hedge Lane,¹ and then it was discovered to belong to a Dr. Perreau.

" 13th.—Dr. Perreau came to Jaques, they went out together in the Dr.'s Chariot—Jaques got out in Fetter Lane, and went into the Stationers (ffielders) and Garraway's etc.

" 18th July.—Dr. Perreau came to Jaques, after which Jaques went to Mr. Roberts,² thence to the Union and Garraway's.

" 23rd.—Mrs. Jaques was followed about 5 in the afternoon to the House in Low Street Islington Dr. Perreau's servant came to Jaques's and delivered a letter to the Maid.

" 24th.—Dr. Perreau's servant was again at Jaques's House and left a Message.

" 26th.—The person who some time ago was observed to come from Jaques's to go into the Park . . . was this Day seen come out of Jaques and go into the French Ambassadors He staid there about 10 Minutes and then went to Dr. Perreau's in Pall Mall Court, staid there about half an Hour, then went to Cockspur Street.

" 28th.—Jaques kept at home all Day, about 7 in the Evening Dr. Perreau came out of Jaques's but was not seen go in.

¹ Now Whitcomb Street, Pall Mall East.

² Mr. Roberts is described as a Spanish merchant of King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street.

“29th.—About half past 11 o'clock Dr. Perreau came and staid about half an Hour.

“31th.—Dr. Perreau came to Jacques's at 11 o'Clock and staid about half an Hour—Jacques went out about half-past 1—to the Salopian Coffee House, staid a little while there, then called at two or three immaterial Places and returned Home. Dr. Perreau came again to him abt 6 o'Clock, and also ano^r Gentn who hath sometimes been taken for Dr. Perreau, and who hath likewise been traced to Pall Mall Court.”

It was on this very “31th” (to use the spy's queer date) of July, 1771, that Mrs. Rudd bore her first child to Daniel Perreau. One would suppose that by “Dr. Perreau,” Robert, the apothecary was intended; but, as his house was in Golden Square, and Daniel then lived in Pall Mall Court, it was evidently the latter to whom the spy referred. In fact the detective seems not to have known that there were two Perreaus; and, as the brothers were very much alike, he doubtless saw sometimes one, sometimes the other, without distinguishing between them. This accounts for the person “who hath sometimes been taken for Dr. Perreau.” It is probable, too, that Daniel occasionally made use of Robert's carriage.

In the following month one Minns, a poorer scholar than his predecessor, but better informed as to the individuality of the brothers, was employed to watch Daniel's house. His report contains the following passages:

“*Thursday, August 8th.*—Ten Minutes before ten in the Morning I see a servant waite with a Horse near ten minutes then Mr. Perreau came out Dressed in White close and a black wig with several rows of Curls N:B he generally wears a Large white Bush-wig, he mounted his Horse rode up Pall Mall. . . . At four o'Clock in the afternoon Dr. Perreau went Into his house dressed in white and a plain Hat. Came out again in the same Close and a Laced Hat.

“*Friday, August 9th.*—At one o'Clock Mr. Perreau went Into the Doctors and stayed about two Minutes

“*Saturday, August 10th.*—About Eleven o'Clock Mr. Perreau went into the Doctors House stayd some Minutes Then Mr. Perreau came and spoke to his Coachman and the Doctor came out Just after Dressed in blue and a Laced Hat they both walked together By the side of the Coach to the Corner of Spring Gardens There they stoped and the Coach likewise They stood and talked for a Considerable Time Then Mr. Perreau Got in Coach and the Doctor went down the back Part of Spring Gardens and through a Passage to the Salopian Coffee House he placed himself Next to the Window I crossed

over the way, and placed myself at a Linnen Drapers Shop Door. I stood a Little while and then I see Mr. Jaques come to the Door of the Salopian Coffee House he stood on the Steps and looked About him then went in."

Lastly, the Home Office possesses an intercepted letter dated three months later, from Daniel Perreau to the dubious Irish Colonel who gave evidence at the trials, from which the following is an extract :

"To Colonel Kendall at Count de Châtelet's, Paris. Nov. 5 1771. My Cabinet friend is out of town, and I cannot get particulars from that authority I use to do ; but this I'll ensure a courier was sent away to Madrid on Friday evening very late, and very secretly, requiring that the two captains of the frigate should be broke. . . . You see how important it is to get a certain account of the answer that will come from Spain. . . . For God's sake turn heaven and earth to come at the Spanish answer in time to let me know before it comes to Prince Maserano,¹ and we shall do great things ; and don't spare the expense of a courier with very secret orders."

In these documents we have the real reasons for the King's refusal to extend his prerogative of mercy towards the Perreaus. If there was doubt of their guilt in the matter of forgery, it was quite certain that they were in correspondence with the enemies of the country ; and no injustice would be done by taking advantage of their doubtful conviction on one charge to hang them for another crime, of which, though it was not alleged against them, they were undoubtedly guilty. The Minister was most probably induced by this reasoning to refuse to advise the King to reprieve the accused. George III. seems to have known nothing of the reports of the informers ; for, when asked later to spare the clerical forger, Dr. Dodd, he said, "If I pardon him, I have murdered the Perreaus : " a remark which he could hardly have made had he known that they were punished for other crimes besides forgery.

After an imprisonment which, owing to the delays caused by the trial of Mrs. Rudd, had lasted ten months, the twin brothers were conveyed in their own carriage, with five others in carts, to Tyburn on the 17th Jan. 1776. The crowd was estimated at thirty thousand, and was said to have exceeded that which had witnessed the execution of Earl Ferrers. The Perreaus adhered to their statements to the end. At the last moment they remembered the coincidence of their birth forty-two years before ; and, as the cart moved from under them, they dropped with their four hands clasped. Their bodies were deposited in the vaults of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

¹ The Spanish Ambassador at St. James's.

Mrs. Rudd was publicly stated to have retired to the protection of a noble lord from Worcestershire immediately on her discharge from the dock; and it appears clearly from the allusions in the public press that "the noble lord" was the Lord Lyttelton whose wife had spoken on behalf of Robert Perreau. She continued her pamphleteering to the last; and only two days before the execution she sent to the Secretary of State a letter, which, though it now appears to us to be nothing but a tissue of *ex parte* calumnies, was then thought to have affected the fate of the Perreaus. She was also said to have had the mean cruelty to watch the procession to Tyburn from a window in Snow Hill. She was not allowed to enjoy life in perfect peace, for we find in the British Museum a broadside which records "the dreadful and shocking apparition of the two unfortunate P. . . . , accompanied with the wife of Mr. R. P. . . . on Friday 30 [*sic*] February 1776 between the hours of 12 and 1." The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE of June 1779, in its record of deaths, has—

"A few months ago, in very distressed circumstances, the *famous* Mrs. Rudd."

She, too, was laid in St. Martin's Church; and in his "Life of Nollekens," J. T. Smith remarks: "It is a curious fact that Mrs. Rudd requested to be placed near the coffins of the Perreaus."

The "wicked" Lord Lyttelton died in November of the same year in the extraordinary circumstances that have been mentioned. He left no issue, the present Lytteltons being descended from his uncle.

FRANK LAWRENCE.

EARLY ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE history of ancient astronomy is interesting as showing the gradual development, or evolution, of "the sublime science." The instruments used for making observations in ancient times were crude and not susceptible of any great accuracy. Still, much useful work was done, and many interesting naked-eye observations are recorded in the ancient annals. Some of these, however, seem to be mythical, or rather were calculated, not observed. Such is the pre-historic conjunction of the Sun, Moon, and the five (then) known planets north of the constellation Orion referred to by the old Chinese astronomers. Many observations were, however, really made. Thus, we learn from the Chinese records that in the time of Yao, or about the twenty-fourth century B.C., there were astronomers officially appointed for the determination of the equinoxes and solstices. For finding the exact time of the solstices—that is, when the Sun is at its greatest distance north or south of the celestial equator—they used a gnomon and style, and some of these were of considerable size. The oldest measure of the solstice of which we have any record seems to be one made by the Chinese astronomer Tcheou-Koung, at the end of the twelfth century B.C., in the town of Lo-yang, near the Yellow River. Some of these old Chinese observations were used by Laplace for the purpose of determining the diminution in the obliquity of the Ecliptic. It is mentioned by Plutarch and Strabo that at the time of the summer solstice the Sun was in the zenith at the town of Syene (now called Assouan), on the Nile and that it could then be seen at noon from the bottom of wells. This must have occurred before the tenth century B.C.

Astronomy seems to have slowly developed in Greece, for it was not till 431 B.C. that we read of the first reliable observation—that of the summer solstice made by Meton at Athens.

The observations above referred to were made, as we have said, with a gnomon; but the Incas of Peru used for the same purpose

the shadows of two poles cast by the rising or setting sun. They also made observations on the passage of the Sun through the zenith towards the end of their summer, at which time they held the greatest religious festival of the year. The columns used for this purpose at Quito were destroyed by order of the Spanish governor, Sebastian Belalcacar.

With reference to eclipses, the most ancient are those referred to in the Chinese annals. There are six mentioned in the "Chou-King" of Confucius, who lived in the sixth century B.C., and thirty-six in his book called the "Chun-tsiou." The most ancient of all is one mentioned in the former work. It was an eclipse of the Sun which took place in the part of the heavens indicated by π and σ Scorpii—between which stars the Ecliptic passes—on the first day of the third month of autumn, a little after the Emperor Tchong-Kang began to reign. According to chronology, which is, of course, a little uncertain at such a distant date, this emperor commenced his reign in the year 2158 B.C. Chronologists, however, think that this date is about twenty years too far back, and astronomical calculations confirm this opinion. Calculations by means of Oppolzer's tables show that the eclipse probably happened in the year 2136 B.C. From this distant date down to the end of the seventeenth Century the Chinese annals record four hundred and sixty eclipses of the Sun and some of the moon. A long series of eclipses were also recorded by the Babylonians. The Assyrians also registered eclipses, and those of 929 B.C. and 808 B.C. are mentioned in connection with historical events. A great eclipse of the Sun is recorded of which the zone of totality crossed Assyria. Oppolzer has found the date of this eclipse as 762 B.C. The Egyptians also recorded a large number of eclipses, and their records go back to about 1600 B.C.

In the Indian work, the "Mahabharata," an eclipse is recorded as having been seen in India, and the date of this has been found by Oppolzer as 1409 B.C. All the eclipses recorded by the Greeks are of much later date, and the exact dates of some of these—for example, the so-called eclipse of Thales—have been variously given by different astronomers.

That regular observations were made by the ancient astronomers is shown by the fact that on tablets from Nineveh are found lists of planetary and stellar observations and records of the phases of the moon, &c. Observations have also been found of the star α Draconis, which was in those times the nearest bright star to the celestial pole. The Nineveh tablets go back to the seventeenth century B.C. A Chaldean tablet preserved in the British Museum shows

that the passage of the Moon through its nodes was carefully observed, indicating that the inclination of the Moon's orbit to the plane of the Ecliptic was known in those early times, and also the cause of eclipses, which even in these enlightened days seem to be a mystery to many so-called educated people !

It is known that astronomy was regularly studied in China so far back as the twelfth century B.C. In a book called the "Tcheou-li" details are given of the organisation for this purpose. There was a chief astronomer called foun~~g~~-siang-chi, with a number of assistants under him, whose duty it was to observe the stars in their passage across the meridian, and thus fix their places in the sky. Another astronomer called pav-tchang-chi, with a number of assistants, discussed these observations and studied the aspects of the planets, especially Jupiter, for astrological purposes. They also predicted eclipses and reported them to the emperor. Meteorological observations were also made by them. From the seventh century B.C. the Chinese astronomers recorded the appearance of comets and star showers. In the great work of Ma-touan-lin consisting of one hundred volumes (!) there are forty-five observations of sun spots visible to the naked eye. These observations were made between the years A.D. 301 and A.D. 1205. Especially large sun spots were noted in the years 826 and 832. They also recorded the "new" or "temporary" stars of 1572 (Tycho Brahe's) and 1604 (Kepler's), and also that of B.C. 133, which is said to have led Hipparchus to form his catalogue of the stars. An occultation of Mars by the Moon is noted in the year 68 B.C., and this is the earliest recorded occultation in the annals of astronomy. Between the first century B.C. and the eleventh century A.D. the Chinese astronomers record thirty-seven observations of Mercury, and the general accuracy of these observations was verified by the French astronomer Le Verrier. One of these observations records the passage of the planet between the stars η and γ Virginis, which lie near the Ecliptic, and calculation shows that this actually occurred on September 19 and 20 in the year 155 A.D., thus confirming the accuracy of the Chinese observations.

The Aztecs, who were the ruling tribe in Mexico when the Spaniards discovered and conquered the country, recorded some of the most remarkable astronomical events. Thus, we find in a manuscript preserved in the National Library of Paris mention of the eclipses of February 25, 1476, August 8, 1496, January 13, 1507, May 8, 1510, the comet of 1490, and, according to Humboldt, a reference to the Zodiacal Light in the year 1509.

Almanacs seem to have had their origin among the Assyrians, and later on we find reference to "year-books" in Hesiod, Ovid, Virgil, Pliny, and other classical writers. To the usual astronomical matter the Chaldean astronomers added predictions of coming events, like "Zadkiel's Almanac" of our own day. The Egyptian tablets examined by Brugsch show the course of the planets in the years 105 to 133 A.D., predicting their exact places in the sky, even when near the Sun! In one of these interesting tablets a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn is referred to in the constellation Aries. This seems to have occurred in the year 120 A.D. Even at the present day the Hindoo Brahmins publish almanacs showing in advance eclipses and the positions of the planets, which they calculate by rules given in one of their ancient books. The Mexicans prepared wheels for several years in advance which answered the purpose of almanacs.

Before the invention of clocks and watches there were various methods of measuring time. The first that seems to have been used was the length of shadows thrown by the sun. We learn from Aristophanes that even in his day the time was measured by the length of the shadows cast by a gnomon like the style of a sundial. These gnomons were placed on a pillar, and concentric circles were drawn round the foot of the pillar, indicating roughly the hour of the day. This method was used by the Chinese, who, as we have seen, used the gnomon for observing the time of the solstices so far back as the twelfth century B.C. In the seventeenth century A.D. the people of Madagascar used this method, which they learned from the Arabs, and for a standard they employed the length of a man's shadow, which they called *saa*.

According to Herodotus, the Chaldeans were the first to make use of sundials, but they seem to have been also used by the Egyptians in very ancient times. In the third century B.C. the Chaldean priest Berosus invented an instrument in which the shadow fell on an inclined concave semicircle. One of these was discovered in some ancient ruins near Rome. Another was found in the ruins of Pompeii in the year 1854. Some of these old sundials are preserved in the British Museum, the Louvre, and the Museum at Naples. The reference in the Bible to the shadow on "the dial of Ahaz" shows that sundials were in use among the Jews in ancient times. They were also used at Athens so far back as 434 B.C. They do not seem to have been known in Rome till the year 292 B.C.

For the correct adjustment of these gnomons and sundials it was,

of course, necessary to draw a line due north and south—a meridian line, as it is now called. This the ancient astronomers seem to have been able to do with considerable accuracy. We know that the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh is oriented with great precision, certainly with an error of less than a quarter of a degree (!), and it is said that in the old pyramids of Mexico and Yucatan the error did not exceed one degree. The ancient Chinese attached great importance to the observations of stars crossing the meridian, or culminations as they are called, and seem to have determined the direction of the meridian by measurements of shadows at the rising and setting of the sun.

For measuring the hours the Greeks and others used clepsydras, or water-clocks. They were also used by the Chinese at an early period, and are described in their book the "Tcheou-li," which dates back to the twelfth century B.C. This instrument consisted of two vessels—an upper one, in which water was kept at a nearly constant level, and with a hole in the bottom, through which the water dropped into the lower vessel. In the lower vessel was a graduated vertical rod, the divisions on which represented about fourteen minutes of time. Another form of clepsydra consisted of a metal cup with a small hole in the bottom, floating in a vessel of water. Some of these were regulated so as to fill in about twenty-two and a half minutes. Clepsydras are still used in some parts of Asia. They were also used in ancient times in Egypt and Chaldea, probably so far back as the sixteenth or seventeenth century B.C. in Egypt. One made in Alexandria was constructed to go for a year! In more modern times we read of one being sent to Charlemagne by the Persian Caliph, Abdallah, and one received by the Emperor Frederic II. from the Sultan of Egypt, Malek al-Kamel.

The old Chinese astronomers measured the altitude of stars crossing the meridian by means of a tube mounted on a movable axis. The inclination of this tube to the horizon gave the required altitude. This method was also used by the ancient Hindoos, the tube being attached to the style of a gnomon.

For the measurement of angles the Greeks divided the circumference of the circle into 360 degrees, evidently derived from the approximate number of days in the year, and this division has survived to the present day. The Chinese, however, divided the circle into $365\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and this division is found in their work the "Tcheou-pey," which was written about the time of Hipparchus, a little before the beginning of the Christian era. The "spheres" of Archimedes, Hipparchus, and Ptolemy consisted of two rings, having

THE ROBIN.

THERE is something of royalty about "the bird of the scarlet breast." The old ballad speaks of Robin as turning round about, "e'en like a little king," and that is just how he impresses you. Look at him after he has pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm. He gulps the dainty morsel, then stands up in honest self-confidence, expands his purple waistcoat with the virtuous air of an alderman, and finally faces you with an eye that plainly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the flavour of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Practically this is Mr. Russell Lowell's view of the robin's character. But Mr. Lowell can hardly be cited as an unprejudiced witness; for, if we are to believe him, the robins about Boston add a deeper hue to their breasts by the blood of stolen cherries and raspberries; and one who does not value himself the less for being fond of fruit is not likely to be altogether kindly disposed towards a bird that feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain in the garden.

In England we do not think of the robin as a bird of the fruit season. He is the winter favourite *par excellence*; and we pay him court, as we pay court to the snowdrops and the primroses, because he comes to cheer us when there is little else in Nature to strike a lively chord in our breasts. If, as Hawthorne believed, "each humblest weed stands there to express some mood or thought of ours," there must be something more than is heard by the ear in the conscious, buoyant singing of the birds. The world had long been wondering what tidings lay within the robin's song that should carry the same joyous message to all, until an inspired poet found the key. "Cheerily, cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up!" That is how the poet puts it, and it is very well put. Robin always looks cheerful; no pessimist he.

The poets, indeed, have been unusually attentive to Master Robin. His song, to be sure, has more of prose in it than any poet

should have in his verse ; but, after all, he sings, as poets should, with no afterthought, and this is why the rhymers have been kind to him. You remember the sacred legend in which he has his part ? He tried to pluck a thorn from the Saviour's crown, and so stained his bright breast with blood. Whittier gives another version of the story. A boy throws a stone at Robin, and is reproved by his grandmother, who recalls the legend :

“ Nay,” said his grandmother, “ have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit ;
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird,
Carries the water that quenches it ?
He brings cool dew in his little bill
And lets it fall on the souls of sin ;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.”

An old rhyme has it that

The robin and the wren
Are God's cock and hen ;

and it is curious that none of our birds is more universally protected than the robin. No Breton boy will stone or harm this “ amiable songster.” He firmly believes that all the red-breasts are descended from the bird of the sacred legend. St. Kentigern, who founded Glasgow Cathedral, had a pet robin whose neck was wrung by some boys. But the saint performed a miracle—so the story runs—and restored the little bird to life. Bunyan was a friend of the robin too. “ Thou booby,” he says to the cuckoo—

“ Thou booby, say'st thou nothing but ‘ cuckoo ’ ?
The robin and the wren can thee outdo.”

Mercy, in the “ Pilgrim's Progress,” is rather surprised to see a robin with a spider in his mouth. “ What a disparagement is it to such a pretty little bird, he being also a bird above many that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man ! I had thought they lived on crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter.” This looks as if Mercy had the idea that crumbs are among the spontaneous growths of Nature ; but the hint should not be lost upon those who like their winters to be cheered by the companionable society of the birds. Robin will sing while the thermometer stands at zero ; but he is not so hardy as the sparrow, and when the frost has been prolonged and the snow heavy, great numbers of red-breasts may be found lying dead, having succumbed to hunger and cold. This, surely, should not be the fate of a bird which, according to the poets, has such an extensive undertaking business to perform. We all

know what Robin did for the Babes in the Wood ; but we probably forget how Herrick appoints him "the sexton for to cover me" ; and how in *Cymbeline* Shakespeare calls him, "with charitable bill," to bring for dead Fidele the pale primrose like her face, with "furred moss besides, when flowers are none, To winter-ground thy corse." Webster, the seventeenth-century dramatist, has also a dirge for the red-breast :

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

No wonder, then, that we revere the robin and protect him, even to the extent of declaring that

He that harries his nest
Never shall his soul have rest.

Blake, the unfortunate painter-poet, was of opinion that to put a robin in a cage was enough to call down fire from heaven. A robin is very seldom seen in a cage, thanks, no doubt, to the universal sentiment in favour of the bird. But exceptional instances occur. In White's "Selborne" one reads of a tame red-breast in a cage that "always sang as long as candles were in the room." Fancy a red-breast singing by candlelight ! No robin in his natural state ever sang at night.

As a matter of fact, the robin sings for the most part only in the winter. Why ? A recent writer tells us that it is because he is the earliest-nesting of British birds, and begins in very early autumn to assert his individuality and his fitness to have a wife by fighting and singing, the song being merely a proclamation of his readiness to meet all comers. To say, however, that the robin sings early because he nests early, would only be pushing the inquiry a step further back, unless we could say why he nests early. But the reason for this is, I think, clear. He nests early because, unlike other birds, in the earliest months of the year he can always find enough food to support wife and family. He has acquired the habit of hunting at dusk, both in the early morning and the evening, when caterpillars and filmy-winged winter moths abound in the winter and early spring months along every hedgerow. In hard weather, of course, the robin postpones nesting ; but if the season is mild, no month in the year is too early to find the robin building. "The song, however, does not express love or even the intention of nesting, but is merely the expression of that state of full-fed lustiness and

self-confidence which leads, in due course, to the acquisition of a wife and the establishment of a home." The wren, which also hunts at dusk in the winter months, sings early too ; and mild weather fills the stomachs and loosens the tongues of all the thrush tribes as well as the sky-larks. But the robin, who is almost a fly-catcher in skill and an owl in eyesight, has the advantage of them all, and is therefore the most consistent of our winter songsters.

Red-breasts, as White tells us, in his "Natural History of Selborne," sing all through the spring, summer, and autumn. The reason they are called autumn songsters is because in the first two seasons their voices are drowned and lost in the general chorus ; in the latter their song becomes distinguishable. Many songsters of the autumn seem to be the young cock red-breasts of that year. "Notwithstanding the prejudices in their favour," adds White, "they do much mischief in gardens to the summer fruits." The robin, in the view of some, is in fact no better than it should be. I read recently that, while wintering in the southern States of America, it gorges itself with china berries, which intoxicate it till it falls to the ground, goes fighting mad, or staggers about squawking and buffeting its comrades joyfully. But probably this is a case of mistaken identity. "Among all English bird-names," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "perhaps there is not one that conveys to us Islanders such a familiar image as that of 'robin.' Even town-bred children, for whom the greenwood, alas ! is too often an unmeaning phrase, recognise in that title the little red-breasted bird which spends Christmas with us. But there are English-speaking millions oversea for whom the word 'robin' has a widely different significance. The Pilgrim Fathers and their followers applied this name to a kind of thrush, and that is now the robin of the United States." So then, perhaps, it is not the robin but the thrush who gets intoxicated !

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

A GREAT LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is no more striking personality in the social life of England in the troublous Stuart period than that of the great lady who was neither a beauty, nor a politician, nor a royal favourite, and laid no claim to literary or artistic distinction. Yet no modern writer has chosen to become the biographer of Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset and Pembroke. True, the most valuable materials regarding her life seem to have been either lost or destroyed, though no certainty prevails on the point. But enough remains to show that a character of unusual strength lies behind these scattered, broken notices of a life so outstanding in its individuality.

It might be thought that a highly born dame who saw the Civil Wars begun and ended, and lived through many years of the Restoration, would be known, if known at all, for her share in national events ; but, singularly enough, the terrible struggle which raged through the country did not bring any tragic disturbance into the life of Anne Clifford. She changed her residence from Whitehall to Baynard's Castle when the strife waxed hottest, but she does not appear to have suffered the loss of kindred or property. Whatever she may have had to endure in this way has escaped narration. The real interest of her life is centred in that portion which relates to her domestic and personal concerns.

Anne Clifford came of a turbulent stock on her father's side. One of her ancestors was "Black-faced Clifford," noted at the battle of Wakefield for the dastardly murder of the young Duke of Rutland. "Wild Henry Clifford" was another. Before he came to the earldom of Cumberland he was the companion of Prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.) After running through his possessions he lived the life of a freebooter, ravaging monasteries and sacking villages to replenish his exchequer. George Clifford, Anne's father, though a dashing naval commander, was a profligate

and spendthrift. On one occasion he tried to borrow 10,000*l.* from Queen Elizabeth, but there is no record of his succeeding with that astute lady. Anne's mother was Lady Margaret Russell, daughter of the Earl of Bedford, a woman of unimpeachable character, but her husband preferred the society of one of the Court ladies. The strength of will, tenacity of purpose, and capacity for affairs which Anne showed in her long life were doubtless inherited from Lady Margaret.

The Clifford estates were not vested in heirs male, and there being no other child Anne would naturally have inherited the whole of the vast possessions attached to the barony of Clifford on the death of her father ; but Anne had an uncle to whom the title fell, though not the lands, and George Clifford, caring more for his brother Francis than for his only child, left the whole of his property to go with the earldom of Cumberland, the estates to go to Anne if the heirs male of Earl Francis failed. Thereupon began the long war between the wicked uncle and the dispossessed heiress. Anne was only fifteen when her father died, and it was her mother, the Dowager Countess of Cumberland, who conducted the campaign. The daughter says of her, "She showed a most brave spirit and never yielded to any opposition whatsoever, in which business King James began to show himself extremely against my mother and me, in which course he still pursued, though his wife, Queen Anne, was ever inclining to our part and very gracious and favourable unto us, for in my youth I was much in the Court with her and in masques attended her, though I never served her." James I. had been on the throne two years when this suit began.

At this time the Dowager Countess and her daughter were living in London, but in order to prosecute their claims they journeyed to Westmoreland, spending the summer in the North. They passed from castle to castle, but when they arrived at Skipton, which was one of the six belonging to the barony of Clifford, and the place where Anne was born, they were not allowed to view the premises, "the doors being shut against us by my uncle of Cumberland and officers in an uncivil and disdainful manner."

But while the Dowager Countess was actively suing for her daughter's rights she did not neglect her education. For some whim the Earl, her father, had forbidden her being taught any foreign language, "but for all other knowledge fit for her sex none was bred up to greater perfection." She had the Poet Laureate Samuel Daniel, for tutor. The Dowager Countess likewise "had no language but her own," "yet was there few books of worth translated

into English but she read them." Anne certainly inherited from her mother a love of reading. Books were her one personal extravagance in after years when she came into her own and could spend as she pleased.

When she was between eighteen and nineteen Anne was married to Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset. This brought another element into the great lawsuit. The case was heard in the Court of Wards. Earl Francis and his son were willing for the matter to be decided by the arbitration of four judges, and in this Anne's husband, the Earl of Dorset, acquiesced. But the Dowager Countess would not consent, and forced her daughter to refuse to be a party to any such arrangement. "She would never be brought to submit or agree to it, being a woman of a high and great spirit, in which denial," as Anne justly observes, "she directed for my good." The award was made in favour of Earl Francis, and the lands were handed over to him in face of the fact that the arbitration had not been agreed to by Anne herself, but only by her husband. A more flagrant instance of the merging of the wife's identity in that of the husband has seldom occurred. Shortly after this Earl Francis married his son Henry to Lady Frances Cecil, daughter of the Lord High Treasurer, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, "which marriage," says Anne, "was purposely made that by that power and greatness of his the lands of mine inheritance might be wrested and kept by strong hands from me."

In the meantime the Dowager Countess had died, and Anne was left to fight her battles entirely alone, her husband being on the side of the enemy. She made two attempts to get her rights by trials at law, first at the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, and afterwards at York before Edmund, Lord Sheffield, President of the North. King James now determined to settle the matter once for all, and in January 1617 he summoned the Countess of Dorset to appear before him at Whitehall to give her formal consent to the award by which her lands were handed over to her uncle. But the Countess had inherited her mother's spirit, and although single-handed—for the Earl of Dorset signed his consent to the award—she stoutly refused to yield. So matters continued, Earl Francis being in possession and his niece ready at any moment to renew the battle.

In 1623 the Earl of Dorset was ill and had qualms about his wife's position, so he made over to her his Sussex property. The following year he died at Great Dorset House, the Countess lying ill at the time at Knowle House, Kent. Anne describes her husband and her fifteen years of married life rather quaintly. In spite of the

Earl's opposition to the main object of her life she gives him his due. He was, she says, "in his own nature of a just mind, of a sweet disposition, and very valiant in his own person." As for herself, she says, "Though I was happy in many respects, being his wife, yet was I most unhappy in having the malicious hatred of his brother, then Lord Edward Sackville, towards me, who afterwards came to be Earl of Dorset by my Lord's decease.'

After her husband's death Anne divided her time between Bolbrooke House, Sussex, which was the most important estate in her jointure, Cheney House, Bucks, the seat of her mother's father, and Woburn House, Beds. It was during this period that she caught small-pox from her eldest child, "which disease did so martyr my face that it confirmed more and more my mind never to marry again." Her appearance, according to her own naïve description, must have been very pleasing as a girl, and it is to be hoped that one of her chief beauties, her abundant brown hair, which reached below her knees, did not suffer damage from the disease.

While she was staying at Bolbrooke House she narrowly escaped being robbed of a large sum of money. It was no common thief, but a robber in high life, though the identity of the person is not established. She says, "On May 6, 1626, when I had newly received my Lady Day's rents, and had some money in the house before, I escaped miraculously by God's providence from an attempt of my enemies to have robbed me, besides the extreme fright it would have put me into had it not been timely discovered and prevented by one who accidentally saw them enter into the window, and it was thought to have been plotted by a great man then my extream enemy, but God delivered me."

In 1630, when she had been six years a widow and was forty years of age, she revoked her decision about second marriages and allied herself with another great and powerful house in the person of the Earl of Pembroke. This nobleman evidently had no objection to lawsuits and was willing to help his wife to get back her vast property. Two years after this second marriage the Countess of Pembroke writes, "being still mindfull to vindicate my right and interest in the lands of my inheritance in Westmoreland and Craven, in August and September 1632, by commission under my said Lords, and my hand and seal procured of like legal claims to be made, as were formerly executed in the time of my widowhood." Five years later she renewed her claim, and then the Civil War put a stop to litigation.

The wicked uncle was now approaching the end of his tenure. In 1641 he died, at the age of eighty-two, leaving a son to reign in his stead. The Countess's troubles were nearly over. In 1643 the son died, and no one now intervened between Anne and her inheritance. At the age of fifty-three she became one of the greatest ladies of the land, holding in her own right vast possessions and having kinship with some of the noblest families in England. Her jointure had been added to by the Earl of Pembroke, who made over to her his Kentish property, so that apart from the long-disputed inheritance the Countess was fairly well dowered.

About this time a new source of trouble arose. The Earl of Pembroke wished to marry one of his sons by a former marriage to the Countess's younger daughter, Isabella. The Earl was very insistent, but both the mother and the daughter being hotly opposed to the match the Lady Isabella presently married, instead, the Earl of Northampton. Probably this event hastened the rupture between the Earl and Countess, for two years later (1649) they parted, never to meet again, the Earl dying in 1650.

Now begins a new epoch in the life of the Countess of Pembroke. She is quite alone, a widow for the second time, both her daughters married (the elder having married the Earl of Thanet), and free to devote herself to the management of her vast estates. After the death of the Earl she revisited her birthplace, Skipton, and stayed there a year. During this time, she says, "I employed myself in building and reparation of Skipton at Barden Tower, and in causing of bounds to be ridden and my courts kept in my several manors in Craven, and in these kind of country affairs about my estate which I found in extream disorder by reason it had been so long kept from me as from the death of my father till this time and by occasion of the late Civil Wars in England, and this time the suits and differences in law began to grow hot betwixt my tenants in Westmoreland and some of my tenants in Craven and me, which suits with my tenants in Westmoreland are still depending, and God knows how long they may last, but the differences with my tenants in Craven are for the most part by compromise and agreement reconciled."

It was in connection with a dispute with her tenants that the well-known story of the "boon hen" occurs. "A rich clothier of Halifax, one of her tenants, would not pay the one 'boon hen' which traditional custom demanded from the holder of a certain tenement. The Countess took the case to the law courts and recovered the hen, but at a cost of £200 to herself and the same amount to her

adversary.”¹ After this the Countess invited her tenant to dinner and had the “boon hen” served as one of the dishes.

The Countess found that most of her castles required either rebuilding or repairing. The tower at Appleby Castle, called Cæsar’s Tower, had been pulled down during the period she describes as “the great rebellion time.” Brougham Castle was in a very ruinous condition, and Pendragon Castle needed repair. She was an excellent woman of business and counted the cost of everything she undertook. There was no commencement of building operations until the money was ready to her hand, and her accounts were always carefully kept and balanced every week.

In 1653 the judges on the northern circuit were entertained for three or four nights at Appleby Castle, and this visit seems to have grown into a regular custom. The Countess held the office of sheriff of Westmoreland, and there is a tradition that she sat on the bench with the justices, like her ancestress Lady Isabella Clifford, from whom the office descended. The court was frequently held in her own baronial hall.

A less welcome party of visitors quartered themselves upon the Countess during the disturbances of 1651. The Royalists were working their way south from Scotland, and Cromwell’s forces were massed about the northern part of England. Appleby Castle was full of Republican soldiers nearly all the summer. The opposing party came within half a dozen miles of her, but, although she was living in the very midst of strife, both she herself and her many properties escaped injury. It is curious how this great lady, who, from her prominent position and wealth, might have been among the first to suffer from the Civil Wars, passed through unscathed. She is so little affected by the tumults around her that at this very period she remarks, “I do more and more fall in love with the contentments and innocent pleasures of a country life.”

It was not all “contentments and pleasures.” The tenants were perpetually giving trouble. In 1653, the Countess says, “did I cause several courts to be kept in my name in divers of my manors within this county (Westmoreland), but the tenants being obstinate and refractorie, though they appeared would not answer as they were called, and also many leases of ejectment did I cause to be sealed in this county in October to a tryal with my tenants at common law.”

The Countess was anything but a harsh proprietor: she was, indeed, overflowing generous, and devoted herself heart and soul to

¹ *Women in English Life*, by Georgiana Hill.

the interests of her people. No landowner ever recognised more fully the responsibilities attaching to great possessions. To begin with, the Countess was no absentee landlord. She lived year in year out on her own land, never even journeying to London to visit the Court. Her time was divided as equally as possible among her castles, and she would travel from one to the other in the depth of winter to give employment to the road-makers. She was such an upholder of home industries that she dressed always in black serge made on the looms of her estates. A generous table was kept for her household, although she lived sparingly herself and hardly ever tasted wine in her life. She repaired and founded almshouses for the poor, restored seven parish churches, and pensioned some of the ejected clergy. One of the most striking instances of the broad-minded liberality of the Countess is the fact that she undertook the education of the illegitimate children of her first husband.

The Countess, like her mother, was a great reader, and one of the best informed women of her day in spite of the seclusion in which she lived. Her only personal luxury, as has already been noted, was books, and when her eyes began to fail her she had a reader who read daily and systematically to her, as is proved by the marks and dates on old folios which have been preserved. She had two ladies of education to live with her, and there was quite a literary atmosphere about the Countess. Even on the tapestry of her bedchamber she had fastened pieces of paper with passages from the best authors, so that her women might become imbued with the thoughts of the great and good. She kept up her active habits to the last and her processions from castle to castle. At the age of seventy-three she made a dangerous journey over the wild dales to places she had never before visited. It must have been difficult in wintry weather to convoy the retinue, for the Countess travelled in state; she was borne along in a horse litter; there was a coach and six for her women, and the men of the household followed on horseback.

She retained her spirit and vigour of mind to the last, if the famous retort made to Sir Joseph Williamson, when she was in her eighty-fifth year, is authentic. The Secretary of State is said to have written to the Countess saying that the Government wished a certain candidate to be returned for the borough of Appleby. This interference in her own domains was more than the Countess could stand, and she wrote in reply, "I have been bullied by an usurper, neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand."

She died at the age of eighty-six and was buried under a monument of her own erection in the parish church of Appleby. The Countess was fond of monuments, and erected one to the memory of her tutor, Samuel Daniel, and one on the spot where she and her mother last saw each other, in the estate around Brougham Castle. The monument to Edmund Spenser in Westminster Abbey is also due to this great lady who so faithfully served her generation.

GEORGIANA HILL.

THE IMPRESS OF THE KYMRI IN LITERATURE.

INTEREST in the ancient history of the Welsh people no longer needs an apology. A change of attitude towards their literature and records has lately manifested itself in several different directions. Their stubborn conservatism with respect to tradition is no longer scorned ; the work and ideals of the Eisteddfod are better understood ; the gentry themselves, participating in the awakening of interest that has spread slowly, but surely, during the past sixty years, are responding to its influence, so that their children are now more habitually receiving instruction in the mother tongue. The warning of good old David Rhys spoken in the sixteenth century was founded upon an accurate knowledge of the race. Destroy their language, he said, and you destroy the people. The two are inseparably joined. It is conceded by every student of Keltic tradition that the Kymri—themselves the descendants of those warlike *Cimbri* of whose virtues as well as valour Tacitus wrote in praise—held a somewhat unique place in the annals of mediævalism. Their genius, stimulated by contact with Anglo-Norman culture, gave form to a literature which exercised an undying influence upon European thought ; while, on the other hand, the tenacious conservatism of centuries has tended more or less to isolate their achievement by the formidable barrier of a language against which no alien legislation could prevail. But, during the last century, scholars and translators have afforded us more than passing glimpses of an enchanted land. Romance and legend, mystical allegory, historic myth—all have been studied, collected, interpreted ; and together have enlarged our conception and deepened our appreciation of the treasures of Kymric literature.

Not the least striking proof of the real interest awakened by these labours is afforded us by the recent cheap edition of the “ Mabinogion ”—or mediæval Welsh stories—lately issued from the press. Lady Charlotte Guest’s beautiful translation is now brought within the

reach of all lovers of literary lore ; and, inasmuch as these old Welsh tales are in many respects an unrivalled compilation of diverse elements, this new edition has conferred a permanent benefit upon the English-speaking world. The value of it is enhanced, moreover, by the illuminative notes which impress upon the reader the real nature of the Keltic contribution to imaginative art. For it is from this point more particularly that interest radiates. It should never be forgotten that the "Mabinogion" represent the ingathering from several different epochs, and presuppose an immense background of tradition and myth. Collectively, the tales resemble, as it were, a piece of highly fossiliferous stratum whose organisms bear witness to the teeming life of previous ages. It is in relation to those past epochs that the volume should be studied ; it is as one link only in the great chain of evolution that it holds its venerable place. And thus, at the back of it, we must infer inductively, where we may not prove historically, the long series of tradition and axiom, romance and myth, which were the inheritance of the Kymri.

Of the actual authors of the "Mabinogion" we know nothing at all. The stories, greatly differing in substance and detail, and incorporating many different phases of archaic fancy, were undoubtedly gathered in the fourteenth century into a whole ; but it is from the revelation of the two preceding centuries, in so far as we are able to observe them, that we get the truest glimpse of the conditions which determined their growth.

The beginnings of Kymric tradition are, of course, hidden in the unlettered gloom of barbarism. From afar, even from the dim borderland of prehistoric ages, legends, mystic and inscrutable, can be discerned. Later, we can trace them moving obscurely across the growth of centuries, changeable, uncertain as visions of the night. Who shall define that no-man's land where myth and history are inseparable ? The mystery of many a belief as of many an error is hidden in obscurity. It is almost impossible, for instance, to trace to its source the chief centre and inspiration of Keltic romance, the Arthurian legend. As early as the sixth century, the majestic figure of Arthur steals upon the scene—the warrior chief, the inspirer of great deeds and mighty enterprises. But in another two hundred years the heroic has been grafted on to the primitive conception ; and in the twelfth century an "historic" legend is established, and the age of chivalry has dawned. It is this epoch more particularly—from the middle of the eleventh century to the end of the twelfth—which the students of the "Mabinogion" will do wisely to consider. For it was pre-eminently an age of literary awakening. Throughout

Europe, nation called to nation in an impulse of renewed activity which was especially manifest in Wales. The discords and troubles of the past were healing; the little despised race lifted itself once more upon the inflowing tide of prosperity; and in so doing it responded to the vital influences of the time. On the one hand, Keltic stimulus was supplied by a corresponding movement among the Irish race; on the other, the transforming, penetrating influence of Anglo-Norman culture swept into the channels of romance. A galaxy of bards gave voice to patriotic ideals; the office of the professional story-teller became a power in the land. We read of feasts and congresses held throughout the Principality; and the reigning princes turned their thoughts from warfare to the arts of peace. At the periodical Eisteddfods, heroic stories, set to the wild, sweet music that the Kymri have ever loved, were brought into competition. A typical record of one feast held in the year 1177 shows us how keen the spirit of emulation had become.

“And the Lord Rhys made a great feast at the castle of Cardigan, when he instituted two species of contests—one between the bards and poets, and another between the harpers, pipers, and those who played upon the crwth. There were also vocal contests. And he placed two chairs for the successful competitors, whom he enriched with honourable gifts. And it appears in this contest that the bards of North Wales got the prize for poetry, while a young man from Rhys's own household was adjudged to have excelled in the powers of harmony. The others were liberally rewarded, so that no one went away with any cause of complaint. And this feast was announced a full year before it took place, in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and many other countries.”

The truth was that the literary renaissance of the twelfth century had found the Kymri to a great extent prepared. They possessed a fully developed language; they were rich in chronicle and legend; they had a unique collection of moral and historical triads; and their Eisteddfods kept up the spirit of emulation. Above all, they had an established order of bards. The history of the rise and influence of the bards is full of interest. In the palmy days of the twelfth century we find the bard occupying a position of peculiar privilege. His office was one of undisputed dignity; his person was held in high respect. He was liable to be sent upon important errands; and when attached to a princely household he was the laureate and historiographer of his lord. It is true that in the case of Dafydd ap Gwilym, a noted bard who fell in love with his master's daughter, we hear of tragedy following in the rear of his ambition;

but such an event is a not uncommon peril of the mount of privilege. Certain is it that the bard, as a rule, possessed great influence, though it is less certain that this influence was always turned to good account. In later days, we meet with a number of kingly edicts issued against "rymours, minstrels, and vagabonds," who were said to stir up strife and disaffection among their essentially hot-headed race ; and, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, proclamations were still issued against these disorderly, wandering bards. But the truth seems to be that then, as now, two kinds of *literati* flourished—a type socially and intellectually the higher, preserving the purer current of tradition and usage ; and a lower type, practically vagrant, pandering to the tastes of the common people from whom they sprang. It was probably this class who sought to preserve the ancient hatred of the English people ; it was undoubtedly against them that edicts such as the following were decreed :

"*Item.* That no westours or rimers, minstrels or vagabonds be maintained in Wales to make kymorthas or guyllages on the common people, who, by their divinations, lies, and exhortations are partly the cause of the insurrections and rebellion now in Wales.

"*Reply.* Le Roi le veut."

So much for the attitude of the common minstrels. The greater interest centres in the bardic contribution to imaginative art. In the first place, it must be owned that the bards, as a class, and more especially the higher type whose works have chiefly descended to us, wrote from the point of view of their lords and patrons. Like the Rhapsodists of ancient Greece, their tendency was to ignore the lower classes and to exalt the aristocracy. The instinct of feudalism was making itself felt. Moreover, they created an artificial style and standard, so that their works, viewed in the mass, may tend to monotony. But, on the other hand, it was inevitable that they should in some measure reflect the spirit of the time. They have preserved for us a picture of Kymric life and manners together with valuable records of contemporary events. They tell us of incidents elsewhere unchronicled. And inasmuch as the history of the English was inseparably connected with their own, they have, as it were, held the mirror up to us. It has been well said that our history of the Wars of the Roses will not be complete until we have the records, existing but untranslated, of the contemporary Welsh bards. But it is when we consider the other aspect of their work—its lyrical as apart from its political content—that the *casus belli* common to every century of mediævalism comes prominently into view. The quarrel between friar and minstrel threads the record of the Middle Ages,

and in Wales was only ended by the common calamity of war. It was no doubt in the nature of things which such a feud should develop. The monk of those days held an office which the abuses of a corrupt mediævalism had not yet brought into disrepute. He was the representative of an unchallenged system ; his authority had a sanction established by time. It was but natural that he should resent the development of an influence outside and in many respects alien to his own ; nor could he be expected to foresee the futility of his resentment. Meanwhile, the bard, unrepentant, pursued his way. He was but the expression—familiar in every age—of the irrepressible spirit of nature, striking off the fetters which a mistaken asceticism sought to impose upon the world. He was revolting, as men have in every age revolted, against the centrifugal tendency of monasticism, its arrogant jurisdiction over secular lives, its insistence upon barren and unreasonable restraint. And his verse at that early period seems to have possessed the spontaneity of youth. It took its colour from the simple, wholesome lyric of every-day existence, tinged with a passionate delight in the natural world. He sang of homely themes, of valour and innocence, of strife and heroism, of beauty, whether in woman or bird or flower. And the lyrics, thus inspired, were for the most part as pure as the breath of his own mountains. A certain religious bias tempered their exaltation ; a didactic tendency crept in here and there. And when imagination, breaking from the leash, ran at times into extravagance, it was usually in pursuit of some semi-religious theme. The worship of the Virgin-mother, for instance, becomes an ecstasy. Flower after flower is pressed into her service : the meadowsweet her tribute ; the thrift her cushion ; the cowslip for her tears.

Even a superficial knowledge of the Keltic temperament may help us to realise how great an influence, when allied to music, these simple ballads may have had. We can easily understand how soon the office of the wandering minstrel became an institution ; how his visits would be hailed by the peasantry as they assembled around him even as the Lombard people flocked to hear the story of Roland or Rinaldo told in the public square. Again we can easily foresee the intrusion, in course of time, of popular and personal subjects. There is no doubt that the bardic office served to give expression to personal jest and party feeling as well as to inspire heroic odes or sonnets to Myfanwy. It was inevitable that the "old men eloquent" should sharpen their weapons of defence against the bitter, protesting friars. Gibes and sarcasms, as it seems, were quickly multiplied. The

monk's anathema was paid back in round retaliation. Let the "dull friar" keep to his own province! What had he to do with private life? But on the whole it must be confessed that the feud is traceable rather to the jealousy of the Church than to any flagrant transgression of the minstrels. They encroached, in fact, upon each other's privilege: there was no great difference in their mode of life. The one went begging while the other went singing over the king's highway: they were, in truth, "beggars all." It is, of course, possible that occasionally the love lyric of the bard transgressed the bounds of a more elastic purism than obtained within monastery walls. An extant poem by Dafydd ap Gwilym is likely to be quoted in support of this view. It is an invitation to a nun, and runs as follows:

There in the green wood will thy mind
A path to heaven, O lady, find.
There Ovid's volume shalt thou read,
And there a spotless life we'll lead.

Which charming piece of romantic idealism was surely calculated to turn the hair, if he had any, of an orthodox monk.

At length, in the thirteenth century, we find the tables somewhat turned; for the monks, in a fashion of their own, began to cultivate romantic literature. It is at this period that the evolution of the Arthurian legend takes a more definite shape. Much has been written in recent years, to elucidate the growth of this the greatest achievement of Keltic genius. It is now practically established that the legend emanated from the Kymri, spreading from "Welshland" through Cornwall into the Welsh-speaking colony of Brittany upon the opposite shore. Thence, moulded by French and Latin influences, it was finally brought back into its native land, and in another hundred years was raised to the dignity of an English classic by the hand of Malory. It was this flower of romantic yet religious mediævalism that was seized upon by the friar. Enriched with his sanction, it attained an influence whose effects no prince or minstrel could foresee. Unchallenged as the source of noblest inspiration, it spread over the whole of the Christian kingdoms of the west; it touched the shore of Arabia with its influence: it conquered wherever it spread. Its impulse was unique, progressive. Long after the new world of the Renaissance had risen from the ashes of feudalism, the epic of the Round Table preserved the essence of that mystical, unattainable ideal which had softened the manners and tempered the spirit of a half-barbaric age. In the thirteenth century a belief in the coming of Arthur was held by the Kymri beyond dispute. *Hic jacet Arthurus;*

Rex quondam ; Rexque futurus. So, it was believed, ran the legend on his tomb. And just as to this day the Irish believe that the O'Donoghue sleeps beneath Killarney waters, one day to arise and redress their wrongs, so did the belief obtain among the Kymri that Arthur should rise from Avalon.

Thus did the supreme gift of the Armorican Kymri become the common property of the Christian world. The strange thing is that it was left for other nations to develop ; in Wales it never seems to have been elaborated beyond a certain point. But in the meanwhile, the springs of fancy were not exhausted ; silence had not yet fallen upon the story-tellers and romancers of the Keltic race. The Red Book of Hergest was written in the fourteenth century ; and from its storehouse of material, drawn from many centuries and covering a wide area both in subject and form, the "Mabinogion," as we have them now, were gathered. Some would have us believe that their production was again a cause of friction between friar and bard. It appears, at any rate, that the tales, while tolerated by the clergy, were received with scant justice by some of the greater bards. "*Ystoriau*," "young people's tales," they were called contemptuously. But however this may be, time and the ripe judgment of the scholar have decided in favour of the "Mabinogion," which are now made accessible to the general public in their appropriate English guise. To those who desire a contemporary record of an historical character, the "Mabinogion" may not appeal. They have no plan, no unity, no historical record at all. They are but a selection of mediæval stories, dealing with the enchanted land of wizard and magic, fairy and myth. Their "magic casements open upon the foam of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn." But with all their fantasy they have a wholesomeness and charm which are sometimes absent from the northern sagas and mediæval myths. To the student of literature they yield a pleasant harvest of suggestion. We learn from them that, despite much artificial and barbaric incident, they preserve an ideal in all respects worthy of a generous and chivalrous people. We learn that their women, as a rule, were held in honour ; that they did not scorn the virtues of chastity and truth ; and throughout, even from the mass of childish extravagance, we can trace that feeling for moral and intellectual harmony which, when allied to the worship of the beautiful, is the very foundation of Art.

It seems as though the Kymri, after this period of exuberant productiveness, had completed their artistic mission to the world.

The flood-gates of their enthusiasm, fed by the great inrolling tide of Norman and Roman influence, ebbed silently away; and the little current of their national life swept more and more towards English type and custom. Monk and bard still stood in the fifteenth century as representatives of literature; but the age of independent ideals, of chivalrous incitement, was gone. With the accession of Henry Tudor the literary vitality of the people had seemed to wane. The downfall of the princes brought the decay of minstrel and bard, and diverted the literary impulses that yet remained into different channels. Of these, the Triads deserve more than a passing notice. In no other country has this particular form of literary art been brought so much into prominence. Thanks to the patient industry of Thomas Stephens, we have a collection of these characteristic documents dating from about the twelfth century onwards; some historical, some moral, but all more or less didactic in tone. One of the most striking of the series is by Ioan Vawr ab y Diwlith; or Big John of the Dewless Hillock, so named from the place of his birth. It is called the "Triad of Embellishments," and the following are specimens of its style:

1. The three embellishing names of *poetic genius*: Light of understanding, amusement of reason, and preceptor of knowledge.
2. The three embellishing names of *reason*: Candle of the soul, might of wisdom, and transparency of knowledge.
3. The three embellishing names of *knowledge*: Might of the world, joy of the wise, and grace of God.
4. The three embellishing names of *God*: King of the heavens, Father of animation, and Immensity of Love.
5. The three embellishing names of *Conscience*: Light of heaven, eye of truth, and voice of God.

In modern days the function of the Triad writer, like that of the bard, is almost obsolete; but, as late as the seventeenth century, good George Herbert tried to revive again the springs of inspiration by his simple poems. For he knew that poetry was the surest road to the hearts of the people; and he knew also that simplicity, both of theme and utterance, has always been their aim. Indeed, if we desired to sum up the trend of the inspiration which flowed so generously from Kymric sources into nations greater than their own, we could hardly do so better than in the words of Charles Wilkins:

"Pre-eminently, wherever poetry breathes for the tenderest emotions and speaks of the inner life of man, and prose tells of the love of country and of home, and religious sentiment has a

deeper fervour and a holier glow, there will be read the impress of the Kymri."

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EDITH GRAY WHEELWRIGHT.

SOME AFFECTED FASHIONS

AMONG the various bypaths of the history of manners and customs, not the least interesting is that connected with the curious desire of things which nature has not bestowed upon us, which we call affectation. No age is free from it, though some periods seem to be more marked by its influence than others. These assumptions of artificial tastes make their appearance in every country, and may be divided into various classes. Thus we have an affected simplicity of manners in a luxurious and pleasure-loving age, such as was seen in France in the latter half of the eighteenth century, or, again, the artificial cult of rustic swains and shepherdesses by town-dwellers that prevailed in the age of Queen Anne. At another time an ultra-refined form of speech is the fashion, of which euphuism is a specimen, or that employed by the frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Travelled culture was affected by the school of the macaronis, and at the French Revolution men were nothing if not classical. Then we have all those curious extravagances of dress and costume which are akin to affectations.

There is a fashion, too, in sentiments as well as in clothes. At one time we are all for liberty, individualism, self-help, and the like. Then the pendulum swings back once more, and we have a reaction in favour of more governmental control, and a more socialistic view of economics. At one time we are optimistic sharers of Dr. Pangloss's opinion of the world, and strong believers in progress. At another, the spirit of the age inclines us to pessimism; we are less confident, and disappointment at the slow pace of a nation's improvement finds a voice in such works as Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

In literature, again, we are sentimental and romantic at one period, poetical and realistic at another. We see the "sensibility" of languishing and rather lachrymose damsels followed by the *camaraderie* of the athletic and practical New Woman. Yesterday Mrs. Grundy was supreme, to-day she is dethroned; but who knows if to-morrow may not reinstate her in power? And

these changes of opinions are, as a rule, followed by changes in tastes and fashions often attended by extravagant or affected developments. According to Mr. Herbert Spencer, fashion is an accompaniment of the individual type of society, while ceremony is an accompaniment of the militant type. And this we find to be generally true, though the distinction cannot be drawn with any degree of exactness.

Some fashions, it is curious to observe, have arisen through a kind of reverential imitation. Any appearance of superiority to rulers must in barbarous states of society be studiously avoided, so that it is only as regards their defects or blemishes that the ruling caste may be imitated. Thus we read concerning the Fijians that "a chief was one day going over a mountain path, followed by a long string of people, when he happened to stumble and fall. All the rest of the people immediately did the same, except one man, who was instantly set upon by the rest to know whether he considered himself better than his chief." It is said that full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin of that day. Similarly Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide ill-made legs. Patches were invented, they tell us, in England, by a foreign lady who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. In 1460, Duke Philip of Burgundy, having had his hair cut during an illness, issued an edict that all the nobles of his states should be shorn also, with the result that over 500 persons sacrificed their hair. In the time of Henry I. it was customary to allow the hair and beard to grow until the king had his cut officially, when the royal example was at once followed. The long pointed shoes, so much the fashion in the days of Henry IV., are said to have been invented by Fulk, Earl of Anjou, in order to conceal his deformed feet. Whether this be so or no, the fashion became one of the most extravagant in the annals of costume. So long did these pointed shoes become that their owners, the beaux of the day, could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains of gold or silver. The tops of these wonderful inventions were sometimes carved in the manner of a church window.

In the time of Richard II. a good deal of extravagance was shown in the matter of dress generally. Sir John Arundel, who was drowned at sea in 1379, is said to have possessed "two and fiftie new suites of apparell of cloth of gold or tissue," which was thought by the men of the day "to surmount the apparell of any

king." However, the king himself had one coat of cloth of gold and precious stones valued at 30,000 marks.

Our ancestors put great faith in the efficacy of sumptuary laws, a form of faith not yet extinct ; and with regard to shoes a statute of the reign of the third Edward enacts " that no knight under the state of a lord, esquire, gentleman, or other person, shall use nor wear after the said Feast of St. Peter, any shoes or boots having pointes passing the length of two inches, upon pain to forfeit to the King for every default three shillings and fourpence." Shoemakers were likewise prohibited from making the above under similar penalties. Chaucer satirises the long sleeves of men's dresses or outer garments, which grew so long that they trailed upon the ground, and were cut at the edges into leaves or other fanciful shapes. One other curious, not to say monstrous, vagary of fashion may be mentioned, viz. the crespigne or caul, which grew in dimension as the hair was artificially puffed or padded out on each side. These puffs grew to such an extent that they bore a strong resemblance to horns, and indeed were called " the horned headdresses." As one might imagine, they lent themselves easily to satire, and Lydgate the poet wrote against them. Growing ever more outrageous, they were at last superseded in the reign of Edward IV. by the tall steeple cap.

With the above-mentioned exceptions, costume was not, on the whole, distinguished by absurd or fantastic fashions. But a change takes place with the advent of the Tudors to the throne. The black shadow of the Middle Ages was passing away. The throne was firmly established, and England was beginning to take a larger part in the history of the world. The oft-quoted causes of the movement known as the Renaissance were at work, and simplicity of life was lost sight of in the crowd of new impressions. The Elizabethan age was especially one of affectations and extravagances of all kinds, owing to the ferment produced by its " rediscovery of the world and of man." In so many respects like our own times, the period of Elizabeth was one in which there was a great accumulation of wealth outstepping the means of employment. All kinds of arbitrary restrictions harassed the development of trade ; and the new riches, it is small wonder, were squandered to a great extent in the indulgence of various whims and fantasies.

To turn for a moment from extravagances of costume to those of language. An editor of John Lyly's works in 1632 writes : " Our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. Euphues and his England began first that language. All our ladies were then his schollers, and that beautie in Court which could not

parley Euphuisme was as little regarded as she which now there speaks no French." Shakespeare ridiculed its far-fetched conceits in "Love's Labour's Lost." The remark of Falstaff, in the first part of "Henry IV.," is evidently a caricature of this kind of speech. "Though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears." The fop or popinjay of the time spoke, it was said, not like a man of God's making, but in affected phrases, silken terms, and precise extravagant hyperboles. The continuous straining after antithesis and epigram became wearisome and eventually ridiculous. In "Every Man in His Humour," Matthew the Town Gull says, concerning the "Spanish Tragedy" by Thomas Kyd: 'Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book: O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears! there's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively form of death! Another. O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs," and so forth.

Sir Walter Scott has drawn a somewhat exaggerated portrait of a gentleman of these euphuistic times in Sir Percie Shafton. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays a courtier is described as one who has nothing in him but a piece of Euphues and twenty dozen of twelpenny ribband. A similar phase of society passed over Italy and France. In the salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet, literary conversation and refinement were essential. The *Précieuses* owed their existence to the Hôtel and its influence. The ladies of this coterie insisted on a ceremonious gallantry from their admirers and friends, and their talk was the quintessence of refinement. The *réunions* of this lady were sought at first by all the more earnest and cultured members of Parisian society, who found there an escape from the gaiety and licence of the court of Henry IV. But as time went on, the strain of pedantry and affectation in the language of her followers became more marked, and the word "precious" began to be used of them in an ironical sense. Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Madame de Sévigné, however, were among her most brilliant adherents, and the Hôtel had a very extensive influence for over half a century, the extravagances of its numerous imitators laying them open to the satire of Molière.

In our own country, the bluestocking parties of the latter half of the eighteenth century had a similar object in view, but were less artificial. Literary conversation was encouraged at these assemblies, and the tyranny of whist and quadrille was mitigated by them. Most of the famous men and women of the time—Reynolds and Garrick, Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole, Mrs. Thrale

and Fanny Burney—appeared at these parties. The term “blue-stocking” seems to have arisen from the fact that one of their principal frequenters, Mr. Stillingfleet, presented himself at one of Mrs. Vesey’s gatherings in blue worsted stockings instead of the conventional evening attire. But conversation as a fine art has never taken a deep root in this country, as it so notably did in France with its brilliant *salons*. The æsthetic movement, affected as it was in some of its developments, was an emphatic protest against what Dickens termed “Podsnappery,” and aimed at bringing a juster sense of beauty and a higher degree of culture to bear upon the social life of the times. And in this aim it was to a great degree successful, for its doctrines permeated society, though the term itself could not survive the pointed shafts of ridicule aimed at it in “Patience”; and “Punch” aided in making the æsthete absurd in its creations of Maudie Postlethwaite and Mrs. Cimabué Brown.

But to glance back at Gloriana’s ever-interesting reign. As it was with its speech and manners, so was it with its dress: both were extravagant and fantastic to a degree. “We weare,” says an early writer of the next reign, “more phantasticall fashions than any nation under the sunne doth, the French onely excepted.” The expense of following the fashions was so great that many “broke their backs with laying manors on ’em.” A typical figure of the times, Sir Walter Raleigh, rode by the Queen in silver armour, wearing shoes valued at six thousand gold pieces and more. In 1579 Elizabeth commanded that “no person shall use or weare such excessive long cloakes, being in common sight monstrous, as now of late yeares are beginning to be used in the realme. Neither also shall any person use or weare such great excessive ruffes in or about the uppermost part of their neckes as hath not been used before two yeares past, but that all persons shoulde in modest and semely sorte leave off such fonde disguisid and monstrous manner of attyring themselves as both was unsupportable for charges and undecent to be worne.” Stowe tells us that “grave selected citizens were placed at every gate to cut the ruffes and break the rapiers’ pointes of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers and a nagle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes.”

The changes of fashion were so constant and so capricious that we read in the “supplicacyon for the Beggars,” in the reign of Henry VIII., that the chief cause of the prevailing distress was the costly apparel, and especially the manifold and divers changes of fashion which the men and specially the women must wear upon both head

and body, "sometyme cappe, sometyme hoode, now the Frenshe fasshyon, now the Spanysh fasshyon, then the Italyan fasshyon and then the Myllen fasshyon, so that there was no end of consuming of substance, and that vainly and all to please the proud foolish men and women's fantasy!" A man who aimed at being the pink of fashion placed a mirror in his hat, put jewels in his ears, and "wore three men's livings in the shape of a seal ring on his thumb." He tied up his hair in silken strings with twenty odd, conceited true-love knots, and wore perhaps a love-lock falling in a plait under his left ear, tied at the end with a rose or silk knot. Such was the popinjay as drawn for us in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels" and other works. And what ingenuity was expended in dressing the beard! A character in one of Lyly's works asks, "How, sir, will you be trim'd? Will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? a pent-house on your upper lip or an ally on your chin? a low curle on your head like a bull, or dangling locke like a spaniell? your mustachoes sharpe at the ends like shoemakers' aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates' flakes, your love-locks wreathed with a silken twist or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?" And these beards were dyed. Small wonder, therefore, that the lash of the Puritan satirists fell heavily on the affected follies and fashions of the day. Says Marston, in his "Scourge of Villanie," with no uncertain voice:

Out on these puppets, painted images,
Haberdashers' shops, torchlight mockeries,

and so forth; and he is only one among a host of similar assailers of the false make-ups, the perfumes and cosmetics, the baths of wine and milk, and the thousand and one devices of the toilet. Stubbes ascribes the invention of the great ruffs to the devil; but what is to be said of the enormous puffed trousers, the upper parts stuffed with rags or sawdust, or the great farthingales which were worn by ladies, and, like the crinoline of a later day, tended to become ever larger?

Among other conceits of the age was the custom of writing verses in quaint shapes. We are told of Gabriel Hervey that "he had writ verses in all kinds, in form of a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, and a pair of pot-hooks." Lord North again, in the Court of James I., wrote a set of sonnets, each of which began with a successive letter of the alphabet. Artificiality extended to the very trees and bushes, which were made to represent obelisks, peacocks, flower-pots, and what not. This stiffness in gardening was extended

by William III. Nature was made to recede as far as possible, and every irregularity was repressed. Gardening was turned for the nonce into an anomalous form of sculpture. Trees were habitually carved into cones or pyramids or globes, into smooth, even walls, or into fantastic groups of men and animals. "Our trees," complains the "Spectator," "rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush." An amusing catalogue of the effects of an eminent town gardener is contained in a number of the "Guardian." It included "Adam and Eve in yew, Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm. Eve and the serpent very flourishing. St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to strike the dragon by next April. A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap. A quickset hedge shot up into a porcupine by its being forgot a week in racing weather," and so forth. When the reaction to a more natural style arrived in due course, influenced as it was by the gardeners Bridgeman and Kent, fashion rushed to the opposite extreme. Every straight walk was condemned, and serpentine paths were the order of the day, the worship of nature unadorned being even carried to the extent of planting dead trees.

At various periods of history artificial simplicity has been a fashionable frame of mind. Under Queen Anne we hear much of Strephon and Chloë, shepherds and shepherdesses, and the rest of the *mise-en-scène* of Arcadia. The ladies decked themselves in chintzes and calicoes. In France, at a somewhat later date, the return to nature came partly as a reaction from the extreme artificiality of the reign of Louis XIV. Society must have welcomed any fashion strong enough to break through the hide-bound conventionalities of the day. Then there was a certain prescribed way of doing everything—of walking, of sitting down, of saluting, of picking up a glove, of holding a fork—in short, a complete mimicry. "A genuine sentiment is so rare," writes a courtier of that day, "that when I leave Versailles, I sometimes stand still in the street to see a dog gnaw a bone."

But the ideas of Rousseau were beginning to permeate even Court circles. People began to admire the simplicity of rustic manners, cultivated "sensibility," and were melted to tears by Greuze's painting of "La Cruche cassée." They erected temples to Friendship, and little altars to Benevolence. Head-dresses were selected with puffs "au sentiment," in which might be carried the portrait of daughter or mother, even of a canary or a dog, the whole being garnished with the hair of some intimate friend or relative. We have the familiar

picture of Queen Marie Antoinette in her model village at the Trianon, dressed in a white cambric muslin and a straw hat, fishing in the lake or watching the cows being milked. A curious folly was that of "unravelling parties," in which ladies of society affected to be very industrious and economical, by tearing the gold and silver lace off the swordknots and epaulettes of their acquaintances and then selling their handiwork. Mme. de Genlis founds an Order of Perseverance, with knights and dames of the highest social position, who obtained admission by solving some moral problem, by guessing a riddle, or by delivering a discourse on virtue. Benjamin Franklin became the rage, and people appeared in the streets attired in coarse cloth, with knotty canes and thick shoes, in his honour.

The combination of the natural and artificial styles was very marked in the Revolutionary era. Not only were the flowing robes of antiquity worn, but the antique names were adopted into the bargain. The head of the Bureau of Sciences and Arts advises women to abandon their old form of dress, and wear sandals and a tunic open at the sides. The homely French names Antoine and Louis are turned into Brutus, and a Peter Gaspard, good man, becomes Anaxagoras. A certain jurist, by name Leroy, assumes the uninviting surname "Tenth of August."

The passion for equality, like that for change, extending even to the calendar, was to some extent an affected one. "Our dandies," says a French writer of the day, "let their moustaches grow long, while they ruffled their hair, dirtied their hands, and donned nasty garments. Our philosophers and literary men wore big fur caps with long foxtails dangling over their shoulders. Some dragged great trailing sabres along the pavement—they were taken for Tartars. In public assemblies, in the boxes at theatres, nothing was seen in the front rows but monstrous red bonnets. What a medley of fashions was to be seen in the unsettled days which succeeded the great upheaval, and men and women who had definitely, as they thought, broken with the past, appeared as "Incroyables," "Tricoteuses," or "Merveilleuses." The tendency, from this time at any rate, as regards male attire, was to an ever greater simplicity; and rational dress for ladies dates, as a movement, from the early 'fifties, when Mrs. Amelia Bloomer set forth her ideas of reform. "We would have," she says, "a skirt reaching down to nearly half-way between the knee and the ankle, and not made quite so full as in the present fashion. Underneath this skirt, trousers moderately full, in fair mild weather coming down to the ankle, and there gathered in with an elastic band. The shoes and slippers to suit the occasion."

This costume was adopted at several places in the United States (the birthplace of the movement), but it was met with ridicule in this country, and it is only in comparatively recent years that its principles have been to a great extent adopted, owing to the large part women now take in outdoor sports and exercises.

We have noticed the imitation of physical attributes and even deformities as an affected fashion, and the desire to appear better than one's neighbours is mentioned by Harrington, Queen Elizabeth's favourite godson. "We go in brave apparel," he complains, "that we may be taken for better men than we be; we use such bombastings and quiltings to seem better framed, better shouldered, smaller waisted, and fuller thighed than we are; we barb and shave off to seem younger than we are; we use perfumes, both inward and outward, to seem sweeter, wear corked shoes to seem taller, use courteous salutations to seem kinder, lowly obeisance to seem humbler, and grave and godly communication to seem wiser and devouter than we be." So much for the element of sham in Elizabethan society. But even in Puritan days there was some exaggeration in the use of Biblical names and phraseology; and to embroider skirts with texts was merely to exchange one form of affectation for another. As regards the mimicry of fashions we read that as Queen Elizabeth's complexion was "of a pale, bleake colour," the ladies of the day desired to be equally fair, and to that end swallowed gravel ashes and tallow. In a number of the "Tatler" for 1709 we read: "About five years ago it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. . . . A jaunty limp is at present the fashion. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general who by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking took occasion to limp all his life after. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers who took an aversion to particular letters in our language."

Great liberties were taken in the pronunciation of certain words and letters by the would-be fashionable world. The conversation of the fops is ridiculed in Vanbrugh's play "The Relapse." In this dialect the letter "o" in a large class of words was pronounced like "a." Thus "pound" becomes "paund," "crown" "crawn," and so forth in the language of Lord Foppington. Lord Sunderland is said to have been a great master of this "Court tune," as it is called by Roger North; and Titus Oates affected it in the hope of passing for a fine gentleman. In a more modern times James becomes "Jeames," yellow is called "yaller," gold "gould," and so forth in the fashionable parlance so well ridiculed by Thackeray. A languid, used-up drawl was common

in the days of weeping whiskers, and the "r" sounds like a "w" in the conversation of a Lord Dundreary.

The assumption of foreign culture and Continental manners has always afforded good material for the satirist. At one time French influence is paramount, then Italian, then French again, and so on. Roger Ascham laments the evil effects of foreign, and especially Italian, travel on English youths. Many he knows who have "returned out of Italy worse transformed than ever was any in Circe's court," and though there might be exceptions the general opinion of the day was that :

An Englishman that is Italianate
Doth lightly prove a devil incarnate.

Again, in the period of Queen Anne, a writer complains :

Our native speech we must forget ere long,
To learn the French, that much more modish tongue.
Their language smoother is, hath pretty aires,
But ours is Gothick if compaired with theirs.

He goes on to speak of the fashion of engaging French cooks and other servants, and declares that an Englishman by visiting France "goes out a fool and may return a fop." The macaronis about the year 1770, with their affected dress—the small cocked hat on the enormous head of hair, the striped silk breeches tied with bunches of ribbons at the knees, the canes of portentous length—were a subject of much wonder to their home-staying compatriots. The "jessamy" was the home-made equivalent of the macaroni.

An amusing entry in the "Times" for December 29, 1795, with regard to the passion for high feathers, may be quoted in conclusion. "At all elegant assemblies there is a room set apart for the lady visitants to put their feathers on, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top to it. The lustres are also removed on their account, and the doors are carried up to the height of the ceiling. Ladies' feathers are now generally carried in the sword case at the back of the carriage." A few days later the same journal announced that "a young lady only ten feet high was upset in one of the late gales of wind in Portland Place, and the uppermost of her feathers blown upon Hampstead Hill!"

G. P. GORDON.

ON MARSH AND FELLS.

I. THE MAID OF THE MARSH.

IT was a bright morning in early summer ; marsh-lands giving off the odour of mint and sweet reeds stretched out to where the waves danced and glinted. In the south-west several rounded hillocks faced the shore, and close under the lee of the largest had been built a hut of sea-drift timber and beach cobbles. Towards this a man was walking briskly ; almost anyone living within ten miles would have told that slight figure and alert stride for Jem Lacy, the smuggler of Donner Bay. He had been beyond the mountains for the past three days disposing of some brandy. The hut in front belonged to one Jackson, a marshman who assisted in most of Lacy's exploits ; indeed, in the absence of the smuggler he frequently himself received the stores of contraband.

The hut was unoccupied, though this was a time when the marshman should have been enjoying rest after long hours of exposure. The door was unlatched, and the visitor noted various signs which told of very recent occupation. The smuggler's face then lighted slowly into a smile—he was not handsome after the manner of the fair, broad-shouldered countrymen, but a lithe, dark-complexioned man—he knew where Jackson could be found and in what manner he was passing the hours.

Margaret Pennington's home was the farm nearest the estuary, and its occupants had always been friendly with those who wrested a scanty living from the marsh. Jackson was a particular favourite at Moss End, and was suffered to come and go about the house and lands as he pleased. The old grandfather, when questioned about the apparently thriftless marshman, who as the years passed began to woo his Margaret in slow fashion, opined that he, Ned Pennington, knew his business best.

“There will be a fair bit of money for Magsie whenever she does get wed,” he added, “as well as more when my days are over.”

This speech becoming public property in Eberdale caused a good deal of interest to be taken in Margaret ; but whether the lover was

attracted by her own personality or more frankly came in desire of gold, he always found that the best place was reserved to the man who to all appearances least merited it. Tom Jackson was a slow wooer, yet it never occurred to Margaret that she might, by various feminine stratagems, improve the pace of his courtship. Two years came and went, but Jackson never seemed to get more at ease in the presence of his beloved. Jem Lacy knew that Jackson would be at Moss End, therefore wended his way in that direction. And whether the genial day influenced him, or whatever else it was, the smuggler felt that the dissatisfaction and depression which for three days had hung heavy upon him were rapidly uplifting. And with every field he passed his curious elation increased. In the next field to the farm-house Lacy burst into a quiet laugh.

“What a joke it would be to watch them for a few minutes before showing up! My, wouldn't Margaret blush if I crept in suddenly somewhere and accused her and him of kissing on the sly!”

And he continued his ruminations as he stole along in the shade of the orchard wall.

“I wonder if Tom knows what a kiss feels like. I'll warrant he has never plucked up courage either to steal or to ask for one.”

With a slow, happy smile again gathering on his lips the smuggler cautiously crept up to a window which commanded a view of the kitchen where he expected to see the lovers.

But the low-ceiled room was unoccupied.

“Oh,” thought Jem, “it is churning-day maybe, and Margaret is working in the dairy,” and he stepped noiselessly into the kitchen and made towards the short stair descending to the dairy. From an adjoining room there came the sound of a sob, then a choking, a weak gasping for breath. The smuggler with two quick strides was across the kitchen and looking into a bedroom. By the bedside knelt Margaret Pennington, and at her side stood, with head bent, Tom Jackson. The smuggler did not raise his voice, but stepped forward and looked intently into the gloomy recesses of the huge four-poster. Against the snow-white pillows he saw the lionlike head of Ned Pennington, and, alas! it was but too clearly visible that the course of the old man's life was nearly run. Yet four days ago Lacy remembered the alertness of him who was now lying so helpless and breathing with so much difficulty. Men such as these, who for ninety years know no ache, pain, or decay, Death approaches with rude suddenness, as though to prove most fully his long-unshown power. After a fit of coughing and the paroxysm of resultant pain had passed, the recumbent figure spoke in a thin whisper:

“Nay, Magsie, don’t thee fret. It was bound to come some day, and God was good enough to spare me till the farm was paid for and there was brass in the bank to keep thee when I’d gone. But I would like to see Tom Jackson before I die. I want to talk to him.”

“Tom’s here, grandfather,” said the woman; “he came in to see you while you were—asleep.”

“Then ask him to come close to me, and thee go into the kitchen, lass, while we talk.”

Margaret rose from her knees, and was for the first time aware of Jem Lacy’s presence. The smuggler had stepped back and was holding the door open for her to pass through. His presence seemed to discomfort her a moment, then she stepped to Jackson’s side and said, in a voice choking with sobs:

“Speak to him, Tom; he was wanting you an hour ago.”

And she passed the smuggler, who followed her, quietly closing the door of the bedroom behind him. Margaret walked across the kitchen and looked with unseeing eyes through the window into the orchard, where the tender blush of apple blossom decked the branches and the velvet sward was spangled with violets and daffodils. After a minute Jem stepped to her side, and said in a low, feeling voice:

“How long has your grandfather been like this, Margaret?”

“He began just after noon yesterday. I sent across to Eberdale for the doctor first thing—grandfather doesn’t believe in such, you know—but the doctor is on the spree and Tom couldn’t get him to come. Grandfather’s been getting worse all the night, and I think the end isn’t far off now.” Margaret burst into tears, for she loved the one who from her earliest recollection had acted as both father and mother to her.

A few minutes later, Jem Lacy slipped to a seat in the window by which Margaret stood, and taking her hand in his, in a voice full of feeling asked:

“Have you ever thought, Margaret, of how you would have to arrange in case your grandfather ever should be taken away? It will need more than your hands to manage the farm, which is not a little one. Your grandfather has for years been doing two men’s work here. Will you have a lazy, hired man to look after the outside work, a man who will most likely defraud you and cheat you at every turn; or will you, Margaret,” and his voice seemed to gain somewhat in power and entreaty, “choose a man for a husband to look after your belongings and give you a life’s love and help when you are alone?”

The young woman indignantly pulled her hand from his detaining grasp.

"Jem Lacy, you're a smuggler ; but I never thought you would ask such a question now when my poor old grandfather is dying. I want naught with you," she said in a panting, excited voice, but with manner more suitable than words Jem interrupted her. He seized both hands and, in a soothing voice such as he might have used to an overwrought child, said :

"Margaret, you quite mistake me. I was not asking you for myself. Tom Jackson loves you, and he's my friend. He's true to the core, is Tom, but, Magsie, he's shy because he thinks he is not good enough for you. Let me tell him you love him, and he'll stand by you to the end."

But the girl looked with streaming eyes down the wilderness of bloom.

"Margaret," and Jem's voice was soft and grave, "you do really love him ?"

"I do," said the girl with a sob ; "but, Jem, we shouldn't talk of such things when grandfather is just dying."

"Never fear, Margaret," said the smuggler, his voice ringing as though a load of care had been removed from his shoulders. He had elicited the information he desired, and stepped to the bedroom door at once. Opening it, he could hear the old man faintly pleading :

"But, Tom, for my sake thou must ask her."

"Grandfather, it's no use ; she's far too good to mate with me, and even to please you I can't ask her. She knows that I help Jem Lacy, and she won't want a smuggler to live with."

The age-drawn face took on a look of inexpressible sorrow. It wrung the heart of Jem Lacy, who leaned forward and touched the old man :

"Never mind, grandfather. Tom'll ask her by-and-by. He won't be a smuggler with me many more days, if I can help it. Tom, I have just asked Magsie, and she says she loves thee. Go and tell her to come in, and ask her a second time before her grandfather. She will not say thee nay."

"I won't ask——" the marshman was beginning when the quavering whisper from the bed interrupted him.

"God bless thee, Jem Lacy, for a true friend. Magsie would never tell me whenever I asked her. Is it really true ?"

"True enough," said another and slightly hesitant voice. Unnoticed by either marshman or smuggler Margaret was standing by.

Jackson's joy was too great for words, and his objections were one and all swept away as straws before the long-pent flood of his love. To these two even the solemnity of the chamber where a cherished soul hovered on the verge of eternity faded away like the ugly visions of night before the warm, welcome beams of morning. Even the glazing eyes of the old man took fresh glow in the love-filled atmosphere, and his voice was tremulous as he said to Tom :

"Go you two into the kitchen awhile ; I want to talk a bit to Jem here."

And hand in hand, with the inextinguishable love-light glowing in their eyes, the newly betrothed walked from the darkened room—from their past gloom of unspoken words and unacted actions yearned for to the dancing sunlight of requited affection, where wordless songs of love were ever trilling from the unseen choirs of the soul, and where life's smallest service was englamoured with the pure feeling of the innermost heart. The old man watched them go, and then turning to the smuggler said :

"Jem, that's the happiest pair in Eberdale to-day, and I, though I'm fast slipping away, am happy with them. But draw thy chair close and listen to what I've to say. Those two have waited long and patient for this half-hour, so don't let an old man's going home disturb them. I want Magsie and Tom to be married in a church as soon as they can. The farm papers are in a little drawer in the top cornice of the corner cupboard ; it opens when you press the carved ' 1 ' in 1648. You'll find other papers there that you'd better send to Mr. Thompson, the lawyer at Cultram. He'll tell you what to do. Tom is no scholar, so, Jem, wilt thou see he isn't wronged ?"

"I'll see to aught I can," said the smuggler, in a broken voice.

"Jem, I'm getting tired ; tell them to come in, for I want a word or two with them before I go to sleep."

Lacy immediately called the others from the kitchen, and as they came in together whispered :

"I doubt he's just slipping away."

The old man was indeed relapsing into the unconsciousness which sometimes ends in a peaceful severance of soul and body, but at the sight of his beloved Magsie he roused himself somewhat :

"Magsie, my own, I'm going to the others I love. Tom, take care of her ; remember, wed her in a church and see you have proper writings of the lines, for she's——"

The old lips moved noiselessly for a second or two more, then were still. On this side the River of Death no other sound passed them.

"Margaret," said Jem Lacy at length, "he's gone to the others he loves, and they have met him somewhere over the border of Heaven."

Margaret rose from her knees at last and turned her tear-stained face towards her lover. He caught her in his arms:

"My lass! my lass!" he said brokenly.

And thus a new life began for the Maid of the Marsh.

II. LOST: A STORY OF THE FELLS

"I beg your pardon!"

"What the deuce is the matter?"

This somewhat brusque reply to an observation by a lady must be condoned by the fact that strangers are rare on Eskhause after dark on a snowy evening. I had been steadily ploughing through the flying wreaths when accosted, and my mind was at the moment far away, dwelling on a moonlit forest scene in the island of Ceylon.

The lady, revealed by a hasty glance through the gloom, was tall and of fair figure. She appeared to be wearing an ulster and an ordinary tourist's tam-o'-shanter, while in her hand she held an alpenstock. She spoke in a voice rich with pretty cadences:

"Oh, I'm sorry if I startled you, but I'm afraid we have lost our way."

"A pretty kettle of fish, anyway," quoth I, rather derisively, "for we are standing within fifty yards of the cross on Eskhause. If you want to get to Langdale, keep on in the direction you are moving; Borrowdale's to your left, Eskdale's to your right, and the path to Wastdale straight behind you."

I was gazing around for the rest of the party as I spoke, but was hardly surprised that they were invisible. My lady at five yards was but a dusky shadow; at ten she would have been out of sight. She stepped closer, and said in a shaky voice, as though tears were near: "I'm afraid you don't understand me. I am quite lost. I left my two friends a long while ago to try and bring help from Wastdale Head. I'm afraid I'm a long way from it."

To say that I jumped with apprehension is no stretch of the imagination, for with a few questions I gathered that the party had started from the Woolpack at Boot, thinking to reach Wastdale Head by a circuitous route which would include an ascent of Scawfell. Those who were among the fells that year will remember how one morn broke fair and fine; there was not a patch of snow on the

highest hill. But ere long the weatherwise noted leaden clouds along the western horizon, which at noon rushed up on a seething gale, and in ten minutes the mountains were in a pall of gloom within the bounds of which a heavy snowstorm raged. The trio to which my lady belonged had been near the summit of Scawfell when the storm broke. Shortly afterwards they descended an abrupt rock-slope, followed by a long series of loose rubble and scree. The storm had so fatigued them that the other lady of the party had fainted. When she was brought round again my lady had volunteered to bring assistance, leaving her brother in charge of his wife. Before she had gone far, my lady had lost all sense of direction, and had walked on, over most awful country, for several hours. It speaks strongly for her physique that she had borne up so long, yet I felt a sinking at my heart when I thought of that lucky slender chance which brought her to me. Had I been twenty yards further forward or back she would have crossed the neck of mountain on to the wide moor of Glaramara to almost certain death.

"How far can you go yet?" I asked with some anxiety.

"Oh, a good way. But are you going to look for Charles and Emmie? I promised to bring them assistance."

"My dear lady, we are at least two hours away from the *district* they are in, if so be the one I reckon on is correct, and you yourself can give me no details to find the exact spot. What I must do is, go down to Wastdale Head with all speed and send up an expedition with lanterns, &c., for the search."

My lady demurred, urging me to go at once to her companions' rescue. My first impulse had been to do this, but the facts as set out made me alter my mind.

"Look here, miss," I said, as roughly as I was able, "it's come with me now to Wastdale Head, or, by thunder, I'll leave you out here on Eskhause. You have come miles out of your way already, and it's not particularly safe up on this pass on a stormy night."

Seeing that I would not be urged to do otherwise, my lady turned by my side down the pass.

"Now, don't talk," I added, "and get along as fast as you can. The path's a bit steep here and there, but it's safe."

The last was one of the most deliberate lies I ever spoke, for there were some nasty descents, and every landmark was long ago buried in the snow. However, going at a speed I would have thought at any other time impossible, we passed Sprinkling Tarn, and were soon in that maelstrom of tempest, Sty Head. Across the exposed summit we could hardly push through the blizzard.

More than once my lady was missing from my side: I knew the gale had knocked her over, but beyond giving her a call I could not help her. All my faculties were intent on keeping true direction, for on that depended whether we reached Wastdale by the path or, in greater haste, by a fall down the cliffs. But each time she fell, my plucky lady scrambled to her feet again and fought against the weather.

Perhaps twenty minutes after the pass-head was left, we dropped down the path into bright moonlight. Wastdale was sleeping peacefully below; its few groves of trees looking like blots on a field of glistening white. Now I left my lady, at her own request, to push on to Wastdale and rouse the stout hearts there. The first farm I came to I hurriedly explained the situation, sent one lad up the pass I had descended, and took the other one to the inn with me. Here my story was repeated, and instantly messengers were on their way to every habitation with the news of danger on the fells. A plan of action was rapidly evolved, then we waited for the coming of the lady, from whom we hoped to get final instructions.

We were a motley group, some sitting, others standing in the spacious inn kitchen—dalesmen in clogs and fustian, one or two tourists in ordinary costume, and perhaps a score of crag-climbers with heavily-nailed boots and frieze suits. In about ten minutes the lady came in.

“Why, Mildred——”

“Tom!” she ejaculated joyfully, as she turned towards a very son of Anak, the chief of the cragsmen. He stepped up to her and supported her with an arm like the limb of an oak-tree as she told him—and incidentally the rest of the company—the story. At the end of her recital he bent down quite a long way to kiss her, and said quietly, but gravely:

“Now, little girl, Mrs. Tyson will put you to bed. We’re all going out to find Charlie and Emmie. Good night!”

As the little council of war broke up, the sound of iron heels resounded on the stone floor of the kitchen, and in a moment we were in the open air.

“Say, Mister, I don’t know your name, but you’re a plucky one to turn out again to-night. It must have been awful across the Hause. I stayed on the Pillar till we could hardly find the track down again.” The cheery son of Anak, Tom, was crunching through the snow at my elbow. I put to him a question I had pondered over ever since I found the path down Stye Head.

“And who is my lady?”

“She is Miss Mildred Montague, one of the Montagues of Stonehurst Park, Bucks. It’s her brother, the Baronet, we’re after now. Thank God you met her up there before her strength gave out. Charlie will come out all right, I trow. He’s as strong as a horse. You see, it’s clearing off, and we’ll have a good chance of coming across them.”

I uttered my fear that we would arrive too late, and the big man was framing a reply when we espied two figures moving along the wide snowfield of Brown Tongue towards us.

“What’s that? Hello, there!” was shouted as our line of men hastily closed up. Tom and I were a little ahead in meeting the two wanderers—the lost Charlie and Emmie—and in a minute they were told of the safety of Mildred.

As we walked down the Baronet explained things to us.

“When Mildred had left us about an hour, we feared she had gone astray, so I took Emmie in my arms and carried her as best I could down the slope. After I had gone half a mile, and was just about done up, I came to a little hut into which we crawled, and here we lay on a bed of bracken, too tired to move, till the mist blew off and the moon came out. Since then we have been trying to get down to the valley, but we are so tired that we’ve got but slowly along. I’m glad Mildred stumbled on such a friend in need.”

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All’s well that ends well. Tom, son of Anak, has been married and is happy somewhere in the world with his Mildred. Now and again I hear of them, but I have never seen them since that wild night at Wastdale. Charlie and Emmie with their family occasionally come North “a-climbing” (the elders spend their days contentedly by the shores of Derwentwater or Windermere). As to myself, I am still a wanderer with that one romantic episode a bright spot in my memory.

W. T. PALMER.

A THIRD-RATE POET.

IT sometimes happens that a third-rate poet gains, by force of circumstances, a prominent place in literary history. Posterity may revise, to his undoing, the verdict which his generation passed upon him, but if he influenced the poetical taste of his time critics have to accept him, however much they begrudge him his place. The voice of genius is very often *vox clamantis in deserto*, or is as inaudible as the music of the spheres. Changes in literary taste are but rarely made *per saltum*, by the immediate force of a great writer. More often lesser men try in turn to free themselves from a creed outworn, construction goes hand in hand with destruction, until some greater man at last formulates the new doctrine. Then the party once Protestant calls itself Catholic, and finally fights a losing battle against heresy. The watchwords of the contending parties may not change, but party watchwords mean different things at different times. After Donne Pope seems natural and unaffected, and to the harassed student of Browning even Kipling might seem *simplex munditiis*. Minor poets working in periods of transition have importance beyond their strict deserts; they are more successful in passing off their claret as port. Posterity has decided to condemn utterly Edmund Waller, both as a man and a poet, but for all that he was a leader of men. Smaller men than Cæsar or Napoleon win battles, and Waller showed the way down a road which Dryden and Pope followed, and did not disown their guide. With Waller began again the worship of common sense, which was already withering under the great Elizabethans, and the reaction from their wild fancifulness endured for a long time, until men began to realise that owing to process of years they were under the government of King Log. After the great Civil War men seemed to sigh for a humdrum existence. Donne had led the past generation, and had been as "thorough" in his own line as Strafford or Laud, but he was a Court poet, setting the fashion for the light lovers and society poets in the train of Henrietta Maria. In the work of the best of these, Carew and Lovelace, perfect jewels are to be found, with an intolerable amount of "paste." Such

achievements as Carew's "Ask me no more," and two or three of Lovelace's songs to "Lucasta" seem almost accidental. They worked over their far-fetched conceits like children polishing pebbles and stringing them in rows, amidst which a diamond or two, if the soil be diamondiferous, may be seen sparkling; but diamonds and baser pebbles are worked with equal pains. Suckling was an admirer of Shakespeare and wrote with grace and simplicity, but the gods gave him a short life; Herrick was an Elizabethan born late. Under Charles I. poetry was a fashion of Court as much as in the euphuistic days of Elizabeth, and the drama, which touched the life of the people, was dying. No great poet sprang from the ashes of Revolution. We expect that the Civil War seemed to those who engaged in it, on the one hand, an unpleasant piece of business that must be put through without flinching, on the other, hopeless ruin. After sceptre and crown had tumbled down, and we can hardly realise how great a fall was there, poetry left the heights for the level fields, and was afraid to climb any but the easiest eminence. It had been strong and masterful on its new birth under the strong and masterful Tudors; its strength became feverish, and the Civil War was, as it were, an operation from which the patient recovered, but seemed aged and sobered after it.

Edmund Waller was a poet who tried to be a politician in days when mistakes in politics were atoned for by the axe or gibbet. He tried to steer a middle course between king and Parliament; he was cast on the rocks and survived the disaster, only to be tried and condemned by posterity, who hold firmly that the captain should go down with his ship. Still we who live at home in ease must sometimes wonder how we should have conducted ourselves if fate had set us down in unquiet times. Thousands of good citizens live good lives and die in sanctity who have never been asked the decisive question, never been compelled to choose one side or the other, and watch whether life or death would kick the beam. The choice is made more easily by men of action than men of thought. The Boer farmers who staked their all for Dutch domination found the question simple. It was more complex for the prosperous Dutchman of Cape Colony, and his answer in most cases was that always given by the poor in spirit and rich in possessions, who are equally incapable of the fiery "Yes" and the plain unvarnished "No." We must have a good conceit of ourselves to condemn Mr. Facing-both-ways without mercy. In unquiet times the faculty of seeing both sides of an argument leads to destruction; few are permitted to survey a civil war from philosophic heights like Pomponius Atticus;

or go away till the tumult and the shouting dies, as did John Evelyn ; many, like Waller, fall between Scylla and Charybdis. History is unsparing to men who are given a part to play in great scenes and fail therein, because the high lights and deep shadows are emphasised by distance, whereas those who were actually on the scene could fail to see either the light or the shadow, being occupied with the detail that distance has wiped away. The men of his own time did not scout the unhappy Waller ; they considered it sufficient compensation for his lack of courage that he was a man of wit. Perhaps he was fortunate that the last twenty years of his life were spent in a society that cared little for simple virtue, and tolerated reputations in the presence of which Waller's appeared stainless. He had intrigued and been found out ; he had bought his life by the sale of his comrades. Under the later Stewarts men made such bargains for mere gold or worldly advancement. Great generals like Marlborough batted upon dishonour ; the smaller wolves had equal appetites but less meat. Waller's sins could have passed without notice if he had not been a poet. That a near relative of John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell should write smooth verses and shrink from Fate's rough buffets is one of Fate's ironies.

Macaulay in his essay on Lord Bacon makes incidental comparison between Waller and Bacon. "Considered as men of the world, as courtiers, as politicians, as associates, as allies, as enemies, they had nearly the same merits, and the same defects. They were not malignant. They were not tyrannical. But they wanted warmth of affection and elevation of sentiment. There were many things which they loved better than virtue, and which they feared more than guilt." Waller loved life and the company of the great. To save the first he sacrificed honour ; to keep the second he gave up freedom of thought. He was a contemporary of the mythical Vicar of Bray, and offered his quit-rent ode and peppercorn of praise to whatsoever king did reign. So did glorious John Dryden, imitating Waller in more than scansion and metre. There is no doubt that Waller really preferred to praise even where praise was not due, and his timidity shrank from blaming anyone. He was born in 1605, of good and wealthy family, educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and returned to Parliament for Agmondesham [Amersham] in Buckinghamshire at the age of eighteen. He learnt a courtier's insincerity at an early age. In 1639, when passions were high, he made a dexterous speech on the Parliamentary side, moderate enough to avoid offending the king's party. We can understand Waller as a sensible man, an admirer of the tribunes of the people,

two of whom were his relatives, who yet was bound more firmly than he believed by natural loyalty to the king. It was no time for sensible men. The main was set between the zealots, and many men who thought with Waller were more hardly used by fortune. Events soon swept him off his legs, until he made the cardinal mistake of thinking himself a fit conspirator. He sent Charles money, but stayed by the Parliament, and was dispatched after Edgehill on a commission to treat for peace. There is no need to believe that he was won over by royal compliments. He admired kings, and though it must be allowed that he was a time-server, it is quite possible that at different times he was loyal to Charles I. and a genuine admirer of Cromwell. In flattering Charles II. and attacking Cromwell's memory he followed the lead of half the nation. After all he played as manly a part as the good and loyal Evelyn, who went abroad until his king was dead and England quiet. In 1643 Waller and his brother-in-law Tompkins formed a plan to unite the Londoners who sympathised with the king into an association. The terrible Pym was informed; when threatened with death Waller gave up all the details. According to the story, it needed his high reputation and thirty thousand pounds in bribes to save his life. He was condemned to die, but reprieved for a year's imprisonment, a fine of ten thousand pounds, and banishment. He went abroad, joined Evelyn, and remained away until 1652. The poets of this age made most unsuccessful politicians. The loyalists among them fell on more evil days than Milton or Marvell. Lovelace died of sheer want at the age of forty, one year before the Restoration. Carew died at forty, just before the evil times; Suckling was only thirty-two when he ended his life in exile. Davenant alone struggled successfully through the changes and chances, and sunned himself in royal favour after the Restoration. Waller may not have acted so very badly. Cromwell hated a coward, and yet was most attentive when the forgiven poet returned in 1652. The Puritan leader was hardly appeased by reading those verses to Saccharissa, Amoret, or Juliet; he was no Mæcenas. Perhaps Waller's confessions were made after everything had been discovered, and men whose own lives had been on the razor's edge of danger were lenient to those who failed to stand the supreme test. Charles II. was gracious to Waller, and was repaid by courtly odes. No one can excuse the poet for the callous manner in which he turned from his "Panegyric of the Lord Protector" to praise the new and insult the old ruler. Ingratitude and truckling to the great were very popular at that time. Waller lived to be eighty-two years

of age ; he sat again in Parliament, and was honoured by all for his poetical achievements. The allusions to him by his contemporaries and successors are made almost in a tone of reverence. Dryden refers to him in the Preface to his "Fables." "Many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax." Pope has several allusions to Waller's sweetness and smoothness. Pepys records his pleasure at seeing the great Mr. Waller.

Waller showed the same virtues and faults in his poetry as in his life. He was unable, by constitution, to go the whole way in any direction, but the insanity to which Donne and his school were tending was plain to him. Donne's poems were circulated, in manuscript, from the early years of the seventeenth century, and took the town by storm. Every verse a poet writes should, by his example, contain a startling image, a remote conceit ; he leaps from peak to peak, caring not at all how often and how far he falls. His lines are often rugged beyond endurance ; his successes are those of the soldier who empties his magazine all day at extreme range. Carew and Lovelace are terrible when they are imitating Donne, whom they considered their master ; even Herrick tried if he could leap with him. But Herrick's sounder judgment made him owe his allegiance, in the kingdom of lyric poetry, to Ben Jonson. The lesser men did after their own kind ; they out-Heroded Herod. Waller led the way back to commonsense. After him ideals were lowered all round. Woman vacated her position as a goddess upon a pedestal ; in the full swing of reaction Aphrodite Urania was replaced by Aphrodite Pandemos, and subsidiary worship paid to Cloacina. Speculations were out of favour ; men wallowed in animal enjoyment of the only world they knew. A modern student of that Elizabethan and Caroline erotic poetry does not wonder that men wearied of it ; poet after poet strikes the same note with the persistency of an Indian tom-tom. The "sugar'd sonnets may be light, airy, fantastic, but one comes to long for common sense and an earthly atmosphere. "All thoughts, all passions, all delights" are not centred in love of woman. Waller's Pegasus can at best but amble, still it brings him where he wishes. It had not all the tricks of the *manège*, but was strong and sober. In those qualities Dryden was pre-eminent. More vigorous and less mechanical than Pope, with little of the latter's wit, Dryden shines with a steady light, and never seeks to make a display of fireworks. Waller's flame was not so bright, and burned out more quickly ;

Dryden is the light-house of the Augustan age. Waller had much dignity at times ; if reputation were assessed by the weight of a poet's lines, as in Aristophanes' humorous scene, he could offer some couplets in competition. Campbell had an eye to one of them when he wrote "Ye Mariners of England." Waller wrote

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode.

Of James, Duke of York, who was a brave and popular admiral, *consensu omnium capax imperii, nisi imperasset*, he writes

While his tall ships in the barr'd channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

He had tried the same figure before, with less success :

With these returns victorious Montague,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.

There was this grace in Waller that, with all his efforts to ingratiate himself with succeeding rulers, his best poem was the "Panegyric to my Lord Protector." The story goes that Charles II. noticed this, and twitted Waller with the inferiority of his poems addressed to himself. The answer credits the poet with wit, and nothing else. Poets, he said, succeed better in fiction. Mr. Lowell holds in one of his studies of English literature that Cromwell was unfortunate as an inspirer of poets. This is hardly the case. Milton's performance is at least creditable, while Marvell and Waller wrote their best poems when addressing him. The Protector's contemporaries were impressed by the proud attitude which England under him assumed towards the Continental Powers. Waller's imagination was seized by England's might at sea ; even in the gloomy days of Charles II. he strikes a manlier note than usual when writing of the long Dutch wars. In this "Panegyric" he shouts like an Imperialist :

The sea's our own ; and now all nations greet
With bending sails each vessel of our fleet,
Your power extends as far as winds may blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

The poem is dignified, nevertheless, and restrained. Peace hath her victories, and the great Protector, whose "never-failing sword made wars to cease," is praised because it is his wont "parcere subjectis et debellare superbos." It makes one pity Waller to read his eulogy of Charles II. Cromwell, at any rate, inspired poets better than did his successor. The only not contemptible lines ever written concerning the latter begin "Here lies our mutton-eating King." If

sarcasm against the reigning prince had not been impossible, one would suspect a bitterness in such lines as these :

Here, a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ ;
His manly posture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his motions seen ;
His shape so lovely and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall,
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culv'rin it were shot.

“To see our Prince his matchless force employ !” so might a Brighton enthusiast speak of Ranjitsinhji. As to the last four lines, they could hardly be applied to Jessop or Albert Trott. On the other hand, it is easy to overpraise a minor poet when he rises above his customary pitch ; relative is confounded with absolute merit. Yet Waller's “Instructions to a Painter,” whom he imagines as proceeding to paint a picture of the battle with the Dutch in 1665, seems the best sustained account of a sea-fight in our poetry. Dryden tried the same subject and failed. Waller is enspirited by the fighting. Opdam, the Dutch admiral, is blown up in his ship.

His flight towards heaven the aspiring Belgian took,
But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook ;
From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt a British Admiral ;
From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun ;
That bears the radiant ensign of the day,
And she the flag that governs in the sea.

It goes without saying, that the poem has lapses ; Waller shows plainly enough that he was bred under the Stewarts. Men dig iron and lead from earth's dark entrails, and this suggests to Waller the appalling thought that in battle men are “hurling their mother's bowels at their foes.” Again, as the Dutch ships become disabled,

The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men,
The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.

In the same poem, the Duke's “dreadful streamer, like a comet's hair,” is not so impressive as Campbell's “The meteor-flag of England,” but Waller may boast himself unprofitably on priority. Waller's meaning is always clear, but he secures this effect in some

measure by dubious means. His heroic verse runs in closed couplets like Latin elegiacs, the sense pausing at the end of each couplet. It is hard to believe that a great poet could write in such a metre. How great Pope was cannot be discussed here; at least no other English poet of the first rank has been able to move in such bonds. Waller spent ten years of his life abroad, and brought home from the French clearness of expression, and the monotonous trick of heroic verse. His predecessors had used the metre freely, but there is a great gulf fixed between the rhyming pentameters of Ben Jonson and those of Pope. Waller's verse at its best sounds like Dryden's. He benefits, perhaps, through the natural weariness which modern readers feel after a study of Pope, and he cannot suffer for lacking Pope's transcendent wit. It is a relief to miss that constant abuse of chiasmus. Everyone must become tired of the repetition of such effects as this,

Fresh as the morn and as the season fair.

The skilful use of a trochee at the beginning of a line is common to both Waller and Pope. The former's

Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field,

like Pope's

And the low sun had lengthened every shade,

are Tennysonian, although the word "lengthened" is far from pretty. Two quotations from Waller are known to all the world. His imaging of the worn-out body as "the soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd" was not original, and is now hackneyed. Lowell abuses it freely in his essay on Dryden, but that stimulating critic was never quite fair to Waller. It is no fault of his that Dryden and Pope, who told the world that they learnt their art from him, so far surpassed their master. The other famous quotation is one of the happiest hits a poet ever made. Ovid would have been delighted at his application of the old, old story of Apollo and Daphne:

He catch'd at Love and fill'd his arms with bays.

The poet is somewhat presumptuous in making the application personal to himself. Those who read Waller, and they are few, read him least of all for his appeals to Saccharissa, Amoret, or Saccharissa's lady's maid. Everything of the kind had been done before him a thousand times better; he was almost the last wearer of an outworn fashion. Men were no longer on their knees before their mistresses, and the next generation looked down instead of up-

wards. The tone in which Congreve addressed Amoret was that of contemptuous indifference, in which Suckling had already furnished examples. The raptures of love were discounted, in verse at least, until the nineteenth century. The Court of the first two Georges, if that is typical of the nation, was not more immoral than that of the Stewarts, but its tone was vulgar and sordid, and literature echoed its tone.

The Caroline poets had a curious fancy for "making their soul" in verse before the end came. Waller wrote "Divine Poems" at the age of eighty-two; Herrick's last work was "Noble Numbers"; Carew versified some Psalms. Herrick alone succeeded in a task which needs other qualities than those of a poet. Waller's "Divine Poems" have unction and little else. He needed little absolution. He was not a bad, but a weak, kindly man. In poetry he faithfully served his generation, and fell on peace.

ERNEST ENSOR.

TO THE LARK.

O HAPPY lark, upspringing and upsoaring,
 How well you love your spiral way
 On this glad summer day,
 Unweared, all your silvery psalm outpouring !
 Methinks you fain would reach
 The realms that know not earthly speech—
 Yea, pierce the heaven's blue flooring,
 There to mingle your sweet song
 The singing of the Blest among,
 With theirs, the Lord of life acclaiming and adoring.

To-day your carol sounds as sweet
 As when great Shakespeare sang your praise,
 Dreaming of Stratford's meads and winding ways ;
 How oft you sprang from Wordsworth's feet,
 Morn such as this to greet,
 And heavenward fix'd his heart and gaze ;
 How Shelley loved your canticling
 And learnt that song of his to sing
 Wet, even now, with dew morn-shaken from your wing.
 And I, the last and least of their high name
 The poet's gift to claim—
 I, too, would rise
 At sound of those wild matin ecstasies
 And learn your strength and song, brave minstrel of the skies.

Kings and their glories pass away,
 Sceptres and empires wane ;
 Wars have their little day
 And leave their crimson stain ;
 You, little lark, remain.
 Your song doth all outstay,
 Heedless of time and laughing at decay.

All that our wisest ever knew,
All that is simple, sane, and true,
Is yours, within that wonted range—
Untouch'd by care, unmarr'd by change—
That lies between your meadow and the blue.

O happy bird, upspringing and upwinging,
Tell me the secret of your flight
Athwart the sun's keen light ;
And why you love to take your singing
Up to those spaces bright,
Untracked, serene, far lost from earthly sight ;
Tell me, which seems more blest,
Those soaring minstrelsies? Or that low nest
Where Love is warm and wings are fondly press'd?

But whether earthly or divine
That life of yours 'twixt shade and shine,
It must be best—
High heaven for soul and song, green earth for rest.
For such a life who would not pine?
Tell me your secrets, lark, and I will tell you mine.

GEORGE BIRD.

TABLE TALK.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I HAVE received the first volume of a new variorum edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.¹ This work, which will be in twelve volumes—the twelfth consisting of the “Lives” of the dramatists, excursions and the like—is under the charge of Mr. A. H. Bullen, whose fine taste and sound scholarship have long been devoted to the task of preparation. I can conceive of no work more grateful to the student of Tudor and Stuart literature. Alone among the great nobles of Shakespeare’s Court, Beaumont and Fletcher—the greatest of all—have been virtually approachable by the public only in unworthy editions. First published in 1843–46, the admirable and authoritative edition of Dyce was sold off in little more than a decade as a remainder. I was myself fortunate enough in the “fifties” to purchase, for a shilling or two a volume, a work which in another decade brought, in the auction room, something like a pound a volume. Since then Dyce’s *Beaumont and Fletcher* has been consultable by the scholar only in a few private libraries and on the shelves of our great public institutions. My estimate of these two great contemporaries of Shakespeare is shown in the fact that, discussing a good many years ago what work I would choose if I were condemned to imprisonment with the companionship of a solitary book, I at once named the 1679 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher—a work which, I am happy to say, still graces my shelves. My reason for the choice was that in no other form could I obtain an equal amount of delightful and diversified reading. I might, of course, have selected a folio volume of Chaucer, Spenser, or Shakespeare—or even the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. In the case of the folios of poetry, however, I knew much by heart; and I could always, and sometimes did, solace my solitude by summoning up to memory and reciting to myself long passages of inspired poetry. With Beaumont and Fletcher it was different. All was fresh and new, and the task of perusal and reperusal might well occupy months—or even years.

¹ Bell & Sons; A. H. Bullen.

PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MY present reperusal of Beaumont and Fletcher has been confined to the five plays included in the first volume of the reprinted edition. These, which do not include the greatest of all, *The Faithful Shepherdess*—the most soul-satisfying and poetical pastoral in the world—comprise *The Maid's Tragedy*; *Philaster*; or, *Love lies Bleeding*; *A King and no King*; *The Scornful Lady*; and *The Custom of the Country*. The order observed is that of the second folio, to which I have previously referred. Though accidental, accordingly, it serves admirably to show the results of collaboration and to indicate the value of the work. Of the five plays—which include tragedy, comedy, and tragi-comedy—all are of joint workmanship, and all are informed by passion, poetry, or wit. I am not going to enter upon the inexhaustible task of criticism. I will but say that the world into which the dramatists lead one is a world of enchantment. Though capable at times of conduct which the man of to-day cannot readily pardon, and of impulse so impetuous or transient that our sluggish blood can give no answering throb, the heroes are as jealous of their honour as Castilians. The heroines, when they are virgins, and not reprehensibly outspoken matrons, are of the same strain as Rosalind or Viola, and have tenderness and passion to which those scarcely attain. The stories are almost always original, and are rarely to be discovered in any of the collections of such with which the literature of Latin races overflows. As I have indicated, the works constitute a mine of romance and are leavened with poetry and informed with passion.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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A BITTER PARTING.

AN EAST ANGLIAN SKETCH.

By JAYE GARRY.

“SHEL’ I let your cat in, Sarah? I fancy I can hear him mewin’ outside.”

“You let him alone. If you wait a minit he’ll let hissself in.”

Sarah Lake’s speech was abrupt, but that was merely the result of character confirmed by habit. Had she been an earl’s daughter, with every advantage of rank and education, instead of a peasant’s wife, she could never have been moulded into a gentlewoman of soft manners and speech. Her large features and big frame usually gave the impression of a man masquerading in woman’s dress; and her harsh dissonant voice was without the note of music that usually harmonises the roughest of masculine intonation.

The square-faced eight-day clock, with its faint Arabic numerals, had just wheezed out the noontide hour, as Sarah and her husband were sitting down to dinner. Mrs. Nelson, her sister, from the neighbouring parish of Tofton, was joining them, with her bonnet on because she had no cap with her; but, as a concession to manners, the strings were untied and floated rakishly over her shoulders.

James Lake, by the curious law of contrast that equalises so many things in this unequal world, was a little man with wizened cheeks and iron-grey hair that hung raggedly round his forehead in a fringe of dark silver. From beneath this fringe peered a pair of bright, deep-set, blue eyes, which, as he was sparing of speech, were

“I s’pose ’tis because you never had no children that you make sech fules o’ yourselves over cats,” she said sourly. “I couldn’t touch them taters if they was mine after a cat had been messin’ over ’em like that. Besides, I don’t think ’tis safe. I knew an old lady who used to feed her cat jest in the same way; she’d encourage it to eat from her plate and her mouth jest as you do, an’ one day when she didn’t feed him quite fast enough for his likin’, seein’ her t’roat movin’ wi’ swallerin’ her food, the brute sprang at it an’ tore it open. Of course she died of it, an’ I’ve never liked cats since.”

James Lake was a little disconcerted at the grim story, and had no reply ready for the moment; but his wife, who was always a match for her sister, stepped into the breach.

“That was a nasty accident,” she said calmly in her rough emphatic voice, “but that cat didn’t mean no harm, poor thing. They allus go for anything movin’; look at ’em with a ball o’ wool, or a mouse. ’Tis nothin’ but their natur.”

“An’ a very nasty natur too, I call it. But there, folks wi’ no children must be silly wi’ somethin’, an’ cats is as good as anything else, I s’pose.”

“A sight better’n some children, I think,” said Mr. Lake, stroking tenderly the fine black fur of Tony’s back. “It’s a deal safer to set your affections on cats than on children. They may scratch your hand sometimes athout thinkin’, but they never break your hearts wi’ their misdoin’.”

Later that same afternoon, when her husband had gone to work, and Mrs. Nelson had returned to her own home, Sarah Lake was standing at the back door, her dust-colour poke bonnet pushed well over her face as a protection from the scorching July sun. Her hand was curled telescope-fashion before one eye, as she peered anxiously across the “piece” they rented.

“My eyes aren’t so good as they were,” she muttered, “but I believe that man is measurin’. I’ll wait a bit; maybe he’ll be down here directly.”

The Lakes lived in a four-roomed cottage, situated in a peaceful green lane, an offshoot of the village of Northorpe, and a full mile away from its main street. It was a pleasant little backwater, where the dozen or so families lived in that amity which is the usual result of mutual interdependence. They criticised each other with outspoken freedom, and as freely gave help to any of their number in trouble; in their leisure they cultivated the quarter-acre of garden that went with each house; and as few of them could read they were sublimely, contentedly ignorant of all that went on outside

their charmed circle of Arcadia, which whispers from the Great World rarely came to disturb.

James Lake had an important distinction from his fellows. He was able, chiefly owing to the lie of the land, to rent a couple of acres instead of the regular quarter-acre, and this, in the days previous to the Allotments Act, was a quite unusual stroke of luck. With no children, and an energetic wife, things had gone smoothly, and years of unremitting toil had made of those two acres of land a humble paradise.

As Sarah looked out from her back door that July afternoon it lay stretched before her eyes like a map. To the right lay the "corn piece," the shining fringes of its barley faintly stirred at intervals by a hot wind; to the left, a section of turnips, bright green and thriving; facing the house was the big fruit-garden, the very heart and jewel of the whole, sloping gently upwards to a thick hedge which separated it from the high meadow-land beyond. What a garden it was! Full, almost too full, of strong young fruit-bushes, now gleaming with ripe gem-like berries; above them towered sheltering apple-trees, whose twisted and picturesque limbs, covered with moss and grey lichen, any horticulturist would have condemned to immediate destruction. Bees hummed drowsily as they fared to and from their hives, sipping sweets from the wanton faces of the dainty China roses that, with the more useful elder-bushes, formed a boundary line between the corn piece and the garden.

Sarah was right. The man and the boy who was helping came nearer, along the narrow path, and presently their measurements brought them before the door of the cottage.

"Good afternune," she commenced tentatively, looking with eyes that questioned the newcomer. Then, with the direct dealing characteristic of this strong masculine woman, she immediately asked, "What might you be doin' that for?"

"I'm measuring the land about here," the man replied with a frank pleasant glance from under his wide hat, "and it's hot work a day like this. You haven't such a thing as a glass of home-brewed about, I suppose?"

"No, we drank the last a week ago, an' I haint brewed again yet," said Sarah, who was longing to know his business on her land, but diplomatic enough to understand that he would be more inclined to tell her after quenching his thirst. "Could you drink a drop o' mead? 'Tis my own make; we keep bees, y'know."

"I could drink anything just now, except water, perhaps. Water

isn't healthy drink in hot weather, is it?" he said with a knowing twinkle.

Sarah went into the cottage and presently returned with two coarse blue-rimmed yellow mugs, in which the brown syrupy liquid sparkled in bright bubbles. After giving one to the man, she handed the smaller of the two to the boy, who stood a little distance off, and then walked back to where the surveyor stood, and anxiously waited for more news when he should have finished drinking.

"Thank you," he said heartily, as he gave her the mug; "that's the best drink I've tasted for a long while."

Mrs. Lake paid no heed to his compliment by smile or word. She was absorbed in curiosity to know what had brought him there. During the five-and-forty years that she and her husband had lived in their cottage no person of his occupation had ever been seen on the land, and she feared it boded evil.

"Who are you measurin' for?" she asked.

"I'm not sure that I ought to tell you," he replied; "however, if I do, you mustn't make a song of it. The Asylum people are in treaty for all the land about here. As good as bought it, I fancy, from what I hear."

A dull unformed fear gripped at Sarah's heart, though her grim weather-lined face was still impassive. "What do they want wi' the land?" she asked sharply.

"Why, to build a new Asylum on, of course. The old one isn't half big enough; they're always having to turn lunatics away."

"Then I s'pose," said Sarah slowly, as the dim horror took shape in her brain, and flitted before her mental vision like a nightmare, "I s'pose we shan't be able to rent the land next year."

"No, I don't think you will, nor your cottage either for the matter of that. But there's one comfort, you'll all be in the same boat; every one in the lane 'll have to turn out and all the cottages will be pulled down; except one or two of the best perhaps, that they'll keep for the Asylum servants."

But the "comfort" contained in the latter half of his sentence fell on deaf ears. Sarah Lake, engrossed by the agonising thought that they would have to leave their land and cottage, turned into her house, entirely forgetful of the young man, who, telling the boy to place his empty mug on the window-sill, resumed his work.

Sarah sat down in her straight-backed chair beside the fireless grate. Her light blue eyes, beginning to be veiled by the impalpable film wherewith age quenches the fire that lights up youth, stared

vacantly into space ; her hands were laid awkwardly in her lap, which was still covered by the blue check working-apron that she usually laid aside when sitting down, and the horrible sentence "we must leave land and cottage" kept racing with dull persistence through her brain. Presently her thoughts cleared, arranged themselves, and she began to realise all that this dreadful change, this upheaval, would mean to them. The land was more than an allotment to Sarah and her husband ; more than a spot hallowed by all the sweet remembrances of early married life ; it was a barrier, a shield between them and the gaunt spectres Want and Dependence that make old age an Age of Terror for the poor. Week by week during the summer the produce of their holding—fruit, vegetables, butter, honey—had been carted by Mike, their donkey, to Campsey the market town, and the resulting gains jealously added to the growing hoard that was to keep them from the workhouse when James could no longer work for a master. Besides, with the garden, they could have gone on earning indefinitely, far into the eventide of life—but it was all over now.

She sat there, staring with unseeing eyes at a shaft of yellow sunlight that had fallen slantwise through the door, till her husband came in to tea at six o'clock, oblivious of the fact that the fire was still unlighted, and that no preparations had been made for tea.

"Oh, you're home," she remarked dully. "Are you arly?"

"Arly? No; 'tis past six o'clock. When are we goin' to hev tea?"

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, starting up hurriedly, "I'd forgotten all about tea. I shorn't be long a-gettin' it ready."

With her usual capable precision she set to work, replying only in monosyllables to her husband's remarks, keeping back the dreadful information with her accustomed self-command, till, as she said to herself, "James had made a good tea."

She ate nothing herself, and to her husband's inquiries murmured indistinctly of headache. But when the meal was finished and James sat stroking the cat between the intervals of feeding it with some choice morsel, his wife remarked :

"I've heered some bad news to-day, James."

"Oh," he said quietly, "what is it?"

Perhaps the firm self-control that each possessed was the greatest bond of likeness between this couple who were outwardly so unlike. As she told her story, which, commonplace as it might be to the outside world, was to these old people the tragic uprooting of all they held dearest, he went on mechanically smoothing the cat's fur,

though his withered hand trembled slightly, and the red had faded for a moment from his wrinkled cheeks.

“Well, well,” he said patiently, with a touch of bitterness, “the land is theirs to do what they like wi’ it. We shell jest hev to do as we’re bid, like other poor folks.”

“We shall likely hev six months’ notice, the man said this after-nune ; time to look about for another house,” answered his wife, anxious to make the best of it to her husband.

“Empty housen are allus scarce round about here, as scarce as piebald sparrers ; and if all the Lane folks are wantin’ housen too ! Hows’ever, we must do the best we can, but ’twill be a bad day’s work for us when we hev to go.”

The six months’ notice came at Michaelmas, to be carried into effect the following Lady-day. Seven other families had notice to quit at the same time, and, as James Lake had foretold, every empty house in that and the neighbouring parish of Tofton could have been let twice over. In common with many others, they had been obliged to arrange for a temporary refuge with relatives while they waited for their turn as the cottages became vacant.

It was a sad autumn and winter. Each crop they garnered reminded them sorrowfully that it was the last they would ever gather there ; with grief they burnt the bee-hives, because no one in that desolated spot could be induced to take them, and Sarah Lake looked on with grim face and an aching heart as the dealer in second-hand furniture from Campsey carried away the horsehair sofa that after many years of married life had been proudly added to the furniture of their roomy kitchen. That, and many other cherished household goods, had to go because they would have to lodge with Mrs. Nelson for a while—months, or even years it might be, before they could secure a cottage—and her small rooms and shed could only store a portion of the Lakes’ belongings.

It was a bitter day at the end of March when James and Sarah Lake said a final good-bye to their old home. A cutting east wind had brought with it a black, bone-searching frost, and Mike, the grey donkey, flicked his long ears and stamped with his fore-hoofs as he waited with the stolid patience of his kind at the little front gate while numerous odd parcels were packed in the cart.

“Where’s Tony ?” asked Mrs. Lake of her husband. “P’raps he’d like a drink o’ milk afore I put him in the basket.”

“Don’t you bother about Tony, I’ll see a’ter him,” answered her husband, who, in his round felt hat and Sunday velveteen

coat, felt rather over-dressed to be doing much in the way of assisting.

"Werry well, I'll jest leave him to you ; only mind you don't forget him."

"I shorn't do that, you may be werry sure," was his quiet reply.

The next half-hour was a busy one with Mrs. Lake, who, with precise method, went round to every part of the house and sheds to see that nothing was left behind. When she had satisfied herself that the smallest of their possessions had been removed, she put on her bonnet, wrapped her grey duffel shawl methodically around her gaunt figure, and locked the door behind her.

"James ! James !" she called. "Are you ready ?"

There was no answer. "Drat the man, wherever is he got to ? I s'pose he's lookin' after Tony." She walked down to the big five-barred cart-gate and looked up the lane.

"Why, if that ain't James comin' from the road ! I wonder where he's bin trapeesin' off to jest as we wanted to get away," she said to herself ; and as he came nearer she asked sharply,

"Wherever have you bin, James ? Everything is in the cart, an' I shouldn't wonder if the dickey worn't half perished, standin' so long i' the cold."

James looked up wearily for an instant without speaking, and then followed her into the garden.

"Is it Tony you've bin after ?" she asked, her voice still sharp with the annoyance that the grief of parting and the irritating cold were producing between them.

"Yes, I've bin after Tony," he answered slowly in a dreary monotone.

"Well, where is he ? Can't you find him ?"

"No, Sairy," said the old man, "we shan't never find him no more. I took him through Bate's Cranely to the river and——" (his voice broke a little)—"I—I put him out o' the way."

"What do you mean ?" she asked in alarm. "You don't mean to tell me you've drowned him."

"Yes, missus," he answered with a sad decision, "that's what I ha' done. I drowned him."

"Drowned Tony !" exclaimed Sarah. "However could you ? Whatever wor you a thinkin' of ?"

"Well, I don't want to hurt your feelin's, but I shouldn't ha' liked him to live under the same roof as your sister Mary. She's sour as a crab, that's what she is, as sour as a crab. She couldn't ha' bin kind to him, 'taint in her natur ; an' suner 'an see him ill-

treated wi' sly kicks an' the like, I thought 'twould come easier for me to get rid of him myself. But there, Sairy bor, I never done sech a hard day's work i' my life. I cried like a child when the pore dumb thing looked up at me an' mewed, an' tried to get away ; from me that wouldn't ha' harmed him for the world . . . only he didn't know . . . an' I felt jest like a murderer. . . ."

Large tears were coursing down Sarah's tanned cheeks as she said brokenly.

"He was a butiful cat ; sech a good faithful crittur. But there, James bor, 'tis no use frettin' ; p'raps when we get to a house of our own agin we might happen on another one like him."

"No," answered her husband, with a world of regret in his voice, "we shall never find pore Tony's like agin——an'——an' we shall never keep another cat !"

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

1780—1903

“ Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it.”

ELIA.

A **N**OTHER palatial temple of Thespis has been opened in London. It stands on the site of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, and is quite close to the projected “tube” railway station in Tottenham Court Road.

Thus “the old order changeth, yielding place to new.” Less than two hundred years ago—in the year 1727—the magistrates of Middlesex, assembled in quarter sessions at Hicks's Hall, denounced as “rogues and vagabonds” certain “common players of interludes” who were accustomed “to erect booths and to exhibit and act drolls” at Tottenham Court. Thither the townsfolk in summer resorted when in quest of “cakes and creame” at the sylvan village and ancient manor of Toten Court, the site of which is now occupied by the Adam and Eve public-house at the corner of Hampstead Road.

But, despite the magisterial prohibition, the Tottenham Court fair was held in August 1727, and in the same month for several years after. In 1730 there are records of performances at “Reynold's Great Theatrical Booth”; and in 1748 Daniel French's Amphitheatre was a great attraction. Writing in 1773 J. T. Smith in his “Book for a Rainy Day” reports that Mr. Yates and several other eminent performers deserted the empty benches of Drury Lane and played at Tottenham Court in booths—each identified by the name of its principal occupant—to which the public were admitted at 6d. a head.

This migration of players from the patent theatre seems to have suggested the building of a permanent place of public entertainment in the neighbourhood. At any rate, the Earl of Sandwich is credited with such suggestion; and in 1780, one Francis Pasquali was in possession of concert rooms in Tottenham Street, the outer walls of which remained until their demolition at the end of 1903. Francis

Pasquali is described as the father of a once celebrated singer, and presumably he was related to Nicolo Pasquali, an Italian composer and writer, who flourished in London and Edinburgh during the first half of the 18th century. He died in 1757.

Pasquali does not seem to have long carried on the concert rooms, for subsequently they were known as Hyde's; and then, in 1786, under lease dated April 26 and granted by Pasquali and another (the architect of the old Opera House in the Haymarket), the premises passed into the hands of the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music.

Thus the Prince of Wales's Theatre, as it was known during the latter part of its existence, was undoubtedly the oldest place of public entertainment in London until its recent disappearance.

Parts of the walls of Sadler's Wells may have stood for longer time, but that house has undergone such frequent changes that it is hard to say which is old and which is new. To set the matter at rest, however, it may be as well to state that Sadler's Wells, which dates from the time of Elizabeth, was built upon the site of an "orchestra" established in 1683 by a surveyor of highways named Sadler. The original wooden building was replaced by one of brick by the then proprietor, Rosoman, in 1765; and substantially—after many minor alterations—it was reconstructed by Mrs. Bateman in 1879. It was then called New Sadler's Wells, but the present title is *Old* Sadler's Wells; and it may be taken for granted that there still remain parts of the building erected by Rosoman, in which case its antiquity would be greater than that of the Tottenham Street Theatre by some fifteen years.

No other theatre remaining in London at the end of 1903 could date back to the eighteenth century. What remains of the theatre last built as Drury Lane is "the noblest Roman of them all." It goes back to 1812. Covent Garden is comparatively modern; the Haymarket on its present site has existed since 1821; and the Lyceum (thrice rebuilt before its recent demolition) was not known as a theatre before 1790. All the other places of theatrical entertainment in London are more or less new.

It is strange that such a squalid thoroughfare as Tottenham Street should be intimately associated with artistic developments of which the nation has now great reason to be proud. But such is the case. For in Tottenham Street there lived and worked one of the founders of the school of English landscape painting, and there certainly took place the first recognised public performances of English music.

Starving amid the opulence and patronage of inferior artists, and occupying the first and second floors of a mean house almost destitute of furniture, Richard Wilson last lived in London to look upon the building of what soon became the King's Concert Rooms. He was, with Gainsborough, unquestionably the founder of the English landscape school. Unappreciated during his lifetime and mostly selling his pictures wet from the easel to pawnbrokers, his work is now highly prized, and he is represented in the National Gallery by no less than eleven masterpieces. He it was who prepared the way for Turner. In his declining years he was enabled to leave Tottenham Street by inheritance of a small estate in Wales. But he was weak and worn: only for a little while he languished in unaccustomed luxury, expiring in May 1782, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

It was in 1786 that the concerts of ancient music were established in Tottenham Street, and at this date ladies were first admitted as subscribers. His Majesty King George III. and Queen Charlotte took great interest in the concerts, and, together with the elder princesses, were frequently present at the performances. His Majesty, indeed, upon several occasions selected the programme of music, in which the compositions of Handel invariably predominated; and for the accommodation of the royal family a "superb box" was built in the "new rooms" at Tottenham Street. Here the concerts of ancient music were continued in the early part of each year until 1795, when differences of opinion prevailed and the performances were transferred to the concert room of the Opera House, Haymarket, and subsequently, in 1804, to the Hanover Square Rooms.

Tottenham Street was not, however, bereft of royal and distinguished patronage. The building vacated by those who first made concerts fashionable was secured by another section of the *élite* of society—a most curious coterie called "The Picnic Club." It took its name from the circumstance that everyone drew lots as to what should be his or her share of the entertainment. The club consisted exclusively of leaders of fashion, including the Prince of Wales, Lady Buckinghamshire—foremost in this as in gaming, Lord Cholmondeley, "Old Q." the Duke of Queensberry, Lady Salisbury, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and many others.

"The Picnic Club met last night for the first time in the Tottenham Street Rooms," says the "Morning Herald" of March 16, 1802. Further, we are told:

"The entertainment commenced with a Prologue by Col. Greville which was followed by a French Proverb. An act of the 'Bedlamites,

a piece translated from the French for the occasion, was then performed. A French Proverb and an Epilogue succeeded, and the whole concluded with a Picnic Supper, provided from a tavern. The company was not numerous, though 300 cards of invitation were issued. Madame Parisot, a famous ballet dancer of the time, disapproving of the *dilettanti* project, refused to take any part in the performance. It being apprehended that the public peace might be disturbed by this irregular assemblage, the Bow Street officers held themselves in readiness to act during the whole of the evening, but, happily, there was no occasion for their services."

The fact of the supper being ordered from a tavern marks, as much as anything, the manners of the times. The Picnics lasted for less than a year. For some reason the members moved to the Argyle Rooms, then most highly proper and fashionable; and the end of the Club is recorded in the "Times" of February 28, 1803. But whilst in existence the Picnics created a great furore in the fashionable world. One can hardly believe, as recorded by Mr. John Timbs, that their histrionic celebrity was such as to render "them objects of alarm to the professional actors of the day"; but it is certainly true that the performances of the society afforded subjects for some of the most amusing caricatures of Gillray. "The Picnic Orchestra" is exceedingly quaint, by reason of its contrasts. Lord Valletort, "the neatest of little *beaux*," and the smallest man in the Club, is playing the 'cello; Lord Cholmondeley, who was very tall and stout, plays the flute; Lady Buckinghamshire, whose embonpoint Gillray never spared, is accompanying at the piano; and Lady Salisbury, who from her love of the chase is frequently satirised under the name of Diana, is performing on the hunting horn.

The newspapers of the period are full of the strange performances of the Picnics; and for some time afterwards fashionable amateurs continued to find a home in Tottenham Street at the house called in 1803 the Dilettante Theatre.

Prior to being opened as the Tottenham Street Theatre, the building was in 1807, or early in the following year, like the Olympic converted into a sort of circus, in behalf of a popular performer known as Master Saunders, who excelled in equestrian performances, which had then become quite a craze. But it never in this respect rivalled Astley's, nor as the Temple of Varieties, which was also its title for a time, was it in any sense a success.

In 1810 the ownership passed to one Paul, a retired pawnbroker—possibly one of those who made money out of poor Wilson's pictures—and he appears to have been the first to open the place as

a regular theatre on Easter Monday in that year. The attraction was a burletta founded upon "Love in a Village," in which his wife played the principal part of Rosetta. The speculation was, however, a failure. The ex-pawnbroker lost all his money, and his wife retired from the stage.

In the years prior to 1820, during the period of the mental incapacity of King George III., the house became the Regency Theatre. Then it was again called the Tottenham Street Theatre; subsequently the West London Theatre, and it was here that S. Beverley, the father of a well-known theatrical family, made a bold bid for public favour. At least two actors of distinction, both of whom became managers on their own account, were recruits in his service.

One of them was Robert Keeley, who joined the company before he was twenty, in the year 1817. He played for two seasons in low comedy, the honours of which he shared with Harry Beverley.

The other was Benjamin Webster, and the story of his early associations he once told at a theatrical dinner. Unable to find employment in town, Webster was temporarily engaged by Beverley for the Croydon Theatre, where he did duty as leader of the orchestra at a salary of a guinea a week. In 1818 he came to Tottenham Street to play Henry Morland in the "Heir-at-Law," which, to avoid legal proceedings, was called "The Lord's Warming Pan."

Others engaged at this period were Goss, Santer, Strickland, Osborn, Lewis Mortimer, and Thomas James Serle, the latter a prolific playwright, afterwards leading man for Edmund Kean at Covent Garden, Shakespearian lecturer throughout the country, and one of the actual founders as well as honorary secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

At this stage it is interesting to glance at the position of the outlying theatres in London at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Except at the patent theatres the legitimate drama could not legally be performed unless at least five songs or concerted pieces were introduced in each act. Hence came the burlettas. The privileged theatres were Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the "little house" in the Haymarket. The Adelphi and the Olympic were opened under the license of the Lord Chamberlain during the six winter months. The other theatres existed under licenses granted by the magistrates of their respective counties (according to the Act of the twenty-fifth George II.), which were in force all the year round, a privilege of which some availed themselves.

Easter Monday was the grand time of opening for the summer season, and it terminated about October or November; but some of the theatres reopened at Christmas and continued their winter season until Passion Week. They all commenced at 6.30 or 7 o'clock, and concluded not before 11 P.M. The prices of admission were the same in all: boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; and most of them took half-price. The Lord Chamberlain's license authorised entertainments more nearly approaching legitimate drama than that granted by the magistrates. The performances of all, however, were much about the same.

Early in the twenties, when George IV. was king, the reins of management at the West London Theatre were assumed by Mr. John Brunton, a gentleman with experience of more than one provincial circuit. His daughter Elizabeth (afterwards Mrs. Yates, and the mother of the late Edmund Yates) was one of the leading stars, and she became, according to Mr. John Hollingshead, "the most pleasing and effective melodramatic actress of her time." Mr. J. R. Planché has given a description of the theatre at this time, and he speaks of the pit as "about as dark and dismal a den as ever sheltered the children of Thespis." Notwithstanding, however, the patronage of fashionable folk was frequently afforded.

During two seasons (1823-24) it was at this theatre that the first of modern French companies found a home in London, and here in England the great actor, Frederick Lemaitre, made his *début*.

Afterwards Thomas Dibdin essayed to run this house. It was one of his earliest attempts at management after the great success of his "Mother Goose" pantomime at Covent Garden. At one time, from his voluminous writings, he enjoyed an income of 1,500*l.* a year, but ultimately he became practically a beggar by reason of theatrical speculation. He survived until 1841, and at a convivial gathering once wrote his own epitaph:

Longing, while living, for laurels and bays,
Under this willow a poor poet *lays*;
With little to censure, and less to praise,
He wrote twelve dozen and three score plays—
He finished his "Life" and went his ways.

Two hundred and four plays, and Tom Dibdin's father wrote twelve hundred songs!

With the accession of William IV., in 1830, the theatre was re-christened the Queen's, thus assuming the patronage of Queen Adelaide. Apparently at this time it was managed for a syndicate by Mr. George Macfarren, the father of the late Sir George, who was

Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and of Mr. Walter Macfarren, who is still attached to the same institution and believed to be the oldest living pianoforte teacher of any eminence in the world.

Mr. George Macfarren, senr., was a fairly prolific dramatic author as well as a theatrical critic. In some "Random Recollections," published in 1879, the late Walter Lacy gives an amusing account of his first introduction to him.

Walter Lacy describes himself as "a most indolent medical student of some twenty summers," when as an amateur he had twice appeared on the boards—once at the Pavilion and once at the old Garrick Theatre. Then came the eventful day—big with fate—on which he was informed in the dissecting room that a gentleman in a hackney carriage wanted to speak to him. Thus he tells the story :

"The occupant of the hackney carriage, evidently a Yankee, addressed me thus : 'Are you the young gentleman that wants to act ?

"I replied, drawing myself up, 'I have acted both in tragedy and comedy.'

" 'Well,' said the American, 'my wife, that's Madame Celeste, is just going to play the "French Spy," and we want a young actor to play her lover, Major Lafont.'

" 'I'm ready,' said I, and springing into the coach was conveyed to the Tottenham Street Theatre, then the Queen's, where I was introduced to a committee of actors, and forthwith engaged at a nominal salary of two guineas under the management of Macfarren, father to my present Principal at the Royal Academy of Music, where I have been Professor of Elocution sixteen years last Christmas. The parts played by me at shortest notice were the said French major ; Selbourne, in 'A Roland for an Oliver' ; and Baron Longville, in 'The Foundling of the Forest,' which last part was presented to me by Haynes, the author of the 'French Spy,' who played under the name of Norton, at four o'clock on that afternoon, with an urgent request that I would oblige the company by playing the same night.

"In my ignorance and delight at being among them I went into an adjoining public-house, kept by Perkins, a retired prize-fighter, ordered some tea with eggs and bacon and set to at the words, getting through the first part of the performance comfortably enough, when I became confused and was pushed about into the various situations and prompted through the remainder of the piece.

"The company being on the sharing system, my first Saturday yielded me exactly half-a-crown (a magnificent sum) which Dillon, the father of the popular tragedian, made me instantly melt in beer, to pay my footing on the boards to the thirsty company.

“As no ‘ghost’ walked (that is, there was no treasury) the following Saturday, a meeting was called, and Mr. Macfarren, with a nice regard to the claims of his company, announced that we were at liberty to take ticket nights, waiving his right to half the receipts, by which liberal concession my pockets were soon replenished.”

This account of the first regular engagement of Walter Lacy is confirmed by some correspondence of his published by the late Clement Scott in “*The Drama of To-day and Yesterday.*” Writing in 1880 to this recently deceased dramatic critic, he says he “first appeared as a poor player at the Tottenham Street Theatre, called at that time the Queen’s, as the stage lover of the gazelle-eyed Celeste, when she fascinated the town as the French Spy.” He adds: “Some half a century ago the Tottenham Street Theatre, let me tell you, was fashionably upholstered, and the act-drop painted by Clarkson Stanfield, a copy of which, or one very similar, enriches the walls of the Garrick Club. The stage was adorned by Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Waylett, Gentleman Green, and Handsome Forrester; and I remember Madame Vestris and her Olympic Company staying there, and others of great note.”

More is deserved about “the highly respectable management of Mr. Macfarren”—to quote “An Old Boy,” who wrote on “Suburban Play-going” in the “Daily News” towards the end of 1885. Amongst his literary labours were the librettos of two operas by his talented son; and in 1831, apparently in some hope of founding a home for English lyric works, he caused to be given a noticeable performance of “*Acis and Galatea.*” To witness this opera was the occasion of Walter Macfarren’s first visit to the theatre—he was then only five years of age—and it is said that it was his humming of the airs he had heard that thus early drew attention to his musical talent. Amongst those taking part in the performance were “Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Humby, and E. Seguin, and Green and Mr. Tilbury.”

A tragedy in real life has to be recorded in connection with the Tottenham Street Theatre towards the close of 1832. It is an almost forgotten incident which embittered the declining days of Grimaldi, “the Garrick of Clowns.” In the “*Memoirs of Grimaldi,*” edited by Charles Dickens, we are told that on the thirtieth birthday of his only son, a most dissolute fellow, he was waited upon by the then lessee of the Queen’s Theatre and offered an engagement at £4 a week. The offer was accepted, and Grimaldi junr., who had every opportunity of following in his father’s footsteps, was to create a part called *Black Cæsar* on Monday, November 25, 1832.

Nothing was heard of him for some days. Then it was rumoured

he had relapsed into his old ways. On December 11th his father learnt that he was dead. An inquest was held, and it was proved that his premature and exceedingly painful end resulted from the natural consequences of a mis-spent life. In point of fact, Grimaldi junr. died in a state of wild and furious madness. His mind gave way, and his body was putrid with disease aggravated by excessive drink. The tragedy was enacted at a neighbouring public house—it is said in Pitt Street, but there is none in that thoroughfare, although there were three at corners of the block on which the theatre stood. The remains of the misguided young man were interred in the adjacent burial ground of Whitefield's Tabernacle. His father outlived him as a confirmed invalid for nearly five years.

For a time during the thirties the theatre attained a transitory celebrity as the home of burlesque. It was then known as the "Fitzroy." The experiment was made by members of the Mayhew family. Henry Mayhew, whose birth in 1812 very nearly took place in a private box at Covent Garden during a pantomime, was as a boy sent to sea. Returning, he was articled to his father, a solicitor; but forsook the law for sheep-farming in Wales. Of this he also tired, and then entered into partnership with Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett at the Tottenham Street Theatre. It is said that their joint fortune was sixpence, and two or three manuscript pieces.

At the Fitzroy, however, was produced "The Wandering Minstrel," a farce which remained exceedingly popular for something like twenty years. To-day, Henry Mayhew is remembered as the originator of "Punch," and as the first to call attention to "London Labour and the London Poor."

A brother, Edward, was actor by night and scene-painter by day. In addition, he was his own carpenter, his own musician, and frequently his own harlequin, and, when he had nothing else to do, would amuse himself by writing his own pieces. Of these, the farce, "Make your Wills," was not unknown to fame.

Writing in October 1836, the author of "The Great Metropolis,"—a couple of volumes devoted to theatres, clubs, gaming-houses, and newspapers—says of the Queen's Theatre:

"About two years since, after having ruined several proprietors, and been often shut up for want of anyone sufficiently adventurous to engage in the speculation, it was taken by the Messrs. Bond, who refitted it up in a very elegant and comfortable manner at considerable expense. They then opened it, ostensibly under the entire management of Mrs. Nisbett, and with a much more effective company than had ever before graced its boards, when notwith-

standing the raising of prices of admission to double the previous prices, a very successful campaign was commenced, which lasted for five or six months. After that time it was again subjected to a series of reverses, which ended in the secession of 'the fair widow' and her two sisters. Of late it has been understood to be one of the worst theatrical speculations which has, for some years, been made on a small scale. It is only a small house, and is incapable of containing more than 600 or 700 persons with any measure of comfort."

It may be added that the beautiful Mrs. Nisbett started her season in 1835; she was followed by Mrs. Waylett, for whom Colonel Addison found the money; and by Mdme. Vestris, as mentioned by Walter Lacy. Others also experimented, including Mr. George Wild; but the end of all experiments was the same—failure.

For more than twenty years from 1840 the property was owned by Mr. Charles James, a well-known scenic artist, and he contrived to obtain some income from it as a theatre of the cheaper class, the fare provided being decidedly of the "blood and thunder" type. Still, there were a few enrolled under the James management whose names are not forgotten—Mr. and Mrs. John Parry, for example. That others were influenced by this house even in its most degenerate days may be learnt from a recently published autobiography of the late Wilson Barrett. His infatuation for the footlights commenced with the receipt of a "pass out" check for the "Dusthole." This was in the fifties, during the period of Charles Kean's management of the Princess's. Wilson Barrett says he "haunted the theatre and adored the performers and the pieces, feeling sure that nothing of its kind could be better."

Some time since it was stated in "Notes and Queries" that amongst the recruits in the service of Mr. James was Miss Marie Wilton, and that she appeared in 1855 as a sailor in a lurid drama entitled "The Life and Death of Leo Cantor; or the Mysteries of Bordercleugh Abbey, and the Negro Slave's Revenge." But there must be some mistake, as Lady Bancroft distinctly states in "On and Off the Stage," that she left Bristol for London to open as Henri to Mr. Dillon's "Belphegor" at the Lyceum Theatre. This was not until September 15, 1856.

Miss Marie Wilton did pay one visit to the Queen's Theatre before becoming joint tenant with Mr. Henry J. Byron. But it was as spectator, and this account of her visit will well serve as an introduction to the one cheerful chapter in the history of the theatre:

“ Mr. and Mrs. Byron and myself occupied a private box, and saw the performance. It was a well-conducted, clean little house, but, oh, the audience! My heart sank! Some of the occupants of the stalls (the price of admission was, I think, one shilling) were engaged between the acts in devouring oranges (their faces being buried in them), and drinking ginger-beer. Babies were being rocked to sleep or smacked to be quiet, which proceeding, in many cases, had an opposite effect! A woman looked up to our box, and seeing us staring aghast, with, I suppose, an expression of horror on my face, first of all ‘took a sight’ at us, and then shouted: ‘Now, then, you three stuck-up ones, come out of that, or I’ll send this ’ere orange at your ’eds.’ Mr. Byron went to the back of the box and laughed until we thought he would be ill. He said my face was a study. ‘Oh, Byron,’ I exclaimed, ‘do you think that people from the West End will ever come into those seats?’ ‘No,’ he replied, ‘not *those* seats.’ ”

“ Dear little house, every brick of which I loved,” writes Lady Bancroft in “On and Off the Stage,” when saying farewell to the old Prince of Wales’s Theatre. The apostrophe is a happy one; for at the Tottenham Street Theatre thus finally rechristened, with gracious approval of our present King, Miss Marie Wilton found first of all a husband, and then, with his assistance, achieved both fame and fortune. This was the result of their joint work for the theatre—work which has done more to raise the status of the stage, to increase the emoluments of actors, and to reflect credit upon the British drama than that accomplished by any other management.

The old Queen’s Theatre was leased in joint partnership by Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. Henry J. Byron for a term of two years from Easter 1865. The capital at command was the sum of £1,000. The theatre was “taken very much to pieces, cleaned, painted, reseated, re-decorated, and furnished” in pale blue. This practically absorbed the available funds of the new lessees. But success attended the interpris from the commencement, the curtain appropriately rising on “A Winning Hazard,” a one-act play by Mr. Wooler. The opening programme also included “a new and original operatic burlesque extravaganza” by Mr. Byron, in which Miss Marie Wilton appeared, and the farce of “Vandyke Brown.” Mr. Bancroft made his London *début* in the first piece, and Mr. John Clarke played the principal part in the last.

For subsequent productions Mr. John Hare and Miss Sophie Larkin joined the company, both these distinguished artists then making their first appearance in London. A supremely important

event in the first season was the introduction of Mr. T. W. Robertson to read his comedy called "Society." It was promptly produced, and soon became the talk of the town. Henceforward, Miss Marie Wilton gave up burlesque, and the little house in Tottenham Street became the recognised home of Robertsonian drama—sometimes described by envious critics as "the teacup and saucer school." In the next succeeding years, "Ours," "Caste," "Play," and "School," were successfully launched, all of them running for over 100 nights, and the last mentioned very much longer, which in those days was considered something phenomenal. In the meantime Miss Marie Wilton had become Mrs. Bancroft, although her husband's name did not appear as joint lessee and manager until the season of 1877-78.

Before this time the tide of prosperity was in full flood. The death of Robertson early in 1871 necessitated some alteration in the character of the programme; and from an ambitious revival of "Money," in the following year, it became the rule that no expense should be spared in any new production. This entailed an increase in the prices of admission to the theatre. In 1868 admission to the stalls had been raised from 6s. to 7s., and to the pit from 1s. 6d. to 2s.; and six years later the still bolder step was taken of putting up the price of the stalls to 10s., and charges for admission to other parts of the house accordingly. This innovation resulted in the production of "The School for Scandal," despite its costly staging, being regarded by the management as "a success of the first rank," and the wisdom of it was justified in the next season by the failure of "The Merchant of Venice," which ran only thirty-six nights at a cost to the producers of some £3,000.

As instance of the great change which had come over things theatrical, and for which the Bancrofts were chiefly responsible, it may be mentioned that on the revival of "Caste" in 1879 Mr. George Honey was paid £60 a week for a six months' engagement as against only £18 per week upon its original production in 1867.

The prosperous career of the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre closed with a revival of "Ours," on January 29, 1880, and two days later they opened at the Haymarket Theatre, a fresh lease of which was obtained on condition that £10,000 was spent upon rebuilding the interior. For five years only was this new venture prosecuted, and of the financial success achieved a notion may be gathered from a statement by Mr. Bancroft that, notwithstanding the large amount expended in reconstruction, the Haymarket enterprise "resulted in almost doubling the sum we had realised at the Prince of Wales's Theatre." The farewell performance took

place on July 20, 1885, little more than twenty years after the production of a "A Winning Hazard." The night was a memorable one; probably never before had such a representative and distinguished audience assembled within the walls of a theatre.

In all the Bancrofts gave nearly 3,000 performances of the Robertson comedies, all of which first saw the light in Tottenham Street. Robertson, in fact, counting rehearsals and deducting Sundays, represented the evenings of ten years of life—more than half the period of the Bancroft management. In the ratio of success, "School" was easily first, "Ours" second, and "Caste" third. "School" was, indeed, the most conspicuous success achieved by the Bancrofts either for one or more runs at either or both theatres. Counting collective runs, "Ours" was second; "Diplomacy" (also produced at the Prince of Wales's) third; and "Masks and Faces" fourth. For a single run "Diplomacy" (at the Prince of Wales's) came second; "Fedora" (at the Haymarket) third; and "Ours" (also at the Haymarket) fourth.

Among the creations of Robertson the first favourite with Mrs. Bancroft was Naomi Tighe in "School," though she admits that Polly Eccles in "Caste" was a close second, the play being in this lady's estimation one of the cleverest written in her time. Most playgoers whose memories can take them back to the old days at the Prince of Wales's will agree with Mrs. Bancroft. And after all it was to Tom Robertson that the triumphs of the Bancrofts were mainly due. His genius it was that transformed the playhouse, once derided as the "Dust-hole," into the "Theatre Royal Gold-dust hole."

Following the Bancrofts, the only production of note at the Prince of Wales's Theatre was "The Colonel," by Sir F. C. Burnand, on February 2, 1881. It was played at the last performance given in the theatre on July 24, 1882. "The Colonel" will be remembered as ridiculing the æsthetic craze, and also for the catch phrase of "Why cert'n'ly."

Subsequently the Salvation Army became tenants of this building with "strange, eventful history," and the name of the "Blood and Fire" organisation appeared in bold letters on the outward walls until the end.

But for some years prior to its demolition in August 1903, the old house was deserted and fast falling into decay. Its substantial outer walls had defied the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" for more than a full century; but once the house-breakers set to work, they were speedily razed to the ground. Not only the site

occupied by the old Prince of Wales's, but considerable adjoining property was cleared to make way for the new theatre and hotel. Nothing of the original structure remains except the portico in Tottenham Street, and this has now been re-plastered out of all previous knowledge.

In its last stage of existence the erstwhile King's Concert Room once again deserved its sobriquet of the "Dust-hole." Most of the internal decorations and furniture had been allowed to remain. Presumably they were in such dilapidated condition as not to be worth separate purchase when the place was dismantled. Thus were the once comfortable cushioned chairs, still covered in pale but very much faded blue—the first ten-shilling stalls in a London theatre—tumbled into the general wreckage.

The story told by a workman engaged in the process of dismantling the theatre is strongly reminiscent of one related by Mr.—now Sir Squire—Bancroft in regard to the reconstruction of the old Haymarket Theatre. At night he used to watch the work with irresistible fascination, and during the process of demolition he recalls that one of the men described the fleas disturbed as being "more like ponies!" In the final scenes enacted at the little house in Tottenham Street the only living creatures disturbed were rats. Of these no fewer than a hundred and thirty were captured. This is a fact, and, in the language of the gentleman employed on the job, they were "all very fine and large."

R. O. SHERINGTON.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF STONE.

Approach with awful step the Grecian School,
The sculptured reliques of her skill survey.

IT is almost difficult to realise that in the heart of this great commercial mart called London, and within a few yards of one of its greatest arteries of traffic, are to be found, in all their silent majesty, the tremendous fragments of the work of the greatest artists in stone that the world has ever seen, or ever will see. The frantic crowd that passes by outside with rolling wheel and hurrying foot has little enough concern with things like these. The "latest winner" or the "County Championship" are things that come home to its business and bosom, and that "touch it more nearly." But yet certain there are that step aside to gaze upon and commune with these shattered wrecks, and these learn to love them with a love that some find it passing hard to understand.

Merely the history of these battered relics is more enthralling than the adventures of Ulysses. Surely no tale that is told could be half as strange! At first they slumbered in the marble quarries of Pentelicus, in Northern Attica, shapeless, dumb, until Pheidias came, the great magician whose name still echoes round the world, and freed them from their lone, dark prison, and sent them forth into the light to speak to men.

And what a world it was that greeted them! The time, the fifth century B.C., the Golden Age of Art, the time of Pericles! And what a place! Standing forth in undimmed splendour on the friezes and pediments of the great Doric temple of the virgin Minerva, the Parthenon, just completed by Ictinus and Callicrates and decorated by Pheidias and his disciples, they were in an Olympian Heaven of Beauty. All around them were the masterpieces of the most glorious band of artists that ever dreamed in stone. The great temple, the most perfect monument of Greek architecture, was seated on the most important site of the Acropolis at Athens. It was completed in the year 438 B.C., and its history and description are too well known to need any repetition.

The precious and inestimable fragments of these sublime forms that remain to us in London may be divided into three classes : (i.) the colossal statues from the eastern and western gables ; (ii.) the bas-reliefs from the frieze of the *cella* or sanctuary inside the colonnade or peristyle which entirely surrounded the *cella* ; and (iii.) the sculptures of the great external frieze, known as metopes, because they occupied the spaces between the architectural ornaments called triglyphs which were above the entablature of the colonnade.

Dealing first with the great sculptures of the eastern and western façades. The sculptor had to work upon a triangular tympanum, in which he must arrange his figures according to their height. The largest must be in the centre ; at the angles the figures must necessarily be seated or recumbent. The subject of the eastern gable was the birth of Pallas—the first appearance of the goddess among the Olympians when she sprang, fully armed, from the brain of Zeus under the hatchet of Vulcan. The scene stood out from a background of red (*rosso antico*), as did the metopes ; and the figures were so arranged that each statue had its share of light and shade every hour of the day. Alas, that many of these figures, and these the chief of them, are irreparably lost ! The civilised world will never cease to mourn their loss. We can only tell from history and conjecture what the subjects of these divine groups were. The ruined fragments we possess are not sufficient to enable us to reconstruct the scene. The statues and reliefs were brought from Athens in the first few years of the nineteenth century by Lord Elgin, to whom they were given by the Sultan Selim III. In London they are arranged as they stood originally. We are helped somewhat as to the arrangement of the frieze, the metopes, and the two pediments, by some drawings, made in 1674, by Carrey, the pupil of Lebrun, for the Marquis de Nointel, who was French Ambassador at Constantinople. The building of the temple was then much injured, but still complete.

Of the statues of the eastern pediment there remain, out of the score or so of figures it contained, but five fragments from the left angle, and four from the right angle. These covered about sixty feet in length, the pediment being one hundred English feet long. No trace has ever been discovered of all that filled the forty feet in the centre, which would be the most important part of the scene. Zeus, Athena, and Hephæstus—all have perished utterly. We are told by M. de Laborde that after the siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, their leader, Morosini, compelled to abandon his

enterprise, wished to carry away with him the richest trophies of the Parthenon to Venice, but the removal of the principal statues from the pediments was so hastily and awkwardly effected that they were thrown to the earth and broken to pieces. And so we must, perforce, console ourselves with the fragments that we have, which, shapeless, mutilated, ruined as they are, form an heritage beyond all price. Ottfried Müller informs us that the subject of the eastern pediment is taken from a hymn of Homer. In the extreme left angle we find the head of Helios, the Sun, rising from the waves at early morning, reining in his horses, whose heads also emerge from the sea. Next is the recumbent form of Theseus, the Athenian hero, reclining on a rock, the most complete of all these mutilated remains. Next, Persephone and Demeter, one leaning on the shoulder of the other; then, rising still higher, Iris, the Messenger of the Gods, communicating the intelligence of the birth. Then come, alas! the lamentable hiatus of forty feet, and then, descending in height, in the right angle a Winged Victory, then the famous group of the Parcæ, and lastly, in the extreme corner, the head of one of the horses of the chariot of Selene (Night) plunging into ocean. All these figures are of great size, and are all finished with the most minute skill and accuracy. The very parts hidden from view are worked with the same conscientious thoroughness, the same exquisite skill as the rest, and as they stand in the Elgin Saloon at the British Museum one can go behind the statues and, with reverence and awe, learn what love of Art for Art's sake inspired the Greek artist at his greatest.

These, especially the Parcæ and the Theseus, represent the zenith, the culminating point in sculpture—they are the grandest, the most sublime works of art that man has made. “To believe it possible to surpass them, will always be not to know them.”

There are degrees in all things. The figures from the western pediment are not so fine, although immeasurably superior to everything in the world of their kind except those just described. They are even in a worse plight as to mutilation. The story of the western gable is the dispute of Poseidon and Pallas. Look we now at its broken remains, splendid and majestic in their ruin, set out in order as they originally stood. Beginning at the left angle, we find the figure of Ilyssus, a stream dedicated to the Muses. Then comes the colossal figure of Cecrops who built Athens; then fragments of a Pallas, the breast covered with the Ægis (the head of Medusa, with bronze serpents); and then—the crowning glory of the pediment—the famous torso of Poseidon; then the fragment of a

Nikè Apteros; and, lastly, in the extreme right angle, the fragments of a group of Latona and her children. We are all of us familiar with the story of Michael Angelo, who called himself the pupil of the torso of the Belvedere by Apollonius, in his old age, when all but blind, following with his trembling fingers the outlines of this torso, when he could no longer see them. What would he have said to works like these?

We come now to the bas-reliefs of the *cella*. They consisted of a series of marble slabs sculptured in low relief, the subject being the festive procession of the Panathenæa, or (according to Boetticher) the preparations for this procession, which took place every fourth year in the month of July. The fêtes were founded in honour of Minerva by the King Erichthonius in 1500 B.C. We have in London fifty-three of these slabs. The reliefs, 3 ft. 4 in. high, covered 528 ft. in length, and of these the British Museum has 456 ft. The places of the missing slabs have been supplied by plaster casts, and they are all arranged in the order in which they stood on the walls of the *cella*. The subjects of several of the first slabs are gods and goddesses and deified heroes seated in pairs—Zeus and Hera, Castor and Pollux, Æsculapius and Hygeia, Peitho and Eros, and many others. Then follow trains of girls, bearing gifts, then the victims for the sacrifice, chariots and charioteers, the aliens resident in Athens (the metœci, who largely had control of the trade of the city), and lastly a band of cavaliers wearing the chlamys. This group of horsemen is the best part of the frieze, and the variety and skill of the attitudes, both of men and horses, and, in the case of all, the power of modelling, the finish, the delicacy of chiselling, and the sublime beauty of the forms, combine to make them the unattainable ideal and the masterpiece of the art of bas-relief.

The metopes between the triglyph blocks were square niches, making a kind of frame for ornaments in very high relief, which were of a character between sculpture and low relief. The backgrounds were painted red, while the intervening triglyphs were blue. The niches were too high up for bas-reliefs to be visible, and not deep enough for statues, so that they were supplied with ornament of this intermediate nature. There were originally ninety-two of these tablets, each 4 ft. 3 in. square, and they were chiefly groups of combatants—Athene fighting against the Gigantes, Theseus against the Amazons and Centaurs—in each case order and law against brute force and violence. Of the original number only sixteen are in London.

It is said, on the authority of Pausanias, that the sculptures of the

metopes were the work of Alcamenes, the favourite disciple of Pheidias. It is, of course, impossible that the forty or fifty statues and the 4,000 square feet of high and low relief with which the temple was embellished could have been the actual work of the hand of Pheidias ; but such as were not actually executed by him were undoubtedly designed and inspired by him, and carried out by artists little, if any, inferior to himself. Of the remainder of the metopes—there were fourteen at each end and thirty-two at each side—a great number were destroyed in the explosion of 1687, shortly to be mentioned ; one is in the Louvre, three in the museum at Athens, and fragments of a few remain in their original position. The best-preserved are those from the south side, the subject being the conflict of the Lapithæ and Centaurs—the Lapithæ having aided Theseus in his struggles with these monsters. It is scarcely necessary to add that in these, as in the rest of the sculptures, the design and execution are of the highest possible order.

And now to return to their strange, eventful history. Man has most industriously aided the three-and-twenty centuries of time that have passed over their heads in the work of ruin and disintegration. The destruction and spoliation of the buildings of Athens began with the conquest by the Romans under Mummius. Once the course of ruin had commenced, Athens, which Gibbon truly called the native seat of the Muses and the Arts, became the prey of one barbarian after another. Then came the Goths ; then the Christians, who saw nothing in Greek statues but pagan idols ; then the furious Byzantine iconoclasts ; the Crusaders and Baldwin of Flanders in 1204. And later on, with Roger de Flor and his Aragonese tearing Attica from the Greek Empire in 1312, and the Venetians wresting it from the Aragonese in 1370, and Mahomet still later driving out the Venetians, it may only too readily be understood why the remains are in their present condition. Situated as it was on the Acropolis, the temple came in for its full share of injury. But the fact that in the Middle Ages it had become a Christian church protected it from a certain amount of spoliation, and the building was fairly intact until the great catastrophe of 1687, during the siege of the city by the Venetians under Morosini, when, being used as a powder magazine by the Turks, it was struck by a bomb from the besieging artillery and almost totally destroyed. And so its ruins have remained with but little alteration since.

And now after these strange scenes of splendour and glory, followed by such destruction and disaster, these pitiable fragments

have found, it is to be hoped, a final resting-place in the British Museum. Truly, a strange, eventful history !

Such are the Elgin Marbles, and such has been their story, and fortunate indeed are we to have them within our gates : they are a great and a proud possession. To those that have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, they speak of a time that never shall be seen again. They take us back to the days of Athens at her greatest, the days of Pericles and Pheidias, of Polygnotus and Ageladas, of Æschylus and Sophocles, of Euripides and Pindar. Their enemies have passed away, and are well-nigh forgotten. Stern Roman legionary, fierce Byzantine iconoclast, Roger de Flor and his savage Aragonese, Venetians, Turks—all the horde of ferocious vandals have vanished ; but the marbles of the Parthenon still remain to us, a perpetual instruction and delight. The hand of time, and, still more, the destructive energy of man, have reduced them to the state in which we now behold them ; but they are still so grand, so splendid, so truly divine, that we may be certain that, while the world endures and men prize the beautiful and the sublime, these stones will still occupy a great place in human heart and mind, and that it will still be true, as it is to-day, that

In the ears of the world
They are sung, they are told,
And the light of them hurled,
And the noise of them rolled
From the Acroceraunian snow to the ford of the Fleece of Gold.

HERBERT J. WEBBER.

GRANT ALLEN.

HUXLEY, in his masterly volume on Hume, alludes to the Pascals and Mozarts, the Newtons and Raffaeles, through whom we obtain new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty. Such men are "the choice and master spirits" of their age; for them are reserved the higher niches in the Temple of Fame; it is they who bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. As poets, musicians, artists, astronomers, biologists, they rise to the highest heaven of invention or discovery; they fill the earth with their fame. Others, not themselves artists or craftsmen, can, nevertheless, write skilfully about the arts and crafts; and if we may call the former specialistic practitioners, we may call the latter expositors to the world at large.

Of such expositors Grant Allen was, I think, a supreme type. When, on Wednesday, October 25, 1899, he died at Hind Head, England lost the second of her most versatile men of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The first was Gladstone; the second, if I err not, was Grant Allen; the third, beyond question or cavil, is Mr. Andrew Lang. To scholarship of the first order, and a wide knowledge of history and theology, Gladstone added an unrivalled experience of parliamentary life and affairs. Mr. Lang has a European reputation as a master of literature, classical, mediæval, and modern, and as a writer of witty verses. Grant Allen, to many attainments as a scholar and a man of letters, added a wide knowledge of natural and physical sciences in which his two eminent contemporaries did not pretend to dabble. In all, he wrote some seventy volumes. The range and quality of those volumes was well suggested in an obituary notice in the "Daily News":—"There was nothing he could not and did not write about, and whatever he wrote was pointed and suggestive." We are, I think, somewhat prone to forget the admirable work done by this learned and skilful writer. If it be urged that he wrote no great book, we may reply that few men do so. Further, if we acknowledge, as I think we must, that he contributed little to the Literature of Power, we can claim in

return that few writers have done so much to popularise the Literature of Knowledge. No monograph of equal compass can ever supplant his "Charles Darwin"; no biologist could enhance the merit and charm of "Flashlights on Nature"; no fault-finding can ever prove more palatable than "Post-Prandial Philosophy." I purpose to write a few remarks on the chief characteristics of this many-sided author.

I.

First, as to his many-sidedness. It is not easy to name another writer at once so lucid, so logical, so informing, so uniformly interesting as Grant Allen. His entire works form, indeed, a small library, and I envy that man who has mastered them all. It has been said that by reading, in chronological sequence, those essays by Macaulay which treat of English history, we may gather a respectable knowledge of our country's story from the days of Elizabeth to those of Chatham—the collected fragments form, at least approximately, a complete whole. Similarly, Grant Allen wrote, roughly speaking, one hundred papers on botanical subjects; and those papers, collected and arranged, would form perhaps the largest treatise on botany extant. But botany was only one among many subjects which shared his attention almost daily, and led him to exercise those arts of exposition of which he was so admirable a master.

The man of versatile gifts is to many a fascinating personality, worthy of earnest study. Taken collectively, and apart from the exigencies of the hour, we are hardly a versatile nation—which, being interpreted, means that if we are occasionally versatile from necessity, we are seldom so from choice. We are somewhat sceptical concerning such prodigies as Wotton or Hamilton or Brougham. When an author discourses on many topics we tremble for the intrinsic worth of any of his books. We deem it impossible that one man can comprehend many subjects; we suspect that his energies are dissipated; we fear he may prove inaccurate and superficial. And, in nine cases out of ten, we do well to be wary. But Grant Allen, as a writer, was the outcome of very exceptional circumstances. Perhaps no English writer was ever so admirably equipped, by education and experience, for the professorship of things in general. Celtic by descent, and Canadian by birth, he studied in Canada, in France, and in England. The formative influences which contributed to his evolution ranged from rambles among the islands of the St. Lawrence to sojourns at Algiers and Antibes; from tutorial duties at Oxford, Brighton, Cheltenham, and Reading to his Professorship

of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Government College, Spanish Town, Jamaica. And when we remember that throughout his life he read widely and well, and observed, wherever he went, the phenomena of nature and the spectacle of human life, we see how it came about that Grant Allen, whose life extended from 1848 to 1899, was the author not only of forty novels, but of such books as "The Colour Sense," "Force and Energy," "Charles Darwin," "Anglo-Saxon Britain," "Vignettes from Nature," and "The Evolution of the Idea of God." Mr. Edward Clodd, in a brief memoir of his friend, dwelt upon those formative influences and the splendid results to which they led. Very appropriately he prefixed to that memoir the quotation from Scripture which Grant Allen had himself quoted in his "Story of the Plants":—"He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

To learn at a glance something of Grant Allen's versatility we may read his summary of the progress of science from 1836 to 1886, in the Jubilee number of the "Fortnightly Review." He touches many diverse topics and strays into many bypaths of science; but his step is always sure and his course direct. The battle so ably waged by Lyell on behalf of uniformitarianism in geology; the evolution of the nebular hypothesis, from Kant to Lord Kelvin; the glacial epoch theory; the growth of the doctrine of biological evolution, from the embryonic speculations of Lamarck to the synthetic expositions of Spencer and Wallace; the systematic study of man by anthropological investigation, from the palæolithic flints of Abbeville to the deductions of Huxley and Boyd Dawkins; the progress of research in comparative religion; the conservation of energy; planetary and sidereal astronomy—these, and many other subjects, are touched upon in the article mentioned. Moreover, as one turns its pages, one feels that it is no mere perfunctory essay, "got up" in journalistic fashion, but the outcome of knowledge, of reflection, and of great literary skill. Above all, one realises that complex subjects are rendered lucid and interesting, and that Grant Allen, like Huxley, was assuredly blest with "an ineradicable tendency to try and make things clear." Such a tendency, no doubt, should manifest itself in the work of every good writer; but, as Mr. John Morley has pointed out in his essay on Macaulay, we do well to remember how seldom its aims are completely attained.

II.

Passing from the general to the particular, I give precedence to the most momentous of his subjects. Max Müller frequently insisted that there are more Bibles than one ; Thoreau, when asked whether he had studied "the Scriptures," replied by the question, "Which?" The broad facts of the multiplicity of religions, and of their many points of resemblance, were not overlooked by so shrewd and earnest a thinker as Grant Allen. It occurred to him, while yet a young man, that the problems of comparative religion might be investigated on scientific lines in the same manner as the problems of biology. To the dictum "as there is an anatomy of the body, so there is an anatomy of the mind," he added, "and of opinions also." Once committed to the task, he commenced, true Darwinian as he was, to bring together an immense number of facts. He claimed that his work was constructive rather than destructive. He was to account for the origin and development of religious beliefs in the same way that he accounted for the colours on the corolla of the bindweed, or for the bill of the green woodpecker. Unlike Mr. Baring-Gould or Mr. Andrew Lang, neither of whom denies the "supernatural," he was to show that man's ideas concerning God, or gods, were necessarily acquired through his relations with the external universe. As he himself wrote, "The problem before us divides itself into three main portions : first, how did man come to believe in many gods—the origin of polytheism ; second, how, by elimination of most of these gods, did certain races of men come to believe in one single supreme and omnipotent God—the origin of monotheism ; third, how, having arrived at that concept, did the most advanced races and civilisations come to conceive of that God as Triune, and to identify one of His Persons with a particular divine and human incarnation—the origin of Christianity." In a word, he was to trace the development of myth and cult and ritual from primitive or even primordial belief and practice.

It was a great undertaking, but the outcome was a mere torso. Published in October 1897, "The Evolution of the Idea of God," like the "Origin of Species," was tentative. Its author did not live long enough to write any subsequent volume or volumes such as he had provisionally promised. Moreover, the book did not excite public attention, or stimulate discussion, so freely as he hoped. Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. The book was not a bolt from the blue. Its author was widely known ; its general drift and conclusions were anticipated. It is the ravaging of the orthodox

hinterland by those Higher Critics who dwell therein which stimulates strife ; it is the Hortons, the Hensley Hensons, the Cliffords, the Boyd Carpenters who provoke their brethren to do battle with one another and with themselves. In point of fact, the book pleases as strongly as it offends, be the reader an Agnostic, a Romanist, an Anglican ritualist, a Baptist, a Quaker, or a Christadelphian. Each in turn may say, "I told you so," particularly if they read it as they read their Bible. The elderly lady of strict Baptist persuasions, if indeed she would read a book written by an "atheist," would probably exclaim, "Ah ! that's what I've always thought. Those early hideous sacrifices were all typical of the Great Sacrifice that was to come. I love to read about those types and symbols, so ignorantly set forth in darker days." "I see," says the Quaker, "it is here laid down by Grant Allen that Religion is practice, Mythology is story-telling. In that there is much truth." "Grant Allen," says the Evangelical cleric, "shows clearly that the sacrifice of the Mass is merely the perpetuation, under altered forms, of horrid sacrificial rites of world-wide practice, and that the Roman or High Anglican ritualist is but one of many who are or have been wont to create, to adore, and to eat their gods."

I am aware that to many earnest men and women the doctrines propounded in "The Evolution of the Idea of God" are inexpressibly shocking. Those doctrines I am by no means defending ; indeed, whilst I greatly value the book as a record of custom and myth, I do not see that Grant Allen's deductions are always, or even usually, obvious. I am merely summarising his conclusions for the sake of readers who are not well acquainted with his work. And here I may briefly state his opinions concerning our relations to the universe—opinions expressed in many volumes, always with cogency, always with a wealth of allusion and illustration.

The world and they that dwell therein were envisaged by Grant Allen from the mountain peak of knowledge. I use the word *envisaged* advisedly, for it was a favourite word of his own, as many an essay testifies. At the outset, it is necessary to remember that he accepted the doctrine of evolution—natural selection, descent with modification, survival of the fittest—in *toto*. He preferred to side with Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley, in short, with the consensus of specialistic opinion, rather than to claim part or lot with Virchow and Ranke, who, while they deny Darwin's conclusions, have never, as Haeckel pointed out in 1895, endeavoured to refute scientifically the doctrine of evolution, or to explain the phenomena of organic nature causatively by any other theory. His essays in biological

science are very numerous, and read side by side with those on other subjects they exhibit a comprehensive theory of the universe. Like James Mill, he "assumed a negative aspect towards revealed truth." Evolution, not Revelation, was to him the master-key that unlocked every mystery. As the earth is not the centre of the universe, so it was not the stage chosen for the enacting of the greatest tragedy of all time. Chalmers, Cumming, and others may suggest, more or less plausibly, that our world is the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, the prodigal son, and thus account for its supposed prominence in the Divine economy; but science, as understood by Grant Allen, knows nothing of such gratuitous explanations of the obviously inexplicable. Man is a vertebrate animal, a product of eons of biological evolution, and the earth was not constructed primarily or solely that it might be prepared, during immense periods, for his reception and sustenance. The coming and passing of man fill but one canto in the cosmical epos. So surely as our coal-beds are the result of the vegetation and submergences of the carboniferous epoch, so surely as the frog was once a tadpole and the butterfly once a caterpillar, so surely is man the latest but not necessarily the last outcome of an infinite series of anatomical and morphological metamorphoses. As in biology, so in psychology. The mind of man was foreshadowed in the brain of monsters that wallowed in primeval seas or dozed away eternities on oozy shores. For as, structure for structure, the sensiferous organs in the dog, in the gorilla, and in man are fundamentally similar, so experiment has determined that the dog, the gorilla, and man exhibit common phenomena in the matters of cognition and ideation. And hence, with logical consistency, Grant Allen reasoned similarly in regard to Hebrew, Christian, or heathen theologies. Descent with modification has evolved the mythological and religious concepts of the Akkadian Shamanist, the devotee of Osiris or Venus or Capitoline Jove, the Brahmin, the Hottentot, the Bushman, the Digger Indian, the Romanist, the Anglican, the Salvationist, the Plymouth Brother. Protestant Bibliolatry, finally, is as naturally the outcome of a faith based upon "divinely inspired" documents as the erect carriage of man is the outcome of decreasing arboreal proclivities in his anthropomorphic ancestors. It is all a question of the evolution of the idea of God, or of gods many and lords many; or, to vary the phrase, the entire system of things, physical, human, and divine, is the outcome of a "linked *sequence* long drawn out," the result of which sequence, in any direction, would have been far different had any link been constituted other than it was.

III.

I turn to consider Grant Allen's attitude towards the world—or, rather, towards the politics and prejudices of his fellow-men. He resembled in no small degree the "Scallywag" of his own fancy. He owed little allegiance to the traditions of Oxford. He could hardly affirm, like Gibbon, that Oxford was "sunk in prejudice and port," but he certainly held, with Matthew Arnold, that she was "the home of lost causes." His contempt for our university curriculum was as deep as Huxley's and was expressed with almost bitter frankness in 'Post-Prandial Philosophy,' 'The European Tour,' and other books. "At present, of course, in all our schools in England there is no systematic teaching of knowledge at all; what replaces it is the teaching of the facts of language, and for most part useless facts, or even of exploded fictions. Our public schools, especially (by which phrase we never mean real public schools like the board schools at all, but merely schools for the upper and middle classes), are in their existing state primarily great gymnasiums . . . and secondarily, places for imparting a sham and imperfect knowledge of some few philological facts about two extinct languages. . . . Besides, look at our results! The typical John Bull! pig-headed, ignorant, brutal. Are we really such immense successes ourselves that we must needs perpetuate the mould that warped us?" These are strong words, but they were uttered sincerely. Moreover, they were penned by one who was himself an excellent classical scholar, and were therefore no mere disparaging of studies by one who had neglected them. He had travelled extensively in the golden realms of Homer and Virgil, but he had the sense to know that many who had never set foot in those territories were successful citizens and worthy men.

Perhaps no English writer was more typical of the so-called "Little Englander." Controversy, as Mr. Lang has wisely said, is always to be avoided, so my remarks in this connection shall be brief. But if by "Little Englander" is meant one who exposes what the late Professor Seeley called "our insular ignorance;" one who would help us to see ourselves as others see us; one who assures us, with the late Charles Colbeck of Harrow, that our title to India is no better than was Cæsar's to Britain; one who can see, what many of his fellows cannot, that our dislike of "foreigners" is based upon ignorance, and that we are truly great and good in proportion as our interests are cosmopolitan—then, most certainly, Grant Allen was deeply tainted with Little Englandism. But, as many of us venture to think, the opprobrious title is seldom justly

applied. In point of fact, it is often uttered in ignorance. I venture to assert that not one in fifty of our equally misnamed "Imperialists" could write any adequate answer to the article entitled "Why keep India?" contributed by Grant Allen to the "Fortnightly Review."

Perhaps, however, nothing vexed Grant Allen quite so deeply as the unwritten laws of the literary world. Few of his articles were so vigorous and incisive as his diatribe on "Letters in Philistia," also contributed to the Review just named. Fortunately, as he thought, these laws are restricted, for the most part, to the domain of fiction. But in that domain their influence is only too apparent, and Grant Allen, deeming that influence almost wholly detrimental to the artistic and æsthetic interests of literature, brought to the attack every weapon of which he was master—and he was master of many. It is seldom one meets with such eloquent special pleading in the pages of periodical literature.

I will endeavour to summarise his argument in the compass of a paragraph. The British author lives, figuratively speaking, in the land of Philistia, and his writings, if he desires halfpence rather than kicks, or at best neglect, must conform to the prejudices of the Philistine mind. At first sight this may seem no unusual state of things: a writer, if he would find many readers, must surely write what people care to read. But the advocates of free thought and unfettered utterance in this country, who number in their ranks most of our shrewdest thinkers and most artistic writers, are at a disadvantage when compared with their contemporaries on the Continent. For in no country does the average reader so frequently choose his books at the dictation of another as in our own. The dictator is perhaps a priest, perhaps "Mr. Mudie," perhaps "the Right Honourable Goliath of the railway bookstalls," perhaps even a Dissenting grocer, or one who is at heart a cheesemonger, albeit he may wear a coronet and live in Belgrave Square. But, under whatever guise, his influence is the same. The vast majority read, not what their own instincts approve, but what is known to be approved by some bourgeois magnate. Hence, as readers borrow their tastes from such persons, and as those readers must be propitiated if an author would live by his pen, it follows that he labours in fetters, and that even if his genius be divine he is called upon to make sport for the Philistine. In a word, the author's grievance is not that he must write what men care to read, but that ten thousand readers adopt the taste of one stodgy, bourgeois, Philistine soul, who happens to bear a potent influence over their sect, and who persuades them to adopt his literary prejudices.

Grant Allen was far too shrewd to hope to effect a revolution,

either in Grub Street or in Paternoster Row, by his "Letters in Philistia." He was willing, perhaps content, to utter his protest and pass on. Nor am I sure, despite any hope which he expressed to the contrary, that he looked for any definite result from his gospel concerning the relationship between the sexes—that gospel which, first preached in such essays as "Plain Words on the Woman Question," "The Decline of Marriage," and "A Glimpse into Utopia," found fuller and more daring utterance in his novel entitled "The Woman who did," published by Mr. John Lane in 1895.

Concerning that gospel I do not purpose to write. But I may point out, in passing, that the most violent attacks on its morality came from persons who had never read the book. As is usual in such cases, true Jedwood justice was dealt out to the offending author. As Macaulay puts it in regard to Byron, "first came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation." Perhaps I cannot do better than quote a few words from Mr. Edward Clodd's Memoir, if only to show how entirely the public misjudged the author of "The Woman who did." "His words on the marriage problem have added weight in the fact that his own domestic life was of the happiest, the love of wife knowing no change, save that it ripened with the years, while zest in all to which he put his hand was quickened by the hopes wrapped up in the future of his boy. However, the world knew little of this and believed the worst that it heard. It argued that a man who attacked the institution of marriage and defended free love must be a libertine; it declared that his separation from his wife was notorious, whereas the fact is that he was never happy on the rare occasions that he was away from her." When an "interview" with Allen, published in an evening paper, closed with the words, "He is happily married," the compositor soothed his doubts by thus punctuating it: "He is, happily, married." Surely, on such occasions, Grant Allen must have smiled somewhat bitterly, and must have remembered a sentence of Darwin's: "great is the power of steady misrepresentation."

IV.

Happily, in regard to Grant Allen's many essays on subjects more or less scientific, there is but one opinion among competent judges. They are almost wholly satisfactory. Professor Henslow may deny the essayist's conclusions concerning the effects of self-fertilisation in flowers; others, like the present writer, may take

exception to his puzzling remarks touching the manifestations of volition in plant life ; others, yet again, may question his accuracy in detailed botanical description, or may quarrel, as physicists, with his "Force and Energy." But one or a few swallows do not make a summer, nor can critics seriously question the unique charm, the admirable lucidity, the first-hand knowledge so apparent in his biological writings. That his work was acceptable to his greatest contemporaries he had abundant proof. The late Herbert Spencer wrote to him, in 1877, expressing the opinion that "Physiological *Æsthetics*" deserved a great success ; Huxley, thanking him for a copy of "Vignettes from Nature," admired its "precision and popularity" ; Darwin, on several occasions, expressed unreserved admiration of his botanical expositions.

The reasons for Grant Allen's success as an exponent of natural history are not far to seek. In all his essays there is a personal touch, a feeling of companionship, which is very winning. You are ever at the expositor's elbow ; you go with him into the neighbourhood of grove and field, you are present as he plucks the way-side blossom, or captures the trap-door spider. Miss Bird has written of the charm of his companionship at Antibes ; Professor York Powell says : "The object-lesson was dear to him, and he could make it a real means of education. Plants, trees, birds, beasts, insects, rocks and rivers, braes and banks, moors and marshes, the sea-shore and the high fells, each and all had a tale to tell, and he could translate more of the tale than most men." He held, with Pope, that "men must be taught as though you taught them not." Hence, when reading his "Moorland Idylls" or "Evolutionist at Large" you find that where you thought only of amusement you have in fact reaped a rich harvest of instruction. Indeed, I know few volumes on similar subjects more wholly delightful than his. Open them where you will, the attention is at once arrested.

I shall not soon forget my first readings in "Science in Arcady." I felt—to make the inevitable quotation—

" like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

I journeyed through a fairy world of wonders. I was present in spirit when, in the Miocene period, the Azores isles first lifted their heads above the Atlantic waves ; I witnessed the growth of vegetation and the arrival of insect and bird in that storm-swept archipelago ; I rambled with him in the desert homes of the prickly pear and the squirting cucumber, and in that far island of Jamaica, where are neither Greek iambics nor wall-papers nor the "Saturday Review," but where

the hibiscus flames before wattled huts, parrots chatter among the mangoes, and little children disport themselves in the stream. In such papers as "The Bronze Axe," reprinted from the "Cornhill," and "An English Shire" from the "Gentleman's Magazine," he is quite at his best, whilst his consummate and almost perverse ingenuity perhaps reaches its zenith in the essay entitled "Mud." That essay is indeed a masterpiece of its kind: it keeps you by the "shores of old romance"—the romance of the fashioning of this world, the story of mud in its many manifestations. Starting with the statement that mud, aggregate for aggregate, is the most valuable of all minerals, he proceeds to prove his proposition by a series of arguments which anybody can follow, but which few persons could have supplied. He takes you down the Nile in a dahabieh; he points to the bare desert, parted by "one long line of alluvial soil—in other words, Nile mud"—upon which Egypt depends for the growth of her crops, and for the materials of her homes and her pottery. He shows you, plausibly enough, that the continual superimposing of deposit over deposit in the great Delta will in due time surely transform the Eastern Mediterranean into dry land, just as similar processes have in the dim past produced the Bengal and the Mesopotamia which we know to-day. He reminds us that to mud, and to mud only, we owe the bricks of Babylon, the wonders of Agra and Delhi, the paddy-fields of the Irrawaddy. He argues, much to our surprise, that Lombardy was not shaped when man first appeared on the earth, and that early races of skin-clad, roving savages looked down upon the valley of the Po, not as we see it, but as a gulf-like expanse of the waters which flooded the bases of the hills of Rivoli and Turin. Similarly, he argues that the Deccan was once a huge island, and that the great plain of Bengal was once an arm of the sea. "This ancient sea washed the foot of the Himalayas and spread south thence for 600 miles to the base of the Vindhya. . . . Gradually the silt thus brought down accumulated on either side, till the rivers ran together in two great systems: one westward, the Indus, with its four great tributaries, Jhelum, Chenab, Ravee, Sutlej; one eastward, the Ganges, reinforced lower down by the sister streams of the Jumna and the Brahmaputra. The colossal accumulation of silt thus produced filled up at last all the great arm of the sea between the two mountain chains, and joined the Deccan by slow degrees to the continent of Asia. It is still engaged in filling up the Bay of Bengal on one side by the detritus of the Ganges, and the Arabian Sea on the other by the sandbanks of the Indus." Such sentences

might figure in a pseudo-scientific fairy-tale, but it would not, perhaps, be easy to impeach their physiographical accuracy.

Studies more exclusively biological, studies in which botany figures largely, were reprinted as "Moorland Idylls," "Colin Clout's Calendar," and "The Evolutionist at Large." The last named, originally contributed to the "St. James's Gazette," elicited a letter from Darwin, full of praise and kindly encouragement, as his letters so often were. "I have this minute read the last word of 'The Evolutionist at Large,' and I hope that you will not think me troublesome if I tell you how much the whole has pleased me. . . . I quite envy you your power of writing—your words flow so easily, clearly, and pleasantly." Lesser men have been no less pleased with that singularly fascinating volume. Its title was well chosen. It is the work of one who finds, even in the most casual of natural phenomena, evidences of the general truth of the evolutionary hypothesis. Such papers as "The Origin of Walnuts" and "Butterfly Psychology" are excellent examples of his method and style, and could have been written by very few other observers. For the observation of nature, as cultivated by Grant Allen, is an art rarely exercised—as rarely, perhaps, as that equally scientific observation of more human phenomena, so admirably exemplified in the stories concerning Sherlock Holmes, from the pen of his brilliant contemporary.

Yet another volume, entitled "Common-Sense Science," was addressed to readers in America. I must refrain from much further quotation, but can recommend the essays "Second Nature," "The Winter Rest," "English Chalk Downs," and "Inhabited Worlds" to all who love sound teaching, deftly phrased. The volume was published by Lathrop of Boston; its preface was dated from Concord, "Thoreau's Town." And this reminds me of what is—*me judice*—the most charming essay ever penned by Grant Allen, which was contributed to the "Fortnightly Review," under the title "Sunday at Concord." It belongs to a class of literature which is surely of enduring charm, and is worthy to rank with Stevenson's "Random Memories," or Mr. Lang's "A Border Boyhood," which is saying a good deal. That Concord suggested much to Grant Allen need hardly be said. Its literary and political traditions lay very near his heart, and his only difficulty was to restrict his essay within reasonable limits. His catholicity of taste—the wide range of his interests, scientific, topographical, historical, and literary—is apparent on every page. Now his literary, now his botanical predilections get the upper hand. Now it is Hawthorne

and the "Wayside," now Thoreau and Walden Pond, now the blue grass-lilies, the evening primroses, the purple milkweed along the lush roadside. Asa Gray accompanied him as "written word" in those New England copses; on the shingly shore at Walden he remembered Emerson, Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. This diversity of interests is well illustrated by his concluding words. "Presently a strange wild cry struck upon our ears. It was the whip-poor-will uttering his plaintive scream in the dusk of the evening above the misty meadow-land. We had not heard him before since our return to America; time and place conspired to reinforce the mystic dreamings of childish recollections. Once, twice, thrice, the three words harshly spoken, fell plain and distinct upon our ears as human articulation, then they faded away slowly in the distance, and nothing was left but the buzz of the insects and the faint rustling of Hester Prynne's ghostly gown against the steep parapet of the wooden staircase."

V.

Grant Allen, when first he took to literature as a means of livelihood, suffered many disappointments. He has recorded how, in his early days of would-be authorship, he wrote one hundred papers, embracing a great variety of subjects. Some returned to him after many days, accompanied by the customary, stereotyped editorial regrets; others, presumably, were thrown into waste-paper baskets, for he saw them no more; not one was published or paid for. Many and diversified were the wares he had to offer; but no man bought of him. Already, as I have tried to show, he had learnt many things; one, more important than all, he had yet to learn. He had to learn that if a man would live by his brains and pen he must write "stuff" for which there is a demand in the literary and journalistic markets. The lesson, by so shrewd a pupil, was soon taken to heart; and presently, in all England, few writers were so continuously active as he.

For, when once his work was accepted, his literary aspirations were speedily gratified. Magazine after magazine yielded to his attacks, and articles from his pen appeared with increasing frequency. Many of his early articles are bound up in the volumes which some of us love so well. But no man who has married and set up housekeeping can live in reasonable comfort by writing articles for the magazines, particularly if his articles are more or less scientific in character, entailing leisurely observation in the open country, and sedulous pruning at the desk. Moreover, the study of

Spencer and Darwin, and the expounding of their facts and fancies, do little to keep the tax-gatherer from the door or to replenish the larder. Hence, ere he had been long an author, he took the downward path that leads to fiction! Some among his well-wishers regretted that the step was taken. But he soon proved himself a good story-teller—"a most successful artist," says Mr. Lang, "in the art for which he did not care"—and he found in prose fiction that modest competence which he had sought in vain in other fields.

His own story of his first excursion into the realms of fiction is not without interest. In the introduction to "Twelve Tales" he writes: "For many years after I took to the trade of author, I confined my writings to scientific or quasi-scientific subjects, having, indeed, little or no idea that I possessed in the germ the faculty of story-telling. But on one occasion, about the year 1880 (if I recollect aright), wishing to contribute an article to 'Belgravia' on the improbability of a man's being able to recognise a ghost as such, even if he saw one, and the impossibility of his being able to apply any test of credibility to an apparition's statement, I ventured, for the better development of my subject, to throw the argument into the form of a narrative. I did not regard this narrative as a story: I looked upon it merely as a convenient method of displaying a scientific truth." He goes on to say that the story was accepted for "Belgravia"; that, much to his astonishment, he was asked by the editor for "another story," which was accepted also; and that he subsequently wrote further stories for the same magazine, all of which were published under the pseudonym of "J. Arbuthnot Wilson."

That Grant Allen mastered the difficult art of writing good short stories cannot, I think, be questioned. Four of his volumes, containing together more than fifty such, embrace specimens of almost every *genre*, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." In "Strange Stories"—in which readers will find his first two stories, already mentioned—he gives us, in the vein of Bret Harte, an excellent study of North-American rascality, "The Foundering of the *Fortuna*"; in "The Curate of Churnside" he shows how, in one individual, the utmost intellectual culture may exist side by side with the most diabolical criminality; in "The Child of the Phalanstery" he strives to realise "the moral conceptions of a community brought up under a social and ethical environment utterly different from that by which we ourselves are now surrounded"; in "Pausodyne" he describes, somewhat in the manner of Poe, the unique experiences of one who has discovered a compound which, whilst it induces a total suspension

of animation, does not cause death. How skilfully he could weave the purely sentimental story, and how light and graceful his touch could be, is shown in his almost idyllic "Isaline and I," written for the pages of "Belgravia," and reprinted in "The Beckoning Hand," &c. For me, at least, that story has unfailing charm. The scenery is that of the pine-clad hillsides of the Pays de Vaud. The hero, sick of the Temple, has wandered from Vevay in search of fishing, and has found congenial quarters—and society—at Les Pentes, a thatched and gabled Vaudois farmhouse, inhabited by M. Clairon, his wife—and Isaline. Mademoiselle, we are assured, was "pretty, plump, laughing-eyed, dimple-cheeked." Soon, of course, she sadly interfered with the pursuit of fishing, and we read of tea-drinking and talk on the tiny lawn. But there is a second guest at Les Pentes, one M. Claude from the Normal School at Geneva, who is very tenderly disposed towards Isaline. One day, the descent of a dangerous "Aiguille" lands the hero on a snow-covered ledge, from which he is rescued after long exposure. During convalescence at Les Pentes he learns that Isaline has refused M. Claude, and presently, with exemplary altruism, he pleads the cause of the rejected suitor. "'Monsieur, . . . do you remember Miles Standish?' I saw what she was driving at, and laughed in spite of myself. 'Yes,' I said, 'I know what you mean. When John Alden is pleading with Priscilla on behalf of Miles Standish, Priscilla cuts him short by saying ——' Isaline finished the quotation herself in her own pretty clipped English, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'" The story can hardly lay claim to originality, but, given a plot, how vastly diverse are the methods of handling it? How weak and colourless a story many writers would have penned in place of "Isaline and I"!

I must be content to point out a few characteristics of Grant Allen's novels. A uniform series of seventeen volumes is issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus; for other publishers he wrote as many more. All, I think, are good examples of brisk, thoroughly interesting stories, told in clear, incisive, racy English. He did not write a great novel, nor is it easy, from among so many, to select his best. Tastes differ, and unless we stipulate that a novel shall exemplify certain literary canons, unless we come to some preliminary understanding as to what we require at the novelist's hands, we can only select at the bidding of our personal prejudices. I am consciously crying in the wilderness when I unhesitatingly refuse a first place to "What's Bred in the Bone": the story—aided by its sensational winning of £1,000 from the editor of "Tit-Bits"—found many admirers, and was (I speak from experience) much discussed.

But it seems to lack the unfailing geniality of "The Scallywag," the breadth and power of "The Great Taboo," the unflagging interest of "Babylon," or the wide knowledge of the world so evident in "The Tents of Shem" and "Miss Cayley's Adventures." With many readers "For Maimie's Sake" and "Under Sealed Orders" are favourites; "Linnet," published by his nephew, Mr. Grant Richards, in 1898, reached a fifth edition some time ago. If I may venture a forecast, -I will say that for cheap editions of his novels there will, for many years hence, always be a fair if not a great demand; for, as it seems to me, he is an excellent caterer for all who love a story of sufficiently romantic interest, told in a manner which, if not of the highest reach of literary art, is very far above the average that artists give us.

To read the novels of Grant Allen is to sojourn, in thought, in many lands. The scene of "The Tents of Shem" is largely in Algiers; "The Great Taboo" transports us to an island in Southern seas; "At Market Value" sets us amid Venetian scenes; "Under Sealed Orders" takes us to Russia; in "Blood Royal" and "The Scallywag" we visit Oxford; "In All Shades" is almost wholly enacted on the island of Trinidad. Nor is variety lacking in his portrayal of human character; it is no mean gallery which includes, among so many others, such sharply defined portraits as those of Madame Ceriolo, Hiram Winthrop, Louis Delgado, Harold Knyvett, Lord Southminster, and Miss Cayley. His stories, if they lack the highest attributes, lack also the gravest defects; he is seldom, perhaps never tedious; he is certainly never coarse; his language is hardly ever slipshod; his similes invariably display good taste. To say that he is a poor artist if compared with Stevenson, or a weak *raconteur* beside Dumas, or Dickens, or Mr. Rider Haggard, is to say little—even if your contentions be unreservedly granted. The broad fact remains that he reaped no mean harvest in a field which he entered only when life was more than half spent, and that he reaped this harvest in intervals snatched from labours that lay nearer to his heart—the study of animal and plant life in its myriad manifestations, and the endeavour to persuade his fellows to study it for themselves. Let it suffice that his books have given unalloyed pleasure to many who, in the scanty leisure permitted by the gathering of life's daily bread, find science or literature their own exceeding great reward.

HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

A FRENCHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

THE letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, which within the last two years have regained some measure of popularity, were before that date almost unknown in England, and even in France had long ceased to hold a prominent place amongst books with which everyone is familiar. But in their own day they had a vogue which might well compare with that of the "Nouvelle Héloïse." They were popular in part on exactly opposite grounds from the much-discussed "Englishwoman's Love-letters." The public read them with avidity, not because their genuineness was uncertain and their authorship unknown, but because everyone knew the writer, at least by name, and nobody doubted that they were her work. They were welcomed as throwing new and unexpected light on a brilliant personality which for thirty-three years had passed away from this world.

Yet this was far from being their only recommendation. Long after the wave of fashion had subsided we find that in the eyes of so sober-minded and competent a critic as Sainte-Beuve these letters had established their place as a French classic, and could be discussed on no other basis. To English readers, their literary merit, depreciated as it is by a style now discredited, is less obvious than the extraordinary nature of the story which they unfold, and the pathetic interest attaching to the author.

Julie de Lespinasse was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable women of the period in which she flourished, the years, that is to say, immediately preceding the great Revolution. With neither birth, beauty, nor money, she made her way by her talents and social attractions to one of the highest positions in the literary world of Paris. As an unmarried woman at the head of the most successful *salon* of her day, and maintaining an unblemished character, her position is almost unique in history.

Marriage and the convent were, as is well known, the only career

open to Frenchwomen then esteemed respectable. Mlle. de Lespinasse had no monastic vocation, and it is not certain that she ever received an offer of marriage. She therefore—and herein lies her remarkable originality—took up the keeping of a *salon* as a profession, and managed to make a living of it, though not much more. From various sources she received subsidies amounting to £400 a year for her life. It is only right to add in this place that her most inimical critics (for she has had such) have never considered these gifts as conveying any imputation on her character. They were certainly tributes from some of the many Mæcenases who then flourished in Paris, bestowed to enable her to keep open her *salon*. One of them at least was given by a woman, the wealthy and beneficent Madame Geoffrin.

The art of conversation, in which she was considered supreme among her contemporaries, absorbed most of Julie's powers. She wrote very little, and never for publication. Her literary claims rest almost entirely on the letters in question, addressed to the Comte de Guibert. They range over three years, from 1773 to 1776, and form a bulky volume, numbering in all 180. But these appear to be a mere handful compared with the original number. Mlle. de Lespinasse had doubts of Guibert's discretion, and continually presses him to return her letters that she may destroy them. He returned some, perhaps the majority. Of the remainder he must have been more careful than she feared, for their existence was never suspected till they were published, thirty-three years after her death, by Guibert's widow. The correspondence was begun on Guibert's departure for a tour in Germany and Austria, and continued after his return to Paris as a supplement to their frequent conversations. The letters continue down to within a few days, or possibly hours, of the writer's death.

The story which we gather from them is tragic in the extreme, but so strange that the tragedy is lost in the strangeness. Miss Martineau found fault with the heroine of "Villette" for being in love with two men at once. Julie de Lespinasse rivalled Lucy Snow in this respect. When she met with Guibert she had already lost her heart to the Marquis de Mora, a young Spaniard of great promise, who, after paying her devoted attention during a long sojourn in Paris, had been unwillingly obliged to return to Spain, partly on account of his health, and partly, it is thought, because his family saw a marriage impending between him and Mlle. de Lespinasse, and wished to avert the danger of such a *mésalliance*. Both were almost heart-broken at the separation, and to divert her thoughts, as she supposed,

Julie began a correspondence with Guibert, who was then starting on a tour in Germany and Austria. In reality he was beginning to occupy a place in her affections much resembling that held by Mora, and this in time became obvious to herself. But the old love was not forgotten, and for some time the two currents seem to run evenly side by side. This extraordinary dualism pervades the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse unabated, until the return of Guibert to Paris after a six months' absence. Then we perceive indications that the absent lover is likely to share the fate proverbially assigned to the absent. The letters at this period (owing to our ignorance of the conversations to which they refer) become more and more difficult to understand, but it is impossible to resist a conviction that the treason against Mora was carried farther than either feelings or words. The agony of self-reproach which begins to appear in Julie's incoherent outpourings, never, alas ! to cease but with her life, can scarcely be explained on any other hypothesis. But this very agony furnishes the best refutation of those critics who represent her as having all through her life concealed a lax code of morals under a decorous surface. To such a woman the whole story would have been no more than an interesting episode. On the other hand, it would be misleading to deny that it is the inconstancy rather than the breach of abstract morality which weighs so heavily on her mind.

The inevitable retribution came with terrible swiftness. Mora in Spain had apparently heard some rumour of the state of affairs at Paris. Disregarding his bad health, he set out for France, but was attacked on the way by hæmorrhage of the lungs, and died at Bordeaux on May 27, 1774. "I have given my life for you," he wrote on his deathbed to Mlle. de Lespinasse, "but you once loved me, and the thought of you is still sweet to me."

On receiving this intelligence the unhappy woman sank into a state of despair from which she never recovered. Her thoughts at first turned to suicide, but Guibert, who still played the part of a devoted lover, succeeded in so far soothing her that she gave up this design. But henceforward her mind seems to dwell continually on Mora, and on the nobility of his ill-requited devotion to her. Guibert probably found this a little tedious. Besides, he had come to the conclusion that it was time for him to marry. He was then thirty-one or thirty-two, about the same age as Mora, and ten years younger than the lady in whose affections they had been rivals. We have no absolute proof that the Spanish Marquis had wished to marry Mlle. de Lespinasse, although there is a strong presumption

in favour of that opinion. But nothing can be more certain than the fact that no such idea ever crossed Guibert's brain. No romantic Spaniard was he, but a worthy son of that nation whose prudence, not always conspicuous in other matters, attains positively appalling proportions on the marriage question. He meant to marry well, and he did it.

His share in the correspondence with Mlle. de Lespinasse is unfortunately chiefly matter of conjecture. Two of his letters to her have, however, been preserved, written during the German tour. They are clever and interesting enough, very egotistical in style, and give evidence of considerable tenderness for his correspondent. He admired her talents sincerely, was much flattered by her affection for him, and a good deal piqued by her constant references to Mora. One cannot but conjecture that this last feeling, and a determination to get the better of his rival by some means or other, were the main causes for his determined pursuit of Julie during the following winter and its deplorable success. It must, however, be granted that, contrary to all his usual habits, he never boasted of this conquest, directly or indirectly. The fact was unsuspected, even by the intimate friends of either, till both had passed away. At this distance of time it is rather difficult to understand the fascination which he exercised upon such a mind as that of Mlle. de Lespinasse. But the fact remains that he was one of the principal lions of Parisian society. His good looks, military services, and literary efforts, now long forgotten, procured him a high degree of popularity even amidst the most fastidious circles of the critical metropolis. He is said to have been a good son and brother, and by no means a particularly bad husband. As far, however, as Julie de Lespinasse was concerned, his conduct strikes one as heartless, selfish, and unprincipled in the extreme.

He took the somewhat extraordinary step of confiding his matrimonial projects to her, and asking her advice and assistance. The blow was a terrible one ; for, strange to say, her sorrow for the dead lover, intensely sincere though it was, seems to have only increased her infatuation for the living one. But she acquiesced in his decision, and, much to her credit, never contemplated as possible any renewal of their former relations. Whatever her faults, she had a respect for the marriage tie very unusual among her contemporaries.

"Your happiness, your duty are sacred to me," she writes on one occasion. "I should loathe myself if I could detect in my mind a single feeling which conflicted with them."

She set to work, perhaps not very zealously, to find a suitable

alliance for her faithless lover. One possible *partie* suggested by her is "a young lady of sixteen who has a mother, but no father, and only one brother. She is to have 13,000 francs a year on her marriage," and gratuitous board and lodging with her mother (does this include the future husband?) till the younger brother is grown up. "If this falls through, I know a man who would be very happy to have you for his son-in-law, but his daughter is not more than eleven years old. She is an only child, and will be very rich."

M. de Guibert meanwhile was courting a bride for himself. On June 1, 1775, he was married to Mlle. de Courcelles, a pretty girl of seventeen, and, not less important, an heiress. The entry in his diary for this momentous day throws an interesting light on the gentleman's character, from the naïve disregard which it displays for anyone's feelings, or anyone's prospect of happiness, except those of M. le Comte de Guibert.

"My wedding-day, the beginning of a new life! I shuddered involuntarily during the ceremony. It was my liberty, my whole life, that I was giving away. Never has my soul been harassed by so many varying emotions. Oh, what an abyss, what a labyrinth is the heart of man! I am lost amid the fluctuations of mine. But all promises me happiness. I am marrying a young, pretty, gentle, sympathetic woman, who loves me, who is, I feel, made to be loved, whom I love already." Eight days later, "The days have passed like a dream. This new condition is a dream to me. My young wife is so loving, kind, and sincere. Her soul unfolds before me each day. I love her, I shall love her. I firmly believe that I shall be happy."

Not a thought here for the young and inexperienced girl, whose chances of happiness in the future were at least as uncertain as his own. And not a thought, apparently, for the heart-broken woman, who (with sufficient truth) dated the signing of her death-warrant from this time.

"I now realise what Rousseau says," she writes on July 1, just a month later, "that there are situations too terrible for either words or tears. I have passed eight days in convulsions of despair. I expected, I longed to die. It seemed an easier course than to cease loving you. . . . Perhaps I was wrong, but I believed that in the circumstances you owed me some consideration. Without supposing that you had much tenderness for me or much interest in me, I thought that my unhappiness and your sense of common good-breeding entitled me to this much. Therefore I expected to hear from you. I waited more than ten days, and then received from

the château of Courcelles [where he had gone for his wedding] a note which was a masterpiece of coldness and hardness."

We are never exactly told what this note contained, beyond a general exhortation to forget the past, but to the end of her life it haunted Mlle. de Lespinasse as a fearful and unnecessary aggravation of her misery. For a time she even thought it had cured her infatuation for the writer, but that infatuation was too deeply rooted and returned again in full force, yet henceforward coupled with a much truer appreciation of Guibert's real character. Though faithful to her resolution to expect nothing more from him than friendship, she still feels his visits when in Paris, and his letters when absent, to be necessities of existence. She complains much of his negligence in both these respects, and sometimes tells him he does well to forsake her, since she wishes to forget him. But always she returns to the feeling that he is indispensable, that even the coldest degree of friendship is better than complete alienation.

Frequently she speaks of Mora, and wonders how, having once had the honour of being beloved by him, she could ever have given a thought to Guibert. And yet, she says, he had had the most power over her of the two, since he had been able to make her act against her conscience. And, in a spirit of unflattering comparison, she dwells much on the high-souled generosity of the dead man's love. She had often grieved to think how unworthy she was of him in age, birth, fortune, and appearance, but he would never listen to her on these points, and had been able to convince her that she alone could give him happiness—a passage which strongly confirms the view that he had wished to make her his wife. He had died, so she says, in ignorance of the full extent of her degradation, but had he known it, he would, she felt sure, have pitied and forgiven. His image is always present to her. But again the strange dual element appears, for her only consolations, she expressly says, are thinking of him and conversing with Guibert.

Her letters, from a modern point of view, seem scarcely sane. But we must remember that she was not only unhappy, but in very bad health, and suffering from a complication of diseases. A perpetual and racking cough, acute indigestion, and chronic insomnia were among her symptoms. This last drove her to the opium habit, which no doubt accounts for some part of her incoherence. She was indeed dying fast, and very painfully.

Till very near the end she continued her life in the world, going out constantly, and receiving visitors every evening. On one occasion she encounters the young Mme. de Guibert at a picture-

gallery, and is full of generous admiration for her beauty and sweetness. For Guibert himself she works continually, using all her extensive influence to secure a good reception for his literary ventures. She manifests all the feverish activity habitual with so many invalids. At last, however, she was obliged to take to her bed. Guibert, who had hurt her keenly by treating her sufferings as those of a *malade imaginaire*, was roused to anxiety. He sent twice during one night to inquire for her, an attention which evidently soothed the dying woman. Her last letter, written, it is supposed, immediately before death, which took place on May 23, 1776, is so infinitely pathetic that we give it in full :

“ You are too good, too kind. You wish to revive and sustain a nature which is sinking at last under heavy and long-continued suffering. I value your kind impulse as it deserves, but I am no longer worthy of it. There was a time when to be loved by you would have seemed the sum of happiness. I fear it might even have swept away my sorrow, or at least have softened its bitterness. I should have desired to live. Now I only desire death. There is no compensation, no alleviation possible for the loss which I have suffered. I ought not to have survived it. The only resentful feeling which I cherish towards you is because you induced me to survive it.

“ I wish I could know your future. I wish that you may be happy.

“ I received your letter at one o'clock. I was in a high fever. I cannot tell you what time and trouble it cost me to read it ; I would not wait till to-day, and the effort almost made me delirious. I hope to hear from you this evening. Farewell, dear friend. If I could return to life, I would choose to love you over again. But now there is no time.”

So end the love-letters of Julie de Lespinasse. In this brief space it has not been possible to give more than the barest outline of either her character or her history. Both were strange beyond the dreams of novel-writers, and almost seem to justify Guibert's hysterical remark that she had lived through centuries in her forty-three years. Our information regarding her is chiefly gleaned from these letters, which thus acquire for the student of human nature a deep and peculiar interest, quite independent of their once universally admitted claim to rank among the classical works of French literature.

CAMILLA JEBB.

NATURE-STUDY.

“Life is sweet, brother ; there’s day and night, brother, both sweet things : sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things ; there’s likewise a wind on the heath.”

WOULD George Borrow have written these words if there had not been a revival of love for nature within the last century ? How this revival arose it may be interesting to notice, and to do so we must go back to an early period in our literature. We have not always been a nature-loving people ; our older writers rarely refer to outdoor life as we understand it. It is true Chaucer “loved the streams and the birds, and soft grassy places and green trees, and all sweet, ordered gardens, and flowers. He could spend the whole day gazing alone on the daisy ; and though what he says is symbolic, yet we may trace through the phrase that lonely delight in natural scenery which is so special a mark of our later poets.” Chaucer had many imitators ; but with the marvellous outburst of Elizabethan literature we lose that intense interest in nature which in the course of several generations was to be revived and accentuated in a new form.

Man’s life, as exhibited in the passions, was the chief subject of such consummate “makers” (using this term in its original sense) as Shakespeare and Spenser, and even the genius of Milton kept in the same beaten track, though “he raised in song the *moral* passions into a solemn splendour.” Then came the changes that mark a transition from the cold, intellectual stylists to a new form in which nature should not be deemed unworthy the poet’s muse.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there appeared a book which revealed an intense interest in country life. It resembled “in its quaint and garrulous style the rustic scenery and prattling rivers that it celebrated.” Walton’s “Compleate Angler” is indeed full of observation of the rarest description. And there was a somewhat later writer, whose sympathetic appreciation of the beauties of the outward world was even more comprehensive. In the “Natural History of Selborne” we see how Gilbert White went out into the fields and green lanes, and observed with the keen eye of a lover the strange ways of the beasts and birds and flowers, and how he was

ready to acknowledge that "the investigation of the life and conversation of animals is a concern of much trouble and difficulty, and is not to be obtained but by the active and inquisitive." Yet White could not, at times, dissociate himself from the current beliefs that had become established for generations. He sometimes appeared to apologise for mentioning the less important of the animals around him, and confessed "that the economy of the several kinds of crickets, and the distinction between the stock-dove and the ring-dove, are humble pursuits, and will be esteemed trivial by many; perhaps by some to be objects of ridicule." There is a good deal of pleasantry in his observations day by day—even the ascent and descent of swallows through the shaft of a straight cottage chimney were so closely watched by him that he says he feared lest his eyes might undergo the same fate with those of Tobit! In pursuing his investigations he never lacks enthusiasm, but it is the kind of enthusiasm that means quiet, never-ceasing industry. Alone he carried on his work, having no companion to share his pleasures. But the source of his happiness never failed him; it was the inspirer of his life, and the animal and vegetable world around him became his own.

The evolution of nature-study is of great interest. The awakening came slowly. By the time that the country entered upon the Georgian period the poets had become so artificial that it was a relief when Collins endeavoured to escape from the Greek style and adopt natural modes of expression. Stopford Brooke says that "out of the failure of nature without art, and of art without nature, and out of the happy union of both in scattered and particular examples, the way was now ready for a style in which art should itself be nature, and it found its first absolute expression in a few of Cowper's lyrics."

We may now, therefore, consider the influence of this nature-poet on the life of England. That it has been great and permanent is certain, though Mr. George Meredith has lately said that the English people have little real love for nature, and that their ideal of beauty is "the southerly wind and cloudy sky that proclaim it a hunting morning." But Mr. Meredith is fond of indulging in sarcasm. By breaking away from the traditions of his time Cowper showed his hatred of affectation. He had a message, and he delivered it in such a way that he appealed to all true-thinking people as no poet had done before for some hundreds of years. "When he described the flowers, the clouds, the weather, he did so with an inimitable fidelity. He put down just what he saw with the utmost simplicity—one might

say almost with a scientific simplicity." In this respect he was the forerunner of Wordsworth. The aim of both was to glorify the common things of earth and the homely duties of everyday life. One cannot read "The Task" without being reminded of Wordsworth; and it has been suggested that "The happy warrior" was induced by a study of Cowper's lines beginning :

His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours.

Throughout the whole poem Cowper illustrated the truth of his fine definition of the All-Father—"Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God." One of his most beautiful passages indicates how largely his mind was saturated with nature-worship; but this was not of the pantheistic order, as the following lines prove :

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with Divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought.

To the thinker, to the earnest student of our literature, Cowper is the founder of a school of poetry which has already many glorious successors. The linking of nature and man, the happiness of man arising out of communion with nature—this teaching was at the root of all his work. Simplicity of life was his dominant note; unreality in any form he abhorred. His oneness with humanity is exhibited in the lines :

My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

With Wordsworth we have the consummation of this new idea in English poetry—man's relation to nature. Incidentally, the earlier great writers had touched upon the theme, but it had always been subordinated to the "lord of creation"—man. Thomson in his "Seasons" had given us fine descriptive sketches of country life, but he was cold and passionless. Collins and Gray had gone further, particularly the former; but with them nature was only a "graceful ornament." Wordsworth's view was entirely different, says Mr. Stopford Brooke, he conceived that nature was alive "It had, he imagined, one living soul, which, entering into flower, stream, or mountain, gave them each a soul of their own. Between this spirit

in nature and the mind of man there was a pre-arranged harmony, which enabled nature to communicate its own thoughts to man, and man to reflect upon them, until an absolute union between them was established." He was the first who loved nature with a personal love. To him Nature was a Presence. God in man spoke to God in nature, and God in nature spoke to God in man. But do not let us misunderstand Wordsworth : he was no pantheist. Hear him :

The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake.

And this "mighty Being" will tranquillise life and fill it with rapturous enjoyment. But Wordsworth went further. He saw in nature "the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul, of all my moral being." In all this, note the new thought—that the world around us is not dead, but living, and should, therefore, be a source of inspiration—not an object of worship, but a something that will lead us to worship. Though lacking the scientific knowledge that Tennyson and other modern poets have possessed, Wordsworth described what he saw with minute accuracy. His sense of form and motion was perfect ; can anything be truer than those lines he wrote in a child's album, and more particularly the third and fourth lines ?—

Small service is true service while it lasts ;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects a lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Who but Wordsworth would have written of "the bleak music of that old stone wall" ? And the objects he saw lived in his memory, in which he stored them up, so that he could brood over them in quiet days. He had "the harvest of a quiet eye." He could call up at any moment a vision of delight, as, for example, when he gazed mentally on the daffodils :

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

He could "see into the life of things." "The outward shows of sky and earth" fed his mind "in a wise passiveness," and revealed to him what reason and learning and books could not reveal. When returning from Scotland he remembered "the solitary reaper," and "bore the music in his heart" ; and his "Lucy," like the violet, is "half-hidden from the eye." The thought of Yarrow conjured up in his mind so much of beauty that he did not wish to

become acquainted with the reality, for, he said, "it will be another Yarrow." And in his "Intimations of Immortality" his note becomes jubilant, though his philosophic mind looks beyond "the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower," until, no longer able to give complete expression to his thoughts, he closes with those often-quoted lines :

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

It may be interesting to recall some of the points of resemblance and difference between Wordsworth and his successor in the laureateship, Tennyson, who has bidden us notice the "black ash-buds in March" and "the gummy chestnut buds that glisten in the April blue." Perhaps Tennyson's scientific knowledge unfitted him for the pure, simple love of Wordsworth; on the other hand, his descriptive sketches, whether of clouds or birds, of trees or animals, are minute and skilful, for he studied nature that he might "extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it." He is true, vivid, accurate, an intense lover of the beautiful, but he lacks the Wordsworthian fire of absolute devotion—the worship of a soul aflame with ecstatic joy. In pictorial art Tennyson is finer than Wordsworth. But what is the effect of Tennyson's nature-poetry on the mind as compared with that of Wordsworth? Is it not that, whereas one expresses himself with an exactness which makes us wonder how accuracy and melody can be indissolubly joined, the other endows the flower with a conscious existence: "'Tis my faith," says Wordsworth, "that every flower enjoys the air it breathes." The one looks upon nature from an artistic and scientific standpoint; the other stoops to her and finds kinship, finds a chord which synchronises with the music of his own soul and produces a "thrill of pleasure." How lovingly does Wordsworth address that lowly, yet beautiful, specimen of the insect world—the butterfly! In it he finds "much converse"; he longs to be near it, for it reminds him of his boyhood and recalls "a solemn image to his heart." Tennyson's mind was wider than his predecessor's, and he has enabled us to regard the varied aspects of nature with intense interest—the hills, the woods, the streams, and the great sea—but he has not "pierced below the surface of phenomena." Further, Tennyson had not that secret satisfaction, that unconscious realisation of rest, which give comfort to the heart.

Flower in the crannied wall, . . .
If I could understand
What you are.

That is Tennyson—"if I could understand." Wordsworth cared not about "understanding"; when he described a boy's rapture on beholding the sunrise, his ecstasy is so great that "thought was not; in enjoyment it expired."

But we must hasten on. And here we may refer to the brief quotation that prefaces this article. George Borrow's work is filled with country life; he was a true child of the open air. Love of nature with him grew "both as a cultus and a passion," and nature knew and loved him in her turn. Yet it is not a little remarkable that he wrote disparagingly of Wordsworth—the poet of nature, "of nature without its vulgarity," said Borrow. And of "The Excursion" this erratic genius thus expressed himself: "It appeared to abound in descriptions of scenery; there was much mention of mountains, valleys, streams and waterfalls, harebells and daffodils; . . . before I could form a very clear idea of them I found myself nodding and a surprising desire to sleep coming over me." The truth must be acknowledged that the two men were vastly different; the moral side, so strong in Wordsworth, being almost entirely absent in Borrow; we do not mean the ethical, but rather that sense of strict conformity to the proprieties of life, unmixed with any of its coarseness.

Of an entirely different type was Richard Jefferies, whose work can hardly be said to have received impartial judgment, seeing that it is not yet twenty years since he passed away. Though he died before he was forty, he has left us some fifteen or sixteen volumes which prove how lovingly he looked upon nature; all else was as nothing to him. Books he regarded as almost unnecessary, and he thought that ten pounds would be sufficient to purchase what were required by any man. For what value, he asked, had they added to life, compared with "those original grains of true thought found beside the stream, the sea, in the sunlight, at the shady verge of woods"? He said that he could not read in summer—the page was white and hard, and the eye wandered away, and rested on the green-sward, until it entered into the dreamy mystery of the azure sky. "'The Pageant of Summer,'" wrote Sir Walter Besant, "reads as if it were the work of a man revelling in the warmth of the quivering air," and yet its author was at that moment in deadly pain and torture. But the man, to quote again Sir Walter, "was filled to overflowing with the beauty and order of God's handiwork." It is permissible for us to ask: Had Jefferies possessed the physical vigour of Wordsworth, what would he have further accomplished? We do not mean to infer that the former can be compared with the great pioneer of nature-worship, whose teaching may be charac-

terised as "a moral tonic, reinvigorating the heart by taking it straight away to some fresh natural well of feeling or of thought." No, Jefferies did not reach this height; there was with him ever present the realisation that he could not accomplish the noblest purpose of life—the perfect happiness of a child of God. He lacked the fine, equable temper of the poet-seer, and there was a vein of sadness running through all his work, which unfitted him for the broad outlook of the perfect life. It cannot be said of him that he possessed "a meek and contented quietness"—such a quietness "as made his very dreams pleasing both to God and to himself." Let us take an illustration: "The fly whirls his scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like the children on the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun; he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy. . . . I will sit here on the turf, and the scarlet-dotted flies shall pass over me, as if I, too, were but a grass. I will not think, I will be unconscious, I will live. . . . Nature sets no value upon life, neither of mine nor of the larks that sang years ago—'The earth is all-in-all to me, but I am nothing to the earth.'"

Here we have "a worshipper of earth," but in the midst of his ecstatic enjoyment there comes from his lips a wail because the earth owes him nothing, can go on her way regardless of him. The higher Wordsworthian note he fails to touch; exquisite loveliness of form, of colour—*these exist not for him*. Yet we turn to his word-painting, and acknowledge that for him "Colour was a sort of food; every spot of colour was a drop of wine to the spirit."

John Burroughs resembled Jefferies in many respects, but their mode of approaching nature is different, for every lover portrays her according to the impressions he receives. Knowledge is nought to him; he sees, he records what he sees. He is not like the poets, who rely too confidently on their imagination, which is apt to lead them inaccurately. Observation is his chief endowment; hence, though he may not say the same as others, what he does say is true from his own standpoint. And, after all, this is the most important qualification. Whether a man goes to the woods or the city, he learns pretty much the same things. Burroughs in one of his essays illustrates this fact by two typical examples—Thoreau and Lamb. But mark the difference: Lamb cared nothing for nature: Thoreau for little else. Are we to conclude, then, that it matters not whether we observe in country or in city? By no means. Prevent Thoreau from building his house at Walden, and he would never have given to the world his ideas of what a happy life should be. He breathed

the beauty of nature as freely as he breathed the air. And Burroughs resembled him in this respect: both saw that the conditions of enjoyment were inherent in their surroundings; both participated in "the vaster life." Both were redolent of the country; both possessed those "silent qualities which, like gravitation, insensibly but resistlessly hold us."

It is always difficult to speak of living authors, but there is one man whose name is comparatively unknown, and yet who has done work which entitles him to a high position among nature-worshippers. He has recorded the doings of hidden life simply and forcefully, and has proved that he knows how to use his powers of observation without obtrusion or ostentation. He despises nothing; he brings himself down to the lowliest living thing; he listens to their breathing as he crouches beneath the undergrowth of the woods, for is he not one with them? We refer to Mr. W. H. Hudson, whose "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Nature in Downland," and "Hampshire Days" have given him a place in the annals of our literature. As Jefferies revelled in colour, Mr. Hudson's keen and delicate ear is susceptible to every sound. Heard amidst their natural surroundings, he believes there can be no jarring noises. He will not yield the one exception that Cowper urged—the braying of an ass. "I have listened to it," says Mr. Hudson, "and have been duly impressed, in a wild, silent country, in a place where herds of semi-wild asses roamed over the plains, and the sound at a distance had a wild expression that accorded with the scene." He believes that there is a similarity between the notes of some birds—for example, the nightingale and thrush—and the human voice; and in his desire to prove this he contrasts the singing of a *prima donna* with the sounds emitted by the nightingale, to the advantage of the latter. And, though not stating the assumption in definite terms, Mr. Hudson further expresses the belief that some animals have what may be termed a sixth sense, for he is firmly convinced that on a certain occasion his presence produced a disturbing effect on two adders who were not able either to see or hear him. And we can well believe they could not fear one who writes: "The blue sky, the brown soil beneath, the grass, the trees, the animals, the wind, and rain, and sun, and stars are never strange to me, for I am in, and of, and am one with them, and my flesh and the soil are one, and the heat in my blood and in the sunshine are one, and the winds and tempests and my passions are one." There is no "world strangeness," of which Mr. William Watson writes, about Mr. Hudson; the only "strangeness" he experiences is with regard to his fellow-men, who too frequently

exist amidst unnatural surroundings, and are therefore out of his world.

The love of nature is growing. This is one of the good signs of the times. The town dweller, immured within the narrow walls of a by-street, has begun to realise that he can enjoy the fresh air and the green fields—Nature has called him, and he responds. The cult is become popular. For the sake of humanity we rejoice. Yet fear lurks in the thought that beauty may be marred by man. Let us, however, face the fact. The naturalist is no longer the quiet, retiring spirit of a Gilbert White. There is a wide gulf between the pioneer of Selborne and the Surrey photographers, Mr. Cherry Kearton and his brother Richard. The camera is now in evidence, and nature's secrets are learned by mechanical means that reveal much artifice and not a little art. No difficulties are insuperable, for, as the old Greeks entered Troy in a wooden horse, so Mr. Kearton employs similar stealthy methods, such as remaining inside a hollow imitation ox or sheep for hours together in order that he may learn some of the secrets of the bird world. And Mr. Kearton may claim kinship with Mr. Hudson in this—that he finds in nature a never-failing source of pleasure. Yet the two men are strikingly apart; they accomplish their work differently; they move in different channels. The greater naturalist does not obtrude upon us his methods; he thinks deeper; his mind resembles the pure atmosphere of the Downs.

Unlike Jefferies, Mr. Hudson has never been spoilt by becoming a literary man. Though a fine word-painter, he never allows himself to be carried away by rhetoric. He impresses one with the fact that he has *seen*, and therefore *knows*. He is conscious of nothing but what he describes. Here is his strength, his Wordsworthian "blessedness and peace." "I listen," he says, "delightedly to the low, silvery, water-like, gurgling note of the little kinglet in his brilliant feathers among the rushes, and to the tremulous song of the green marsh grasshoppers or leaf crickets; and with a still greater delight do I gaze at the lovely yellow flower, the unforgotten camaloté, which is as much to me as the wee, modest, crimson-tipped daisy was to Robert Burns or to Chaucer; and as the primrose, the violet, the dog-rose, the shining yellow gorse, and the flower o' the broom and bramble, and hawthorn and purple heather, are to so many inhabitants of these islands who were born and bred amid rural scenes."

There are those who say that we of the present are not impressed with the world of nature as the men of the early ages were. Perhaps

it is true that the Englishman has, to some extent, lost his love for the incomprehensible. We cannot have the imagination of our ancestors, who worshipped the wind and called it a creature. We cannot regard the sky above us and the sea around us as they did. We cannot people the woods with nymphs or the waters with mermaids. But we can realise how all the phenomena of nature are intended to be means in life's education to ennoble and enrich it; and though we see them "with other eyes," we can, along the "prickly moors or dusty ways," look from nature up to nature's God, believing that,

The primal duties shine aloft like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

J. C. WRIGHT.

CHARING CROSS AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART II.

THE TAVERNS.

LARGELY associated as the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross is with the destinies of the Stuarts and with Jacobite intrigue, it is not surprising to find the tavern and the coffee-house in its precincts the scene of many an historical incident. The "Blue Posts" in Spring Gardens was a great resort of the Jacobites during the reign of William III. It was here that Charnock and his gang breakfasted on the day fixed for the murderous ambushade which they prepared for the King at Turnham Green.¹ A most interesting account of the fiasco, as it proved to be, will be found in Macaulay.² At the public recognition by the "Grand Monarch," Louis XIV. of France, of the son of James II. as King of England, and when a royal messenger was sent by William of Orange from Kensington to order M. Poussin, the French ambassador, to leave the country without delay, he was found to be supping at the "Blue Posts" in Spring Gardens, along with three of the most prominent Jacobite members of the House of Commons.

No trace remains of the "Bull's Head" tavern in Old Spring Gardens, Charing Cross. During the writing and publishing of "Joannis Philippi Angli Defensio," &c., John Milton lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the "Bull's Head," at Charing Cross, opening into Spring Gardens.³ It was outside this "Bull's Head" tavern at Charing Cross that Colonel Blood with five or six of his associates, well mounted and armed, awaited the return home to Clarendon House of the Duke of Ormond. Their design was to carry the Duke to Tyburn and there hang him with a paper pinned

¹ Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. iv. (1855), p. 665; and vol. v. (1861), p. 298.

² *Ibid.*

³ See Phillips's *Life of Milton*, 12mo. 1694, p. 33.

The name of Spring Gardens has become so closely associated, through their offices being built on the site, with the London County Council, that it bids fair to remain in perpetuity, a memento of other less civilised, if more picturesque times. Its dying depositions, so far as old associations are concerned, were taken in the year 1896, when the new Government Offices absorbed, I think, nearly the whole of New Street, where dwelt Sir Astley Cooper at No. 2; Sir James Scarlett (Lord Abinger), at No. 4; and Joseph Jekyll, the wit, at No. 22. A curious sodality had its headquarters for some time at No. 10 New Street, Spring Garden. This was the Outinian Society, formed in 1818 at No. 190 Piccadilly by John Penn, a descendant of the founder of Pennsylvania, to whose house, No. 10 New Street, it was afterwards removed. It was a sort of matrimonial society, and its character may be inferred from its descriptive title in 1823: "A proposal of the Outinian Society for establishing a plan to afford means to any of its members and advocates . . . of entering, on marriage, into a covenant or contract . . . to insure oftener the constant voluntary companionship of husbands and wives."¹ The retaining wall at the end of New Street and along the terrace was a piece, about 225 feet long, of the old Park wall, between which and the Mall was the "Green Walk" where Charles II. stood and talked to Nell Gwynne.

The story of a Spring Gardens crossing-sweeper is a remarkable one. A Mr. Simcox, engaged in the nail-trade in Birmingham, was, on the occasion of one of his visits to London, standing up under an archway out of the rain, when he was agreeably surprised by the opening of the door of a handsome house opposite, and a footman approaching with an umbrella, who presented his master's compliments, saying how he had been observed standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and therefore would be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a drawing-room, where the master of the house was sitting, receiving a very kindly welcome. Scarcely, however, had the guest set eyes on his host, than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or in what circumstances, he was altogether unable to call to mind. His inquiring glances at last conveyed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox

¹ See *The Outinian Society*, B. Mus. Cat., Ac. 2265/2. John Penn's house disappeared when the new Admiralty Offices wiped out a large portion of New Street.

acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," said the old gentleman, "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honour to keep my secret, and not to disclose to anyone what I am now going to tell you, until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me.

"In St. James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man, who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by this strange peculiarity: that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a halfpenny, and scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and anyone who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence he will be sure to give you fivepence-halfpenny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds are constantly passing, there are numbers who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of passers by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion. I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago I first hit upon this expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investment, realised a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that though I am no longer under the necessity for continuing this plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and accordingly, every morning, I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room, where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."¹

Opposite Spring Gardens is the Union Club, at the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, occupying the site of the famous "Cannon" Coffee-house and Tavern. The architect was Sir Robert Smirke, whose greatest structure is the British Museum, but who was also

¹ See *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. ix., and *The Romance of London*, by John Timbs.

responsible for the Mint, the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the College of Physicians, Covent Garden Theatre (burnt down in 1856), the extension of King's Bench Walk, and King's College (London). In 1850 the club was chiefly composed of merchants, lawyers, members of Parliament, and, as James Smith, who was a member, writes, "of gentlemen at large." The house is built on ground let by the Crown, for 99 years from Oct. 16, 1822.¹

As the "Cannon" Coffee-house and Tavern it was a popular place of assembly for anniversary and other festivals. "The Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, who have agreed to meet Monthly to commemorate the noble Struggle they have so successfully made, are desir'd to meet their Friends at the Cannon Tavern, Charing Cross, Tomorrow, being the 5th instant, at six o'Clock."² Here, among other similar resorts, tickets might in 1742 have been had for the "Annual Feast of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons at the Haberdashers' Hall," whither the Brethren were to proceed after breakfast at the Right Hon. the Lord Ward's, Grand Master elect, at his House in Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, but "No Hackney Coaches were allowed in the procession to the Hall."³ The "Cannon" is described in the "Epicure's Almanack," 1815, as having for its landlord Mr. Hodges, whose "larder and soups, his waiters and cooks, are, like our hearts of oak, always ready, the Cannon being charged with ammunition for the stomach. The fumes from the cooking stoves are as delightful to the nose of a military *affamé* as those of gunpowder itself, the incense offered to the god of war." Curran and Sir Jonah Barrington were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon Coffee-house, Charing Cross, where they had a box every day at the end of the room.⁴

The "Cannon," or "Gun" as it is occasionally known, was the cognisance of King Edward VI., of Queen Mary, and of Queen Elizabeth, and it is doubtless to this circumstance that is owing the fact noted in the "Craftsman" newspaper of the eighteenth century,⁵ that "nothing is more common in England than the sign of a cannon." The former sign has now entirely disappeared in London, with the exception of the "Cannon" in Cannon Street, which has a different origin, but the "Gun" survives in numerous instances. The Cannon Brewery, whose site is now covered by Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, doubtless had its origin in a tavern-sign.

¹ Cunningham's *London*. See also Serjeant Ballantine's *Reminiscences*.

² *Daily Advertiser*, February 4, 1742.

³ *Ibid.* April 10, 1742.

⁴ Barrington's *Personal Sketches*.

⁵ No. 638.

Another favourite rendezvous for partisans of the Jacobite interest was the Smyrna Coffee-house, close by in Pall Mall.¹ In 1742 it was known as the "Giles's and Smyrna." The painting in the Royal Scottish Academy by George Ogilby Reid represents the reception by the Jacobites, at the "Smyrna," of the news of Prestonpans. It was a resort of Prior and Swift, and there Thomson received subscriptions for the "Seasons." The house in which Thomson resided in 1725, over the shop of Egerton, a bookseller, is held, on the authority of Jesse and other writers, to be what is now No. 30 Charing Cross, the lower part of which at the present day is a musical instrument maker's shop. His apartments were on the first floor, and we are told that at this time he was "gaping about the town listlessly, and getting his pockets picked, and forced to wait on great persons with his poem of 'Winter' in order to find a patron." A part of his "Summer" is said to have been written here.²

Nearer Charing Cross was the British Coffee-house, the site of which, one of the oldest taverns in London, was afterwards occupied by Stanford's, the map-publisher. Of no particular interest from a structural point of view, it was a favourite resort of Smollett and was frequented by Dr. Johnson and other literary celebrities. Defoe, in his "Journey through England," says "The Scots go generally to the 'British,' and a mixture of all sorts to the 'Smyrna.'" Under the proprietorship of Messrs. Morley, the "British" was, in 1815, famed for the excellence of its wines. Tickets were to be had at this Coffee-house, in May 1742, for the "Tragedy of *Cato*," followed by a farce, "The Intriguing Chambermaid," presented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. This old landmark was effaced in 1887, and Stanford's premises were acquired by the London County Council in the latter part of 1899, for the extension of their offices. The Lowtonian Society, so named in honour of its founder and first president, Thomas Lowton, Clerk of the Nisi Prius, met at the British Coffee-house in 1796. It was formed for the association of gentlemen and mutual protection "against insidious attempts to injure their professional reputation." Thomas Lowton was "a

¹ See also the *Tatler*, Nos. 10 and 78; the *Spectator*, No. 457; Swift's *Journal to Stella* (Scott, ii. 49 and 180); and Defoe's *Journey through England*, 1722, i. 168. Mr. Austin Dobson in describing the situation of Dodsley's house, the "Tully's Head," in Pall Mall, says that it was next the passage leading into King Street, or half-way between the site of the old Smyrna Coffee-house (now Messrs. Harrison's) and the old Star and Garter Tavern. (*Side-Walk Studies*, 1902, p. 170.) See also Mr. G. L. Apperson's *Bygone London Life*, where much more will be found concerning the "Smyrna."

² Wilmot Harrison's *Memorable London Houses*, 1889, p. 22.

highly respected member of the Inner Temple, who was honoured by the confidence of three successive Lord Chief Justices, and held the office of Clerk of the Nisi Prius for forty years." After 1796 the society left the "British," and favoured most of the principal club-taverns with their patronage.¹ An excellent account of this, one of the last, if not the last, of the old tavern-clubs, was given by some extremely well-informed writer in the "Daily Telegraph" for September 19, 1899. One of its earliest visitors was the Hon. James Erskine, one of the Supreme Judges of Scotland, who was so bitterly opposed to Walpole's policy that he gave up his judgeship in order to come to Parliament. During his annual visits to the metropolis he contracted an intimacy with the landlady of the coffee-house—a handsome Scotchwoman named Fanny Lindsay—that did not conduce to his domestic felicity. Accordingly, by the aid of Lord Lovat, the famous plotter whom Hogarth so skilfully depicted, Erskine carried his wife to "St. Kilda's lonely Isle," and there left her in miserable exile for many years.

In 1745—the year of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" rising—four Scotchmen, all destined to succeed in life, were wont to meet at the "British." These were Tobias Smollett, a struggling surgeon in Downing Street, as yet unknown in the literary way; Alexander Carlyle, afterwards minister of Inveresk, and author of a delightful autobiography; John Blair, a future prebendary of Westminster; and "Bob" Smith, who is believed to have been the successor of Bentley as Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. "Jupiter" Carlyle, so called because he had sat to Gavin Hamilton in that character, had fought under Cope at Prestonpans, and had been an eye-witness of Provost Stuart's neglect to defend Edinburgh, a neglect which nearly brought him to the Tower on a charge of treason. The four, says the writer in the "Daily Telegraph" alluded to, were at the coffee-house when the news of Cumberland's victory at Culloden came. Provost Stuart's son, who was in the room, went out cursing, and Smollett was indignant with the mob for exulting over the savageries of the Duke. Carlyle and he walked from the coffee-house to May-fair, through lines of bonfires, and an incessant fusillade of squibs. When next they met at the coffee-house, Smollett read to them the first six stanzas of a poem entitled "The Tears of Scotland." His friends thought it too strongly worded, but he would have no temporising with prudence, and sat down and wrote a seventh stanza.

Another friend whom Carlyle used to meet there was Captain

¹ See *The Lowtonian Society, founded 1793.*

David Cheap, who had sailed with Anson during his famous voyage. The captain was looking out for an author to write the account of the voyage, and came there to make the acquaintance of William Guthrie, then a very popular writer, but was so disgusted with his vapouring, cursing, and swearing that he went away without seeking an introduction.

The writer of this interesting contribution to the literary history of London continues :

“In 1758 John Home came to London with his tragedy of ‘Douglas.’ He was fortunate enough to secure the patronage of Lord Bute, and soon found himself in the centre of a very pleasant society. Among his daily companions were Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, Sir Henry Erskine, Robert Adam, the future architect of the Adelphi, David Garrick, John Douglas (then secretary to the Earl of Bath, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), Sir Gilbert Elliot, Dr. Armstrong, Smollett, Dr. Pitcairn, of St. Bartholomew’s, and William Hunter, the famous anatomist, and brother of the still more famous John Hunter. These formed themselves into a social club, which met at the ‘British.’ Several of them belonged to another Scotch club also meeting there, of which Robertson, the historian, was a member. Hunter was a man of brilliant conversation, and his favourite toast was : ‘May no English nobleman venture out of the world without a Scottish physician, as I am sure there are none who venture in’—an allusion to the fact that the obstetric practice in London was then almost entirely in the hands of Scotchmen. The coffee-house was then kept by Mrs. Anderson, sister of the John Douglas above-mentioned, and is highly spoken of by Mackenzie, Lord Brougham, and several contemporary writers.

“The house was rebuilt in 1770, the architect being, appropriately enough, Robert Adam ; doubtless he worked *con amore* on the rebuilding of a house in which he had passed so many pleasant hours, and met so many notable people. At all events, its elevation ranked among the most pleasing of his productions.

“Johnson dined at least once in the new house with Boswell, who records that they spent a very agreeable day together. Gibbon also was there, and in very good company, which included Garrick, Colman, Goldsmith, Macpherson, and John Home. They were getting up a clique to launch Colman’s ‘Man of Business,’ and the next day they all went in a body to support it.

“At a later date John Lord Campbell was a member of a Scotch club—The Beeswing—meeting here to uphold the time-honoured

institutions of eating and drinking. The latter, says Campbell, was "tremendous," but the conversation was as good as any he had ever joined in.

"In 1824 we find the place already described as 'The British Hotel and Coffee-house'; subsequently the words 'and Coffee-house' disappeared from its style altogether. Deserted by Scotchmen, the hotel became a favoured resort of Americans; but the clubs of men of wit and learning gave place to the shows of canary fanciers. Though its glory was departed, the hotel business was carried on till 1886, when the place was demolished in order to clear a site for Stanford's new premises."

Near the Horse Guards J. Millan published in 1731 the second edition of "A Compleat Translation of the whole Case of Miss Cadière against the Jesuit Father J. B. Girard, with a Postscript containing several curious Things relating to the said strange and affecting Story." The Jesuit father alluded to was a native of Dôle, and was accused of sorcery, before the Parliament of Aix, by a girl of eighteen named Cadière, who declared that "he had made use of infernal arts to debauch her person." He was, however, acquitted after a long trial, which caused a great sensation at the period all over France.¹

John Millan is described in Mortimer's "Universal Director" as "buying and selling Libraries, and has a very fine collection of Natural Curiosities." Mortimer also mentions one — Walter, bookseller at Charing Cross. This was probably J. Walter who sold "Medical Anecdotes of the last Thirty Years," by B. Dominiceti, M.D. Much concerning this Dominiceti, apparently a "quack," will be found in Lysons's "Collectanea." The "Golden Key and Bible" was the sign of L. Stoke, a bookseller at Charing Cross in 1711, and the "Bible and Crown" was that of Mr. Pratt, near Northumberland House.

King George II. seems to have taken every opportunity to deliver speeches *in propria persona* to his Lords and Commons as the political situations of his stirring reign evoked them. But which occasion it was that suggested the curious sign, for a pamphlet shop, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, of the "King's Speech" one cannot say. It was, however, the sign of John Winbush in 1742 at this spot,² and the pamphlets he sold were perhaps largely, if not exclusively, those with which the nation was deluged at the time, and which daringly asserted that every member who voted for

¹ See *Nouvel Dictionnaire Historique*.

² *Daily Advertiser*, February 4, 1742.

the ministry, *i.e.* Walpole's ministry, was a mercenary hireling who bartered his vote for some place which he either enjoyed or expected.¹ On Wednesday, said the "London Daily Post" of February 7, 1737-38, at One o'Clock, "will be burnt by the common Hangman, in New Palace Yard, Westminster, and on Friday at the Royal Exchange, in the Presence of the Sheriffs, a printed Paper which was cried about the Streets on Thursday Evening, under the Title of his Majesty's Most Gracious Speech; the said Paper being a most audacious Forgery, a false scandalous Libel, and a high Contempt of his Majesty, and his Crown and Dignity." The libel, whatever it was, seems to have referred to or reflected upon some passage in the "short speech" with which the King opened Parliament on January 24, 1738.

It is not, I think, generally known that there was a Palace Court, or Court of the Marshalsea of the King's House (abbreviated "Marshalsea"), which was from 1801 to 1849, when it was abolished, held in Old Scotland Yard opposite the Admiralty. It had jurisdiction of all civil suits within twelve miles of the Palace. The process is described in 1818 as short and not expensive, judgment being obtained in three weeks.²

Craig's Court, on the north side of Old Scotland Yard, and on the south side, I think, of Cox's Bank, is more correctly Craggs Court, so called, it is said, after the father of Secretary Craggs, friend of Pope, Addison, &c., but Cunningham says it was named after another Craggs. In this court was Harrington House, a gloomy mansion belonging to the Earls of Harrington, one of the last of the aristocratic residences bordering the Strand part of the river. The site of Hungerford House is covered by Charing Cross Railway Terminus, and here the Sun Fire Office was established in 1726. It was in this court that Speaker Onslow's carriage had an accident when attempting to negotiate the narrow entrance—an accident which hastened through the House the first great metropolitan street reform, the Westminster Paving Act of 1762. One of Sheridan's favourite resorts was the Northumberland Coffee-house, which occupied approximately the site of what was afterwards Wyld's well-known map shop. The umbrella shop at the corner of the court used to boast, perhaps it does still, a fine example of embossed zinc-work of apparently the sixteenth century, in the form of a water-tank, I think. Cox and Greenwood's bank, or, rather, "Army-agency office," stood here, at least as early as 1831.³

¹ Lyttelton's *Hist. of Eng.*, 1808, vol. ii. p. 199.

² *The Picture of London for 1818*, p. 120.

³ Elmes's *Topogr. Dict. of London*, of that year.

Charing Cross, with the growth of its importance, naturally became a haunt of the vicious and the reprobate. The horrors of the "Night Cellars" were too repulsive, even for the anything but prudish news-sheets of the time, to particularise, and "Craiggs-Court" inhabitants, used as they were to scenes of violence and dissipation, did not cry out before they were hurt in making an initiatory move in the direction of improvement. They complained and gave information upon oath against a man and his wife for keeping a *very* disorderly Night Cellar, and their harbouring "reputed Thieves, Pickpockets, and other dissolute and wicked Persons, whereby they are frequently disturb'd in the Night-time by Noises, Outcries of Murder," &c. A warrant was granted against the man and his wife by Justice Railton and six other of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Westminster. And the said justices committed to Tothill-Fields Bridewell a woman for keeping a disorderly Night-house in Hart Street, Covent Garden, to the great annoyance and disturbance of that neighbourhood. And "several idle and disorderly Fellows and reputed Thieves and Pickpockets, who nightly infest the Streets about Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Strand, were also by the said Justices committed to Tothill-Fields Bridewell to hard Labour, several of whom were taken about One o'Clock on Saturday Morning, quarrelling in a Brandy-Shop by Mermaid Court, near Charing Cross, amongst whom was a noted Irish Bagpiper, and Midnight Bully." ¹ The neighbourhood also had a notorious and scandalous reputation for its gaming-houses, one of which was the Peacock Tavern at Charing Cross, where one night in May 1756, in consequence of information sent to the magistrates, John Fielding and Saunders Welch, an assembly of gamblers were apprehended by "Mr. Barnes, High Constable of Westminster, and brought before Mr. Fielding, who, in the course of their examination, obtained sufficient evidence to prosecute three other keepers of gaming-houses at the next Westminster Sessions." ²

Christopher Alley or Hartshorn Lane, afterwards Northumberland Street, Strand, the first turning on the left as one comes from Temple Bar, extends, like the present Northumberland Avenue, to the Embankment. Here Ben Jonson lived. King Charles I. is said to have sent the poet a very tardy and a very small sum when the latter was in poverty and sickness, and the recipient is *said* to have remarked, "I suppose he sends me this because I live in an alley—tell him his soul lives in an alley!" This ridiculous story is believed to be

¹ *London Evening Post*, June 17, 1732.

² *Whitehall Evening Post*, May 8, 1756.

purely a malicious invention. It must have originated in some wilful perversion of a line of Jonson's contained in a poem on Sir Kenelm Digby, whom he calls "prudent, valiant, just, and temperate," and adds quaintly :

" His heart is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet,
When Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As others' souls to *his dwelt in a lane.*"¹

But, according to Fuller, Jonson in his childhood dwelt in the same lane. "Though I cannot," he says, "with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband."² A house in George Street, York Buildings, is advertised in 1742 to be let, and inquiries are to be made of Mr. Rowle, bricklayer, in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross.³

It was at No. 16 Northumberland Street that a most desperate fight for life and death took place between Major Murray and Mr. Roberts, a solicitor and bill-discounter; the latter attempted the life of the former for the sake of getting possession of his mistress, to whom he had lent money. Under pretext of advancing a loan to the Grosvenor Hotel Company, of which the major was a promoter, he decoyed him into a back room on the first floor of No. 16, then shot him in the back of the neck, and immediately after in the right temple. The major, feigning to be dead, waited till Roberts's back was turned, then springing to his feet attacked him with a pair of tongs, which he broke to pieces over his assailant's head. He then knocked him down with a bottle which lay near, and escaped through the window, and from thence by a water-pipe to the ground. Roberts died soon afterwards, but Major Murray recovered, and the jury returning a verdict of justifiable homicide, he was released. The papers described Roberts's rooms as crowded with dusty buhl cabinets, inlaid tables, statuettes, and drawings. These were smeared with blood and wine, while on the glass shades of the ornaments a rain of blood seemed to have fallen.

¹ See Thornbury's *Haunted London*.

² *Worthies*, 1662, p. 243. A bricklayer was, of course, a "tradesman" whose social status was, in those days, far higher than that imputed to his descendant of to-day, when hardly anything is done in the building way without brickwork. There is still an ale-house in King Street, Hammersmith, with the sign of the "Tradesman" or the "Tradesman's Arms," which probably existed long before the "Bricklayers' Arms."

³ *Daily Advertiser*, February 11, 1742.

In Northumberland Court Nelson lodged when a young lieutenant.¹ Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was not a wool merchant as stated in "Old and New London," but a *wood* merchant, whose wharf was at the bottom of Northumberland Street. He himself, however, dwelt in Green's Lane, the site of which was absorbed by the South-Eastern Railway annexes. The Northumberland Arms, now, I think, the Northumberland Hotel, at the bottom of Northumberland Street, was a favourite resort for those connected with the wharves and the coal trade, and probably also with the wood trade established here time out of mind.²

At the "Lamb," Charing Cross, the sign of Mr. J. Beighton, linen-draper, was to be sold a drawing of one of Wren's masterpieces—it could hardly have been the exterior—of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook. Subscriptions were taken in at the "Lamb," and by the proprietor, G. Marshall, at Mr. Vardy's, near Kensington Palace. Possibly the drawing was of the interior, which Cunningham describes as "all elegance and even grandeur. Never was so sweet a kernel in so rough a shell—so rich a jewel in so poor a setting. The cupola is a little St. Paul's, and the lights are admirably disposed throughout . . . the oval openings are somewhat ungraceful." Sir Christopher Wren is said to have lived in a house close by in Walbrook, subsequently No. 5.³ There was a "Lamb's Ordinary" at Charing Cross. See Collection of Signs in St. Martin's Library, Charing Cross, No. 2,790.

Opposite the "Ship" tavern, for some time known as the "Rummer," near the Admiralty, was a perfume shop with the usual sign of the "Civet Cat." The proprietor's advertisement testifies, with many other instances, to the fashionable demand, in the middle of the eighteenth century, for Italian toilet waters and requisites :⁴

"TO THE LADIES, &c.

"1. The Italian Lotion or Fluid invariably takes off Sunburn, Brownness, or Heats, from the Face, Neck, or Hands.

"2. The Venetian Cream repels Pimples, removes Scruff or Morpew, and soon after causes the Skin to become most delicate plump ; fair, soft, and smooth.

"3. The Original and only true Royal Chymical Wash-Ball, whose Virtues for many Years past need no Encomium.

¹ *Old and New London.*

² *London Saturday Journal*, vol. ii. p. 104.

Cunningham.

⁴ *Whitehall Evening Post*, October 15, 1756.

“ N.B.— At the above shop may be had in any Quantities, The Genuine Delescot's Opiate and Tinctures, so famous for the Teeth, Breath, and Gums, Likewise, an excellent Pomatum to strengthen, thicken, and nourish the Hair, with a Liquid that will change the Red, Grey, &c. into a beautiful Brown or Black.”

At Charing Cross, one of the most extraordinary characters of the earlier part of the Stuart period, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, met with an attempt at his assassination which was foiled only by a more than ordinary effort of courage and dexterity. His gallantry towards a court lady, which, however, he asserts to have been without criminality, produced a desperate attempt on the part of the lady's husband, Sir John Ayres, to imbrue his hands in Lord Herbert's blood. It is also said that the Lady Ayres in question, who was one of the ladies-in-waiting upon Anne, Queen of James I., was indiscreet enough to entertain a most unmatronly regard for Lord Herbert. Lady Ayres, finding some means to get a copy of Lord Herbert's portrait, gave it to Isaac Oliver, the famous miniature-painter, to copy. This being done she caused it to be set in gold and enamel, and so wore it about her neck that “ it was hidden under her breasts.” This came to the knowledge of Sir John Ayres, and, in the words of Lord Herbert, “ gave him more cause of jealousy than needed, had he known how innocent I was from pretending to anything which might wrong him or his lady ; since I could not so much as imagine that either she had my picture, or that she bore more than ordinary affection to me. . . . Little more than common civility ever passed betwixt us, though I confess, I think no man was welcomer to her when I came, for which I shall allege this passage :—

“ Coming one day into her chamber,¹ I saw her through the curtains lying upon her bed with a wax candle in one hand and the picture I formerly mentioned in the other. I coming thereupon somewhat boldly to her, she blew out the candle, and hid the picture from me ; myself thereupon being curious to know what that was she held in her hand, got the candle to be lighted again, by means whereof I found it was my picture she looked upon with more earnestness and passion than I could easily have believed, especially since myself was not engaged in any affection towards her. I could willingly have omitted this passage, but that it was the beginning of a bloody history which followed. Howsoever, yet I must before

¹ This was customary. See Wright's *Domestic Manners &c. of the Middle Ages.*

the Eternal God clear her honour, And now in court a great person [Queen Anne, wife of James I.] sent for me divers times to attend her, which summons though I obeyed, yet God knoweth I declined coming to her as much as conveniently I could, without incurring her displeasure; and this I did not only for very honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because that affection passed betwixt me and another lady (who I believe was the fairest of her time)¹ as nothing could divert it. I had not been long in London when a violent burning fever seized upon me, which brought me almost to my death, though at last I did by slow degrees recover my health; being thus upon my amendment, the Lord Lisle, afterwards Earl of Leicester, send me word that Sir John Ayres intended to kill me in my bed, and wished me to keep a guard upon my chamber and person; the same advertisement was confirmed by Lucy Countess of Bedford, and the Lady Hoby shortly after. Hereupon I thought fit to entreat Sir William Herbert, now Lord Powis, to go to Sir John Ayres, and tell him that I marvelled much at the information given me by these great persons, and that I could not imagine any sufficient ground hereof; howbeit, if he had anything to say to me in a fair and noble way, I would give him the meeting as soon as I had got strength enough to stand upon my legs. Sir William hereupon brought me so ambiguous and doubtful an answer from him, that whatsoever he meant, he would not declare yet his intention, which was really, as I found afterwards, to kill me any way that he could, since as he said, though falsely, I had w—d his wife. Finding no means thus to surprise me, he sent me a letter to this effect; that he desired to meet me somewhere, and that it might so fall out as I might return quietly again. To this I replied that if he desired to fight with me upon equal terms, I should, upon assurance of the field and fair play, give him meeting when he did any way specify the cause, and that I did not think fit to come to him on any other terms, having been sufficiently informed of his plots to assassinate me.

“After this, finding he could not take advantage against me, then in a treacherous way he resolved to assassinate me. . . . Hearing I was to come to Whitehall on horseback with two lackeys only, he attended my coming back in a place called Scotland Yard, at the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed on purpose to kill me.” As he was nearing Charing Cross,² Sir John rushed upon him with a sword

¹ This lady has not been identified.

² *The Autobiography of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, by Sidney L. Lee, B.A., 1886, pp. 128–136.

and dagger, and one of his lackeys, a great fellow with courage *nil*, ran away and left him to his fate. In this first encounter, Lord Herbert's horse received several wounds, and kicked and plunged so violently as to keep the assassins at bay some minutes. Lord Herbert, aiming a blow at Sir John Ayres, unfortunately broke his sword at the hilt, and with no other defence than the remnant of his weapon, defended himself most valiantly. Alighting from his horse his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was thrown violently on the ground ; but being extricated from that position by his other lackey, a little Shropshire boy, he managed to regain his feet and get his back against a wall, waging thus an unequal warfare with the whole of his assailants. In a few minutes he was surrounded by upwards of thirty persons, friends and adherents of Sir John, who encouraged the assassins by their shouts to make short work of him. Two gentlemen, seeing so many men set against one, came to the rescue, and Sir John Ayres was twice thrown to the ground ; he got up a third time, and making a more furious assault, stuck his dagger into Lord Herbert's side, where it remained sticking for a minute or two, until pulled out by Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland. Lord Herbert, in the meantime, wrestling with his assailant, Sir John was thrown a third time, when Lord Herbert, kneeling upon his body, wounded him in four places with his sword remnant, and nearly cut his hand off. The desperate combat was then ended, Sir John's friends carrying him away senseless to a boat that was waiting for him at Whitehall Stairs. Lord Herbert recovered of his wounds in ten days, and sent a challenge to Sir John Ayres to meet him in equal combat in the field, with his sword in hand, but received for answer that Sir John would not meet him, but would kill him with a musket from an open window.

Sir John Ayres was afterwards arrested by order of the Privy Council, and several times examined : he expressed great contrition for his offence, alleging his wife's confession of criminality as a palliation. This, however, his wife afterwards recanted. His father disinherited him for his conduct, and he became, as the Duke of Lennox told Lord Herbert, "the most miserable man living." By the desire of the King he was discharged from custody, and Lord Herbert was commanded neither to send to him, nor receive from him, any challenge, nor to pursue the matter further.

One of the most famous taverns at Charing Cross was the "Rummer," of which the present well-known "Ship" at No. 35 Charing Cross is a direct descendant. It is now, I think, the Ship Restaurant (Pratti Rugero's) and is numbered 45, not, as formerly,

35 Charing Cross. No trace of the "Rummer" exists. It is described as being two doors from another well-known restaurant, to wit, Lockitt's, the site of which is now occupied by Drummond's bank. Cunningham, in his "London," says, without stating his authority, that the "Rummer" was removed to the waterside (by which he means merely the river side of the street) of Charing Cross in 1710, and was burnt down November 7, 1750. But he must be in error as to this, for in an advertisement given below, relating to the exhibition of a wonderful "Luminous Ampitheatre" of 200 fountains at the "Rummer" in 1742, it will be seen that, at the end, it is plainly stated that "There is a back door" (from the tavern) "into Spring Gardens," Spring Gardens being of course on the south-west side of Charing Cross, or on the right as we should now proceed down Whitehall from Trafalgar Square.

The hospitality of the "Ship," by which sign the tavern was known at least as early as 1731, must have been extended to many who underwent the sanguinary discipline of the various tortures associated with the "wooden peccadilloes," as the pillory was called,¹ or of even the milder correction of the whipping-post, which may to this day be seen preserved in the crypt of the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Branding, nose-slitting, and ear-lopping were the least noteworthy of his congenial duties, and the common hangman, sooth to say, found merely his pastime therein, compared with what he had to perform until public indignation was aroused. On June 10, 1731, Joseph Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory for one hour, after which he was seated in an elbow-chair, and the common hangman cut both his ears off with an incision knife, and showed them to the spectators; afterwards delivered them to Mr. Watson, a sheriff's officer, then slit both his nostrils with a pair of scissors, and seared them with a hot iron, pursuant to his sentence. He had a surgeon to attend him on the pillory, who immediately applied

¹ In allusion to the ruff or collar known as the "peccadillo," also known as the "wooden ruff." The hurdle on which felons were drawn to the place of execution was the "wooden chariot." See *Dialogue on Oxford Parl.*, 1681 (*Harl. Misc.* ii. 125). Ralpho, the supposed sprite in Butler's *Hudibras*, allowing that the devil and the Independents had engaged in the Covenant, says:

Sir . . . tis true, I grant
We made and took the Covenant:
But that no more concerns the Cause
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which, when they're proved in open court,
Wear wooden peccadilloes for't.—(Part III. canto i. line 1449.)

things necessary to prevent the effusion of blood. He underwent it all with undaunted courage ; afterwards went to the Ship Tavern, at Charing Cross, where he stayed some time, then was carried to the King's Bench Prison, to be confined there for life. "During the time he was on the pillory he laughed and deny'd the fact to the last."¹ In 1742 the contents of the "Ship" were for sale. "To be Sold by Hand, On Monday next, and the following Days, till all are sold, The genuine Household Furniture of Thomas Giles, at the Ship Tavern, Charing Cross ; consisting of all sorts of clean Household Furniture, and all sorts of Kitchen Furniture. Note, There is a Parcel of neat Wines to be dispos'd of at the same Place."² The tavern, however, merely changed hands, and in 1815 it is described in the "Epicure's Almanack" as follows: "Until of late this concern was considered merely in the light of a public house. The present proprietor has removed the tap to the back premises, and in its former space has fitted up a Coffee-room, with a larder displaying steaks, chops, and other light dishes. He has done this purely for the accommodation of persons going or coming by the numerous short stages which draw up at the door." He also takes care to have an outlet into Spring Gardens. In the reign of Charles II., the "Ship," then known as the "Rummer," was kept by Samuel Prior, uncle of Matthew Prior, the poet, the family connection ceasing in 1702. It was here that Jack Sheppard committed his first crime by stealing two silver spoons. In Hogarth's "Night" the sign of the "Rummer" hangs outside, and a skit on the Salisbury *Flying* Coach consists in that expeditious vehicle being overturned, with passengers inside, when it had only just started from the doors of the tavern, whose original situation, on the south-west side of Charing Cross, may be seen by comparing the site of Rummer Court in an old map dated 1734, and published in Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster," where it will be found that the court was situated between Buckingham Court and Cromwell Place. Rummer Court survived the tavern on this site at least as late as 1761.³ Next door to the "Ship" was the "Fleece." Charles Thom, of the Fleece Eating-house in the Strand, near Northumberland House, advertises that he "is remov'd to the Fleece next Door to the Ship Tavern at Charing Cross, where all Gentlemen may depend on good Entertainment and Attendance."⁴ If you had been a patron,

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, June 11, 1731.

² *Ibid.* May 1, 1742.

³ See *London and its Environs Described*, 1761.

⁴ *Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 29, 1741.

in 1742, of the multifarious amusements which made Charing Cross at that time pre-eminently the great centre for London pleasure-seekers, your company would have been “humbly desir’d by Hugh Roberts, Engineer, to be Spectators of his Models, and other curious Plans, to shew the Nature of the Country in regard to Mines, and to answer what he laid down before both Houses of Parliament, at the New Theatre in James Street, near the Hay-Market, where a Lecture will be repeated to justify his Proposals for draining Mines and other Mechanical Arts of great Use. Note, Some Tickets having been deliver’d, and the Place therein mention’d being the Long Room at the Rummer by Charing Cross; this is humbly to give Notice, that the Place is occasionally chang’d, and the said Theatre taken for that Purpose, which will begin by the 26th instant, at five o’clock in the Afternoon. Boxes, 2s. 6d., Pit, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.”¹

There was also “to be seen at the Rummer Tavern, Charing-Cross, by any single person, or any Number of Persons, from Ten in the Morning till Nine at Night, at 1s. each, the celebrated Luminous Ampitheatre, constructed of Silver, polish’d Steel, and cut Glass, exhibiting at one View upwards of two hundred Fountains, curiously playing at one and the same Time, which, with the Infinity of Lustres (exceeding beyond Comparison the greatest Splendour ever yet beheld, even at the most magnificent and costly Entertainment), so strongly affect every Beholder with Delight and Surprise, that it renders them as it were lost in Ecstasy and Thought. It is not possible to declare the Splendour and Beauties of this noble Structure by Words; a true Idea thereof cannot be communicated but by the Sight only. There is not Room here to insert all the Figures the several Fountains form themselves into, but each of them is agreeable and entertaining, representing a Star, a Fan, a Globe and Cross, transversed fifty-four different Ways, &c. Note, the Company are allow’d to walk round the Fountains, that they may have ocular Demonstration that they are not amused with any trifling Performance. There is a back door into Spring-Gardens. Note, It has given great Satisfaction to His Royal Highness the Duke, and to several of the Nobility and Gentry.”²

Something similar to these luminous fountains, if not the very same thing, has been “invented,” by M. A. Adamoff, and is described in ‘*La Nature*’ of about May 25, 1896.

In the engraving by Hogarth alluded to, of “Night,” the sign has a bunch of grapes also appended. So that I think the tavern must be identical with the “Rummer and Grapes,” Westminster.

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, June 26, 1742.

² *Ibid.* February 15, 1742.

At the "Apple Tree" Tavern, in Charles Street, Covent Garden, four of the London Freemasons' lodges, considering themselves neglected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1716, met and chose a grand master, *pro tem.*, until they should be able to place a noble brother at the head, which they did the year following, electing the Duke of Montague. Sir Christopher had been chosen in 1698. The three lodges that joined with the Apple Tree Lodge used to meet respectively at the "Goose and Gridiron," St. Paul's Churchyard; the "Crown," Parker's Lane; and at the "Rummer and Grapes" Tavern, Westminster.¹

At a later period George Morland's painful life-story is not unassociated with the "Rummer" Tavern, through an incident which occurred here. Morland appears to have had an aversion to persons of high rank, even when they were on a level with himself in vulgar propensities. An instance in point occurred at the "Rummer" Tavern, Charing Cross, at which house he, with Bob Packer, the pugilist, had made an appointment to meet some of their boxing companions. The party disappointed them, but as they sat drinking by themselves the late Duke of Hamilton entered, and seeing the artist, said to Packer, "Who is he?" Bob replied, "Morland the painter." "Can he spar?" "Yes, your Grace." The duke then bade him stand up, and Morland obeyed; but the first blow knocked Morland across the room, and, as he afterwards declared, he was so awed by the mere name of a nobleman that, had he possessed the utmost skill, he could not have employed it. His Grace next ordered a coach, and after inquiring of Morland where he was going, desired him to get into it with Packer, and said he would set them down. The duke then mounted the box, and the coachman got behind. When they arrived near Morland's house, the duke stopped and asked which house it was; on being told it was three doors further, he abruptly bade the painter get out, and in a manner that did not a little hurt his pride; for he often observed, when speaking of this incident, that he never was so chagrined at any insult he had ever received. In fact, Morland had a considerable share of pride, which was exceedingly mortified when, from being treated disrespectfully, he felt the consequence of his dereliction of character.²

Besides the "Ship" Restaurant, sometime the "Rummer and Grapes," there was another "Ship," at Charing Cross, the sign of Mr. Rhodes, bookseller, who had been formerly wardrobe-keeper at

¹ *History of Signboards.*

² George Dawe's *Life of George Morland*, 1807, pp. 112-113.

the Blackfriars Theatre, and in 1659 opened the Cockpit Theatre in Drury Lane. In the same year Betterton the actor was apprenticed to him, and here Kynaston, a fellow apprentice, played a woman's part under Rhodes's direction.

Adam Locket was the landlord of a famous "ordinary" tavern close to Buckingham Court, Spring Gardens, which is often mentioned in the plays of Cibber and Vanbrugh, and which catered for the Horse-guard. The site is now occupied by Drummond's bank. It was much frequented by Sir George Etheridge until he had run up a bill that he was unable to pay, when he began to absent himself. Mrs. Locket thereupon sent a man to dun him, and threaten him with a prosecution if he did not pay. Sir George, an utter *poco-curante*, sent back word to Mrs. Locket that if she stirred a step in the matter he would kiss her. On receiving this answer, the good lady, much exasperated, called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, that "she would see if there was any fellow alive who would have the impudence." "Prithee! my dear, don't be so rash," said her husband; "there is no telling what a man may do in his passion!"¹ The original Locket was dead in 1688, but an Edward Locket inhabited the same house till 1702. In the "London Gazette" for 1693,² notice is given by the latter that he had taken the Bowling Green House on Putney Heath, "where all gentlemen may be entertained." This seems to be identical with the bowling-green attached to the picturesque "Green Man" tavern on the right as one emerges from Putney on to the Heath, and which is still standing.

Bellair.—Where do you dine?

Dorimant.—At Long's,³ or Locket's.

Medley.—At Long's let it be."

The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter, 4to, 1676.

The wits who, in the words of Mr. Thornbury, buzzed about Charing Cross like bees round May flowers, were doubtless not so aggressive in their public behaviour as another asset in the social life of the time, the pot-valiant libertine or the "disguised" reprobate, who possessed neither wit nor even ordinary conversational talent,

¹ *A Ramble in the Streets of London*, by J. T. Smith, 1849, p. 88.

² No. 2965.

³ Long's was another famous "ordinary" then in the Haymarket (Cunningham's *London*). An "ordinary" is defined in *Bailey's Dictionary*, 1740, as "a victualling-house where persons may eat at so much per meal." Johnson also says it is "a place of eating established at a certain price."

but who, with sword by his side, was for ever trying to compensate for his social deficiencies by seeking an opportunity for a tavern-brawl, when, if an expert bully, he would in a moment, and without rime or reason, pink an opponent whom he had never set eyes on before. For instance, a Croatian captain under the Earl of Essex, "who had a world of cuts about his body with swords, and was very quarrelsome and a great ravisher," was coming out of a tavern, when a lieutenant of Colonel Rossiter, who had great jingling spurs on, was passing. Said the captain, "The noise of your spurrs doe offend me; you must come over the kennel and give me satisfaction." Thereupon they drew and passed at each other. The lieutenant was run through the body and died in an hour or two, and it was not known who killed him.¹ And at a later period Lord Mohun, Lord Warwick, and three army officers were drinking together at "Lockit's" when angry words arose between Captain Coote and Captain French, whom Lord Mohun and the Earl of Warwick and Holland² endeavoured to pacify. Lord Warwick was an intimate friend of Captain Coote, and had lent him a hundred pounds to buy his commission in the Guards. Also, when the captain was arrested on one occasion by his tailor for a debt of £13, Lord Warwick lent him £5 5s., and he often paid his reckoning and showed other offices of friendship. On the evening in question the disputant's friend and Coote, being separated while they were upstairs, unluckily stopped to drink ale again at the bar of Lockit's. The row began afresh, Coote lunged at French over the bar, and at last all six called for chairs, and went to Leicester Fields, where they fell to. Their lordships engaged on the side of Captain Coote. Lord Warwick was severely wounded in the hand, and French was stabbed, but honest Captain Coote got a couple of wounds, one especially "a wound on the left side just under the short ribs, and piercing through the diaphragma," which, in the words of the narrator, "did for Captain Coote."³

Drummond's is said to have gained its fame as a bank by advancing money secretly to the Pretender. Upon this being known the Court withdrew all their deposits. The result was that the Scotch noblemen rallied round the firm, and brought in so much money that the bank soon became a leading one. It is older than Coutts's. Here Pope banked.

Other places of public resort on this spot besides the "Rummer"

¹ *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 3.

² Step-father, I think, of Addison.

³ Thackeray's *English Humourists*, 1869, "Steele," p. 215.

had convenient back entrances into Spring Gardens. The "Green Man" at Charing Cross, next door to which was the Lottery Office where the Swedish Giant was exhibited,¹ was known earlier, in the reign of William III., as "Young Man's Coffee-house" in Buckingham Court.² It had a backdoor into Spring Gardens, and was much frequented by "officers."³ At "Young Man's" was exhibited "a Little Man, Fifty Years of Age, Two Feet Nine Inches high, and the Father of Eight Children," who, "when he sleeps, puts his Head between his two Feet, to rest on by way of a Pillow, and his great Toes one in each Ear."⁴ This "Young Man's Coffee-house" was set up in opposition to "Old Man's," over the way, near Scotland Yard. "Old Man's" was so called after the proprietor, Alexander Man, "Coffee, tea, and chocolate maker" to William III. It was sometimes also known as "Man's," or the "Royal Coffee-house," and was a favourite resort of "Stock-jobbers, Paymasters and Courtiers."⁵

"To be Lett or Sold. Almost opposite to the Admiralty, near Charing Cross, A Large new-built Brick House, late Old Man's Coffee-House, five Stories high, elegantly finish'd. Also a back House and Kitchen, commodiously fitted up, with good Cellaring, and other Conveniences, fit for a Tavern, Coffee-House, or other publick Business, and with a little Alteration may be fitted up for a private Family. Enquire at Mr. Millan's, Bookseller, near the said House."⁶

There was another Coffee-house at Charing Cross, known as "Jenny Man's," but whether identical with either of the other "Man's" one cannot say. Addison, however, alluding to the current report of the death of the King of France, says: "Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who enter'd just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner:—'Well, Jack, the old prig's dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly.' With several other deep reflections of the

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, February 4, 1742.

² *London Daily Post*, February 7, 1737-8.

³ Macky's *Journey*, 1722, i. 168.

⁴ Henry Morley, *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*, 8vo., p. 251.

⁵ Macky's *Journey*, *ibid.* Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, describes "Man's Coffee-house" as the "most Eminent Coffee-House at the end of the Town." (Part IX. p. 201). This was in 1709. "On Monday last died Mr. Edmund Man, Master of Old Man's Coffee-house at Charing Cross, a very noted and reputable Person of the Profession. He succeeded his Father in the said Coffee-house, which was the Second that was set up in the Cities of London and Westminster." *Daily Post*, May 15, 1728.

⁶ *Daily Advertiser*, December 21, 1741.

same nature.”¹ In the year preceding the battle of Preston (in Lancashire) the following mysterious announcement appeared in the “Post-Boy” of June 3–5, 1714: “There are lately arrived here the Dublin Plenipo’s. All persons that have any business concerning the GOOD OLD CAUSE, let ’em repair to Jenny Man’s Coffee House at Charing Cross, where they may meet with the said Plenipo’s every day of the week except Sundays, and every evening of those days they are to be spoke with at the Kit-Cat Club.”²

Next door to “Young Man’s” was “Tom’s” Coffee-house, whence are advertised “Masquerade Habits to be Let, at Five Shillings per Habit, the greatest Variety of any Place soever, being very Curious and Comick, at Tom’s Coffee-house, next door to Young Man’s Coffee-house, Charing Cross.”³

Opposite “Young Man’s” was the “Orange Tree,” the sign of a snuff-dealer apparently: “Whereas the late Anthony Rodrigues (famous in his Life-time for preparing Snuff) did for valuable Considerations impart his Secret of mixing and preparing the said Snuffs to Mr. James Puech: These are therefore to give Notice That all the said sorts of Snuff are carefully and exactly prepared by the said James Puech, and sold by him at the House [? called the] Orange Tree, opposite Young Man’s Coffee-house at Charing Cross.”⁴

Francis Place, the “Radical Tailor of Charing Cross,” dwelt first at No. 16, and later at No. 29, Charing Cross.⁵

A spot associated with the name of the immortal Wren was Buckingham Court, on the west side of Charing Cross. Wren was “Surveyor of their Majesties’ Works” when this court was “a nest of vice and dirt,” and, worse than all in those days, it possessed a coffee-house that harboured meetings of those who were sworn to further the interests of the old religion.⁶ “Whereas information hath been given to this Board that there is a great and numerous concourse of Papists and other persons disaffected to the Government that resort to the Coffee House of one Bromefield, in Buckingham Court, near Wallingford House, and to other houses there: And whereas there is a Door lately opened out of that court into the lower part of the Spring Garden that leads into St. James’s Park,

¹ *Spectator*, 403, vol. iii. p. 444.

² *Notes and Queries*, October 29, 1853, p. 421.

³ *Daily Post*, February, 1725.

⁴ *London Gazette*, April 24, 1704.

⁵ *Life of Francis Place*, by Graham Wallas; and also *Eccentric Biography*, p. 77.

⁶ Possibly Bromefield’s Coffee-house was identical with that which was known later as Young Man’s Coffee-house, *q. v.*, p. 189.

where the said Papists and disaffected persons meet and consult, w^{ch} may be of dangerous consequence. These are, therefore, to pray and require you to cause the said Door to be forthwith bricked or otherwise so closed up as you shall judge most fit for the security of their Majesties' Palace of Whitehall, and the said Park and the avenues of the same. And for so doing this shall be your warrant, given at their Majesties' Board of Green Cloth at Hampton Court the 9th day of September, in the first year of their Majesties' reign, 1689.

DEVONSHIRE, NEWPORT.

“To Sir Christopher Wren, Knt.,
Surveyor of their Majesties' Works.”¹

Mr. Hilton-Price says that the “Devil” tavern in the Strand was formerly known as Shuttleworth's Coffee-house, *i.e.* in 1698.² If so it seems to have been removed from Buckingham Court, Charing Cross, for in the “London Gazette” for April 11, 1689,³ is advertised as stolen from Mrs. Cramer “at Shuttleworth's Coffee-house at Charing Cross,” by Tobias Cramer, a smooth-faced proper man, about twenty-one years of Age, a considerable Parcel of Broad Gold and Guineas, about 0 1 (?) in Spanish Money and Cross Dollars, and three Pieces of Bullion; he had on a dark Olive colour'd Cloth coat, and a blew Rateen Wastcoat with Silver Brede. Whoever secures him and gives Notice to . . . Mr. Cramer . . . shall have ten guineas Reward.”

Within three doors of Young Man's Coffee-house, “against the horse,” *i.e.* the statue of Charles I., dwelt a “man-milliner” exhibiting in 1709 a sign of the “Olive Tree and Still.” He advertised “the goods of a person who had failed, consisting of Men's Mourning Gowns of rich silks, Stuffs, Calicoes,” &c. His sign indicated two branches of trade,—the “Olive Tree” showing that not only the goods usually supplied by a man-milliner were sold, but articles generally of Italian millinery also, such as artificial flowers, Genoa velvet, Leghorn hats, &c. Dr. Johnson derives the word “milliner” from Milan, a Milaner being one who dealt originally in Milanese, and Italian finery generally. Professor Skeat says that although this is disputed, it means “almost certainly a dealer in goods brought from Milan.” The Haberdashers were originally called “hurers” and “milaners,” *i.e.* cap-makers and dealers in Milan

¹ Letter Book in Lord Steward's Office, quoted by Cunningham.

² *Signs of the Strand*, in *Middlesex and Herts Notes and Queries*, 1897, p. 196.

³ See also *London Gazette*, November 2, 1691.

wares.¹ The Still stands for a perfumer's, both these trades having been dependent on Italy for a supply of scents and toilet-waters. The popinjay described by Hotspur was "perfumed like a milliner,"² and for a long time after Shakespeare in the flesh there is a suggestion of a close connection between the two trades. Evelyn says in his "Diary" that the shops of milliners and perfumers were noted places of assignation. The milliners' shops in the New Exchange, Strand, were notorious for this. Attended by the most showy young women who could be procured, they were the haunts of beaux and profligates, who spent their time and money there in frivolous conversation.

The perplexity that often arises from such combinations on the signboard as the "Three Nuns and Hare" would not exist if it were remembered that such compound signs were often, especially when there is some striking incongruity in the two objects composing the sign, the result of one sign being added to another when its owner came into another's business, or, as pointed out by the "Spectator," when an apprentice on setting up trade united the sign of his master with his own. It would be otherwise absurd to attempt the attributing of any propriety to such a conjunction as the repose of a nun and the wild haste of a hare. Mrs. Piozzi mentions the sign of the "Hare running over the heads of Three Nuns," which used to stand at Charing Cross.³ Originally the lace-maker's sign, from the lace-work produced by the nuns who thus employed their time, it became later apparently a fur-dealer's cognizance: "Lost on Saturday last, between the Hours of Twelve and One at Noon, between the Palace at St. James's and the Earl of Thomond's House in Dover Street, a Lady's sable Muff. Whoever will bring the said Muff to Mr. Goodchild's, the Three Nuns and Hare at Charing Cross, or to the Bar of the Horn Tavern in New Palace Yard, Westminster, shall receive a Guinea Reward. No greater Reward will be offer'd."⁴

The Straits of Gibraltar, it is well known, were at one time believed to be the end of the world, and the terminus of human adventure and aspiration, and the classical appellation of the Pillars of Hercules was given to them in consequence of a fiction that Hercules, in his travels to find the oxen of Geryon, raised the two mountains known as Calpe (now the Rock of Gibraltar) and Abyla (now Jebel Zatout), as monuments of his journey, placing on them the inscription "NE PLUS ULTRA." So Charing Cross, being the

¹ Herbert's *Twelve Great Companies*.

² 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3.

³ *British Symphony*, vol. ii. p. 50.

⁴ *Daily Advertiser*, June 25, 1742.

utmost limit of town life in the seventeenth century, had its tavern-sign of the "Hercules Pillars" beyond which was the rusticity of St. James's Park, St. James's Fields, the Five Fields, and Hyde Park, where, as London extended still further west, there was another "Hercules Pillars" which is mentioned by Wycherley in his "Plain Dealer," 1676, as being in Piccadilly. Apsley House now occupies its site, I think, but the Charing Cross tavern was in Pall Mall, and was kept by one William Penck.¹ The arms of the "Rock" are azure, between two pillars a castle argent, from the gate a golden key, pendant,² but the sign generally represented the demigod standing between the pillars, or pulling the pillars down—a strange cross between the Biblical and pagan Hercules.³ At the "Chequer" near Charing Cross the carriers from Blanvile (? Blandford) in Dorsetshire used to lodge. If Blandford be meant, no doubt the carriers supplied London with the shirt-buttons and thread in which, especially the former, the town had an extensive trade.⁴ This tavern is perhaps identical with that which Hogarth supplies as a background for his first plate of the "Harlot's Progress," where a young country girl is just being launched upon the town from the York stage-waggon which stands by. In the clutches of the woman who receives her with smiles, she begins her career of wretchedness to a premature death. The Bell also appears as a sign outside, but the Chequers are plainly represented over the entrance to the tavern. The house appears to have been situated "by the end of St. Martin's Lane, at Charing Cross."⁵ Saunders and Drew's coach to and from Bath and Bristol came to the "Chequer" on Mondays, leaving on Tuesdays.⁶ Coaches also left the "Chequer" at Charing Cross for Brentford, Chertsey, Hammersmith, Hampton Court (when the Court is there), Kingston-on-Thames, and Twickenham.⁷ Pepys records having "put up his own dull jade, and there saddled a delicate stone horse of Captain Ferrers at the 'Chequer,' and with it rid in state to the Park."

A remarkable place catering for the amusement of the public in the middle of the eighteenth century, when, as Ned Ward speaks of Charing Cross in 1709, it was still practically "the end of the

¹ See the Bagford Ballads, Harl. Coll. 5996, fol. 88, No. 247. ² Burke.

³ *Hist. of Signboards*, 1884, p. 71.

⁴ Taylor's *Carriers' Cosmography*, and Hutchinson's *Dorsetshire*.

⁵ *New View of London*, vol. i. p. 17.

⁶ *Present State of London*, 1690, p. 403.

⁷ *Complete Guide to London*, 1840, pp. 71, 73, 78, 80, and 101. See also a valuable Collection relating to the signs of London and the Home Counties, in St. Martin's Library, Charing Cross.

town," was the "Mitre" tavern "opposite Craig's Court." So far as I can ascertain, it has not been noticed by any writer upon this once *ne plus ultra* quarter of Cockaigne. Here all kinds of curiosities were exhibited for the edification of the gaping country cousin, no less than for the homespun cockney, and not the least noteworthy was a prototype apparently of the modern motor-car :

"This is to acquaint all Lovers of Ingenuity, that there is lately arriv'd from the Canton of Bern in Switzerland, and to be seen at the *Mitre Tavern*, Charing-Cross, from Nine in the Morning till Nine at Night, a most curious Chaise That travels without Horses. This beautiful convenient Machine is so simply contriv'd, and easily manag'd, as to travel upwards of forty Miles a Day, with very little Trouble to the Rider, or Danger of being put out of Order. The whole Thing, though capable of carrying three Persons, weighs less than Two Hundred Weight."¹

A few days later the public are informed that "the curious three-wheeled Chaise, that travels without Horses, which has given so universal a Satisfaction to all the Nobility and Gentry, while shown at the Mitre Tavern, Charing Cross, is now remov'd to the Great Booth near the Steps in Middle Moorfields."²

Neither do I find that the following wonderful structure has ever been noticed by writers like Chambers, Hone, and Timbs :

"To be Seen, by four, five, or more, at One Shilling each, in a large Room *at the Mitre*, near Charing Cross, opposite Craigg's Court, The Microcosm : or, The World in Miniature. Lately made by Mr. Henry Bridges, after ten Years close Study and Application ; and when exhibited to publick View, was honour'd with the Presence of the Royal Family, as well as the Nobility and Gentry, and receiv'd the Approbation and Applause of the ingenious Professors of the several Arts and Sciences that compose it.

"The Author, having thus succeeded beyond his Expectation in his first Attempt, has since, with the utmost Assiduity, made considerable Additions and Improvements ; so that the Piece is now completely finish'd, and humbly offer'd to the Curious for their further Approbation.

"This Machine, for the Magnificence of its Structures, the Beauty of its Painting and Sculpture, the Excellency of its Musick, the vast Variety and Justness of its moving Figures, is esteem'd one of the most curious Pieces of Mechanism that ever appear'd in Europe.

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, April 6, 1742.

² *Ibid.* April 19, 1742. See also the "Microcosm, or the World in Miniature," exhibited at the "Mitre," *ibid.* Dec. 23, 1741.

“ Among many other Improvements, in the Astronomical Part, are added, two Planetariums, never before exhibited. The first represents the Solar System, with the Orbits and their proper Excentricities, in Proportion to each other ; in which, the Planets, in their like Proportion, perform their respective annual and diurnal Motion by Clock-Work, with a Velocity of ten Months Motion in ten Minutes. The second is a System of Jupiter and his four Satellites, in like Proportion, performing their proper Revolutions with the Solar System ; exhibiting their Immersions into, and Emersions out of Jupiter’s Shadow ; with their Occultations by, and Transits over the Body of that Planet ; as also their mutual Transits amongst each other ; with many more Astronomical Phænomena than can be well express’d in the Compass of an Advertisement.

“ This Work is judg’d by all who have seen it worthy to adorn the Palace of a Prince, as it exceeds whatever has been done of this kind. And as it will bear seeing more than once, ’tis hoped no Person will take it amiss if not admitted to see it a second time gratis.

“ Note, Mr. Bridges being engag’d in much Business at home, would be willing to dispose of this Machine, either wholly, or in Partnership.”¹

“ The two Gentlemen that had the Misfortune to quarrel and fight on Monday Morning at the Mitre Tavern, Charing Cross, were Mr. Lewis, late a Cornet in Major-General Evans’s Regiment of Dragoons, and Mr. Oliphant, now a Cornet in the said Regiment. The former was run through the Body, and since died.”²

“ Professor ” Sheard, of Hoxton, claims to be the only monstrosity manufacturer in Europe. He might have been an eighteenth-century Barnum, reigning supreme over the amusement world of Charing Cross, if he had only shed his effulgence on that period, for Londoners and their country cousins appear to have gone monster mad. What a moral force might not a great showman be—what an influence he probably is—that is, if he heed the winged words of Schiller : “ Live with thy century, but be not its creature ; produce for thy contemporaries, however, what they need, not what they applaud.” And surely “ monsters,” as well as automata and waxwork replicas, have their lessons to teach. The word “ monster ” as applied to the marvels in favour with the curious of this century, of course, means nothing more than what was out of the common order of nature, as indeed it did in Shakespeare’s time—witness Trinculo in *The Tempest* :

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Dec. 23, 1741.

² *Daily Post*, Dec. 9, 1724.

“A strange fish ! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ¹ ; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.” ²

Almost any abnormally shaped or sized animal was exhibited and drew its thousands. But what could the following have been ? As some fishermen “near Exeter drew their Net to shore, to their great Surprize, a Creature of a Human Shape, having two Legs, leaped out of the Net and ran away with great Swiftness ; and they not being able to overtake it, knocked it down by throwing Sticks after it. At their coming up to it, it was dying and groaned like a human Creature. Its Feet were webbed like a Duck’s, it had Eyes, Nose, and Mouth, resembling those of a Man, only the nose somewhat depressed ; it had a Tail not unlike that of a Salmon, turning up towards its Back ; it is four Feet in Height, and now publickly shown at Exeter.” ³ The wily suggestion of the mermaid, in the “Tail not unlike that of a Salmon, turning up towards its Back,” leads one to suspect that this was an ingenious “plant” on the part of the artless fishermen, ⁴ aided, consciously or unconsciously, by the local Professor Sheard. But a “strange fish” attracted, in the year 1742, crowds of “holiday fools” to the “Mitre” :

“To be seen, at the *Mitre Tavern*, Charing-Cross. The largest Thames-Monster, or miraculous man-eater, that was ever in the World, taken on the 26th of April last, just above London-Bridge, in the River Thames. As a Boy was washing his Mop, this surprising Monster caught hold of it in his Mouth, and had very like to pull the Boy into the River, but he calling out for Help, several Men came to his Assistance, and with great Difficulty dragg’d this Monster out, and he liv’d four Hours after on shore. He is near four Foot long, full three Foot round in the Body, and two Foot and a half round his Mouth ; his Neck is like a Bull, and Belly like a Bag ; he has sixteen Rows of Teeth, has two Rows of Teeth in his Back and Breast inwards twelve Inches from his Mouth, and just double the Number of Teeth as Days in the Year ; he has two very plain Hands, eight Fingers and two Thumbs, and Nails on each like a Christian ; he has four Horns on his Head, and other Weapons

¹ *I.e.* would be the making of a man, with regard to what was a common eighteenth-century expression, “getting an estate.”

² Act ii. scene 2.

³ *St. James's Evening Post*, November 5, 1737.

⁴ Unless, as is quite possible, it was an animal of the seal tribe which thus assisted an imagination egged on by the commercial instincts of its captors.

on his Back ; his Flesh is very fat and white, and has monstrous large Fins , he had neither Heart, Tongue, nor Lights, but all the Entrails he had are to be seen with him. All the Gentlemen and Sailors that have seen him, that have been in most Parts abroad for many Years, and all the Accounts, Books, or Prints of Fishes, that have been produced, cannot shew the like, it being neither like the Shark, Porpus, Aligator, or Grampus. Great Numbers of the Curious daily resort to see it, and acknowledge it to be the most surprising uncommon Fish that ever they saw.

“Also a Dog-Fish, lately taken off of Billingsgate ; and the curious Lock of Hair cut off a Gentlewoman’s Head, so much approv’d of, that the whole World is challeng’d for Five Hundred Guineas to produce the like.”¹

As might be supposed in these times, the wonder-wistful were confined to no particular class. All who could afford the necessary “piece of silver” were as inextricably caught in the showman’s net as the fish that he had landed. The showman’s chief patronage, in fact—at a time when the mermaid’s existence was an unshaken article of popular belief—was derived from “the nobility and gentry,” and often even the reigning monarch. The majority of the objects exhibited, however, seem to have been genuine monstrosities, monstrous births having, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when they were the vogue, especially enjoyed the attention of the learned physician and antiquary Dr. James Parsons, who lectured upon them.

“On Tuesday last one Clowsely of Oxford Road had a Sow pigg’d a Monster ; its Head, Neck, and Skin resembling a Child, and all the rest of the Body. Legs and Tail like a Pig.”² “On Thursday last a large Sea-Monster, of an extraordinary Magnitude, struck itself ashore above Rumley River in Glamorganshire, and was immediately taken by a Fisherman. It had Hands and Wrist Joints like a human Creature.”³

Abnormal productions of the animal world were from early times known as “monsters.” In the thirteenth century a *lusus naturæ* was regarded as an omen of evil import ; in our own time it becomes a lucrative exhibition. A bi-corporal lamb and a two-headed female are described in a MS. entitled “Liber de Antiquis Legibus,” and a facsimile engraving of the first is presented in Bentley’s “Excerpta Historica.” They happened in the time of Henry III. Larwood

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, May 22, 1742.

² *St. James’s Evening Post*, October 21, 1736.
Daily Advertiser, April 27, 1742.

and Hotten, in their "History of Signboards," suppose the "Monster" tavern at Pimlico to be a corruption of "Monastery," a sign which "may have been put up" on account of the land having been leased to the Abbot and Monastery of Westminster. But a close acquaintance with the news-sheets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would, I think, have led them to alter their opinion ; for, as in the case of the "Mitre," curiosities of all kinds, including "Monsters," were exhibited for the benefit, and to attract the custom, of tavern frequenters and others, whence, it seems almost beyond doubt, the Pimlico hostelry derived its sign. Separate chapters, however, might well be written on both "Mermaids" and "Monsters."

There were other applications of the term "monster," such as to the *living* wonders that aired their beauty and accomplishments at both Charing Cross and Bartholomew Fair. The dog Toby, the dogs that danced the morrice, the black wolf, the bull with five legs, and especially the hare that played the tabor,¹ were all described as monsters, by which the true sense of the word was intended : that is, a "show" (Lat. "*monstro*"). Other objects that were shows, yet not "monsters," were the mechanical figures in which our forefathers delighted no less than do we, to-day, in a good automatic penny-in-the-slot affair, and the neighbourhood of Charing Cross was a nursery of this improved taste. The celebrated mechanic Vaucanson, for instance, exhibited at the "Long Room" of the Haymarket Opera-house a figure which performed complete airs on the pipe and tabor, "excelling the most esteemed performers on those instruments," and also a man with a German flute, who played several tunes "with all the Delicacy and Perfection, depending on the various Motions of the Tongue, the Fingers, and the Instrument itself, swelling the Notes like a natural Performer, to the great Astonishment of all that are present." And if this "produced the greatest sensation wherever it was exhibited, it was even surpassed by Vaucanson's celebrated mechanical duck, which excited the interest of all Europe. No less an authority in natural philosophy than Sir David Brewster himself says, indeed, that it "was perhaps the most wonderful piece of mechanism that was ever made." It has, however, been excelled in marvellousness by Mr. Maskelyne's "Psycho." This duck exactly resembled the living animal in appear-

¹ A sketch of this ancient "monster" appears in an illuminated MS. of Hours of the Virgin, painted three centuries before Ben Jonson depicted the humours of the Fair at Smithfield (*Bartholomew Fair*, Act v. sc. 3). The copy in Morley's *Bartholomew Fair* was taken direct from the MS. alluded to.

ance and size. It swam, quacked, waved its wings, preened its feathers, accepted barley from the hand, and digested its food, an operation performed by placing in the interior of the automaton certain substances which made a solution of the food.¹ "Last week," says a newspaper paragraph of the time, "the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, several of the Nobility, and Persons of Distinction, were [? went] to see the Performance of the three Mechanical Figures, at the Long Room at the Opera House in the Hay-Market, which so far exceeded their expectations, that they thought it impossible so much could be done by artificial Figures."²

J. H. MACMICHAEL.

¹ For further information as to this most wonderful automaton, see Sir David Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*. In an advertisement relating to these contrivances in the *Daily Advertiser* of May 30, 1742, "those who desire a more particular account of these figures" are invited "to peruse a Memoir . . . presented to the Royal Academy of Sciences, containing a full Description of their Construction and Performance. This Memoir is translated into English by Dr. Desaguliers, with the Addition of a Letter from Mr. Vaucanson, giving a particular Account of the Duck, and the other figure playing on the Tabor and Pipe." See also Beckmann's *History of Inventions*, 1846, ii. 136-7-8, and *Account of Mechanism of Automaton playing on the German Flute*, by Desaguliers, B. Mus. Lib. Catalogue, 538, i. 38. See also, for an account of some wonderful objects exhibited at Cox's Museum in Spring Gardens, a full description of much interest in Mr. G. L. Apperson's *Bygone London Life*, 1903, pp. 110-118.

² *Daily Advertiser*, February 22, 1742. Cf. also Roger Bacon's Brazen Head, &c., in *Some Medieval Mechanisms*, by Sidney H. Hollands in the *Antiquary*.

(To be continued.)

OLD PARR

THE great age of this "Olde, Old, Very Old Man" has passed into a proverb. Indeed, the numerous legends relating to his extraordinary career have earned for his memory such a very remarkable reputation that, by most persons ignorant of all historical records concerning his existence, his longevity has come to be regarded almost as a myth. But, even supposing that Thomas Parr did not live to reach the hundred and fifty odd years claimed for him, there can be but little doubt that he attained an exceptionally great age. A man, dying *anno* 1635, who well remembered the monastic houses prior to their Dissolution in 1537, must have certainly been a centenarian, and a most interesting centenarian into the bargain, in spite of the fact that he was of humble extraction, and had never received any education.

Thomas, the son of John Parr, a small farmer, was born near Winnington in Shropshire, in (according to information related by Dr. William Harvey, the famous physician) the year 1483. At Winnington, or in its immediate vicinity, he led the life of an active agricultural labourer until extreme age kept him indoors. He married his first wife, Jane Taylor, when he was in his eightieth year. After her death, he did—so we are asked to believe—public penance in Alderbury Church for seduction when he was over a hundred, and married a second wife when he was one hundred and twenty years old. After the death of his father, he resided in the same house as a tenant, renewing the lease from time to time from the son and the grandson of his original landlord.

Early in the year 1635, the fame of Thomas Parr's longevity brought him a visit from Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, then travelling in Shropshire, who, looking upon Parr as a rare curiosity, determined to take him up to London to be exhibited to the Court. He, accordingly, had a litter specially constructed to convey Parr, who was by now totally blind, up to the metropolis, whither the old man, with his two friends, journeyed under the care of one Bryan Kelly, an Irishman. On his way up to town, Parr enjoyed a most

triumphant progress, crowds flocking to see him at Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Coventry, Daventry, and Stony Stratford. At Coventry, indeed, so severe was the crush that he was almost suffocated. Arrived in London, he was lodged in the Strand, and visited by King Charles I. and his Court. To the "White King" he admitted that he had undergone the penance referred to above, and confessed also that, in the earlier stages of his prolonged career, he had, as occasion served, frequently changed his religion for fear of being burned at the stake. But the lack of wholesome air and simple diet speedily told upon Parr's constitution, and on November 14, 1635, he breathed his last. His remains were subjected to a post-mortem examination by William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and were buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey: an honour never before or since paid to the memory of an agricultural labourer. On the plain grave was cut the following inscription:

THO: PARR OF YE COUNTY OF SALLOP.

Borne in Ao 1483. He lived in ye reignes of Ten Princes, viz ;
 K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. V., K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen.
 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Ma., Q. Eliz., K. Ja., and King
 Charles, aged 152 yeares ; and was buried here Nov. 18, 1635.

Thomas Parr, contrary to the common report, left no descendants, male or female, but his second wife survived him. He attributed his excellent health, so John Taylor, the Water-Poet,¹ tells us, to his moderation in eating and drinking:

In all his lifetime he was never known,
 That drinking others' health he lost his own.
 The Dutch, the French, the Greek, and Spanish grape,
 Upon his reason never made a rape.

And though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
 He hath been handsome and is comely still,
 From head to heel his body hath all over,
 A quickset, thickset, nat'ral hairy cover.

In personal appearance he seems to have been a good-looking man, of medium size, with a deep chest and a thick beard.

As to the important question of his longevity, I am inclined to believe that, even if he did not live to be one hundred and fifty, he nearly reached, nevertheless, the age of one hundred and twenty, or

¹ *The Olds, Old, Very Old Man: or the Age and long life of Thomas Parr.* By John Taylor. London, 1635.

thereabouts. In proof of this, I offer the following facts for consideration, viz. : Parr's clear references to, and descriptions of the monasteries, prior to their Dissolution ; his renewal of a lease from a father, son, and grandson ; his account of his conforming to the changes in religion under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth (for had he been a mere child during the Marian persecution he would not have been summoned to prove the orthodoxy of his Catholicism, so he must in that reign have been a full-grown man) ; and the belief expressed by Harvey in his longevity.

In conclusion, I append below extracts from the very interesting as well as instructive "post-mortem" held upon his remains by Dr. Harvey :

"Thomas Parr, a poor countryman, born near Winnington, in the County of Salop, died on November 14, in the year of grace 1635, after having lived one hundred and fifty two years and nine months, and survived nine princes. This poor man, having been visited by the illustrious Earl of Arundel¹ . . . was brought by him from the country to London. . . .

"Having made an examination of the body of this aged individual, by command of His Majesty (Charles I.), several of whose principal physicians were present, the following particulars were noted :

"The body was muscular, the chest hairy, and the hair on the forehead was still black ; the legs, however, were without hair and smooth.

"The organs of generation were healthy, . . . so that it seemed not improbable that the common report was true, viz. that he did public penance under a conviction for incontinence, after he had passed his hundredth year. . . .

"The chest was broad and ample ; . . . Shortly before his death I had observed that the face was livid, and he suffered from orthopnoea . . . We judged, indeed, that he died suffocated through inability to breathe, and this view was confirmed by all the physicians present, and reported to the King. . . .

"All the internal parts, in a word, appeared so healthy, that had nothing happened to interfere with the old man's habits of life, he might perhaps have escaped the debt due to nature for some little time longer.

"The cause of death seemed fairly referrible to a sudden change in the non-naturals, the chief mischief being connected with the change of air, which through the whole course of life had been

¹ Collector of the Arundel Marbles.

inhaled of perfect purity, light, cool, and mobile, whereby the præcordia and the lungs were more freely ventilated and cooled. . . .

“And then, for one hitherto used to live on food unvaried in kind, and very simple in its nature, to be set at a table loaded with a variety of viands, and tempted not only to eat more than wont, but to partake of strong drink, it must needs fall out that the functions of all the natural organs would become changed. . . . The brain was healthy, very firm and hard to the touch ; hence shortly before his death, although he had been blind for twenty years, he heard extremely well, understood all that was said to him, answered immediately to questions, and had perfect apprehension of any matter in hand, he was also accustomed to walk about, slightly supported between two persons. His memory, however, was greatly impaired. . . . He only recollected the events of the last few years. Nevertheless, he was accustomed, even in his hundred and thirtieth year, to engage lustily in every kind of agricultural labour, whereby he earned his bread, and he had even then the strength to thresh the corn.”

PHILIP SIDNEY.



HOW CAN LOVE PROSPER?**(A ROMANCE OF WET WEATHER.)**

How can Love prosper? All the world's in tears!
 I made thee, Sweet, a bow'r for sunny day;
 Methought how, when at eventide one hears
 The blackbird's prelude to his vesper lay,
 Thither we'd hie. The hawthorn where he sings
 Bends low, and spring flow'rs grow around the tree;
 'Tis there the Daffodil his gold cap swings,
 Bowing to court pale star Anemone.

So down I crept, to see if Nature yet
 Was building for my love—if she had come
 The carpet thus to strew, the seats to set,
 The arch to bud above this fairy home.
 Ah me! The hawthorn stands itself an isle
 Deep floods amid! A distant rushing sound
 Of torrents is the music for the while
 I gaze on all the wat'ry waste around.

Oh, so, my Love, the world's a river wide!
 And shall we launch together towards the sea?
 Onward and outward must the flooding tide
 Roll—and a barque 'twill bear for thee and me!
 Shall we the blackbird miss when curlews cry,
 Or need Spring flow'rs where seaweeds strew the waves?
 Beneath the flood Earth's blossoms droop and die—
 The ocean hides her treasures in her caves.

What though the poet call the buds of Spring
 To witness to his vows; though his desire
 Be that his soul-chant all the birds should sing—
 The wood Love's chancel, they his service choir—



Yet, oh my heart, the torrents have a song,
The rain has music, and the rushing stream,
Driven by swelling flood her course along,
Finds more the likeness to my spirit's dream !

Those are soft tokens—zephyrs, birds, and flow'rs—
So life was never ! No two joined in love
To bask through countless sunny summer hours ;
Such would no worth, no truth, no courage prove.
Dark skies and storm-wash'd ways—and I, thy choice ;
Life unknown, veil'd in cloud, but yet with thee—
Above the torrent's roar to hear thy voice—
Over the bar to find the open sea !

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

TABLE TALK.**THE PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR STAGE.**

IN what arts we are inferior to our neighbours of over-sea is a matter concerning which diverse opinions may be held. In sculpture we have made an advance, and even in architecture some progress has recently been evident. These things are gratifying, since in both those matters we seemed for a long time to be hopelessly *arriérés*. Acting is now probably the only art in respect of which we are—as it seems—demonstrably behind other countries. There may be those who will dispute such an assertion. That we have among us actors of high mark is not to be contested. Without dwelling upon men of established reputation—such as our Irvings, Wyndhams, Trees, Hares, and Kendals—we have younger men who have made or are making a name for themselves. Capacity is more noticeable among actors than actresses ; and there are few who would be bold enough to make out a list of actresses likely to fill the shoes of their great predecessors. A few, such as Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Marie Tempest, show genuine power in comedy ; many young artists have sweetness and charm, and one or two have the rarely accorded gifts of refinement and distinction. In not one of the youngest school can we see the promise of dramatic genius, such as we recall in a Lilian Adelaide Neilson, a Madge Kendal, or an Ellen Terry. In regard to the supply of “leading ladies” we seem to trust to amateurs, and the extent to which our stage is recruited from “society” is a curious and unedifying sign. What will be the effect of our new schools of art it is yet too early to say.

ACTING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT is less, however, in regard to single performers than to the general cast with which pieces are given that the hopeless state of things is shown. There is not an individual who will assert that we are capable of presenting a piece as it is given at the best French, German, and Italian theatres. I am personally less familiar with the

stages of Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Cologne, Rome, and Milan, than I am with that of Paris. In addition to the Comédie Française there are in Paris four or five theatres at which performances are given with an ensemble such as we have once more ceased to possess. At one time we seemed to have benefited by the lessons which French companies have set before us. Not very many years ago the Criterion could show as good a company as the Palais Royal, and there are half a dozen houses at which plays have at times been finely mounted. At these even the requisite balance is not wholly maintained. There is generally one personage who obtains a disproportionate share of the limelight. Few, indeed, are the cases in which we can take a foreigner of average cultivation and endowments and bid him compare a performance on London boards with what he has seen at home. In regard to second-class performances meanwhile we have contemplated things which would shame a booth at Bartholomew Fair, were such still in existence. Not wholly the fault of the actor always is this. We have, it is lamentable to state, the most ignorant public in Europe—a public that in its heart prefers vulgarity to refinement, and exalts horse-play over expression. When, at the end of fifty or a hundred nights, a performance which was once commendable has lost all claim to consideration, we know it to be because the more the actors have clowned the warmer has been their reception. Shakespeare's advice to the players is as valuable and applicable to-day as it was three hundred years ago.

INTERPRETATION THE ACTOR'S PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE are two points of view from which acting may be contemplated. There is, first of all, technical skill, the display of the actor's physical resources. It was the custom more than half a century ago for the tragedian to rant, and for the comedian to "mug"—to use a slang phrase. Both habits have to some extent been abandoned. When Chatterton presided over the fortunes of Drury Lane, and Phelps was his leading actor, there was a school of ranting tragedians, the memory of which has faded into a dim tradition. Some of these men had a touch of genius, notably "Tom" Stuart. Of "mugging" comedians Liston was the most memorable in ancient days, and John Sleeper Clarke the most notable in modern. Men such as the latter leave behind them deservedly high reputations, and minister greatly to public delight. I could add others of the type of Buckstone, whom it was always a pleasure to see. Such men must be judged by their

inherent drollery and capacity. Buckstone delighted to make the audience roar at the sound of his voice before he came in sight. As the interpreter of an author's intention men of the class are rarely of much service. A part must be written for them. Unless we will place the executant above the creator, interpretation is the actor's first responsibility and highest accomplishment. For one actor of position who will fit himself into a part, I can point to a score who will make the parts fit them. Salvini's Othello, one of the most magnificent of performances, was no nearer to the conception of Shakespeare than was that of Macready, whose worst tragic part it was. Some of the most popular actors on the stage have had little apparent purpose in acting beyond the exhibition of their physical advantages.

I do not wish to dogmatize, and I have heard my own views strenuously opposed by those with every right to a hearing. On the first performance of Tom Robertson's *Caste* there were many, of whom I was one, who declared that George Honey, who played Eccles, was "out of the picture." This opinion or heresy I was maintaining with some insistence in the presence of one of the best and most artistic of English actors. "You may be right," he said, "but it is the best piece of acting in the performance, and it would be far better if it were possible to raise the picture up to the tone of his performance than to lower his performance to the tone of the picture." I was snubbed, but unconvinced. Comparatively recently, while the rage for romantic drama was on, I saw a competent actor in the supposed presence of the Roi Soleil, Louis XIV., conduct himself as no man ever dared in the French Court. It was a gallant and chivalrous piece of acting, but as interpretation it was impossible—inconceivable. I could say much more on the subject were I in the vein and had I the space. I will, however, spare my readers. When Hamlet condemns the worst style of acting prevalent in his day, he says of its exponents that he has heard others praise them. So it is nowadays, and it is not seldom the most inartistic presentment that begets the loudest applause and receives the most indiscriminating eulogy.

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THE BURNING OF THE BOATS.

BY I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING.

There comes a time now and again in a lifetime when the only way of escape is to cut off the possibility of retreat.

Escape for your life ! Look not behind you !

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST MEETING.

THE rain poured down in sudden torrents, relentless, insistent.

From time to time a hansom flashed by, and the lonely street lighted dimly by streaming lamp-posts was roused, temporarily, by the sounds of the sharp, hissing twang of the driver's whip and the squelch of wet mud beneath the footsteps of the flying horse.

The reflections from the gas-lamps lay tremulous and flickering along the road at regular intervals, flecked by a thousand facets of light and gleaming like molten steel.

But through all the discomfort involved to the travellers there was yet the fully compensating sensation to which the occupant of a certain hansom was fully awake, viz. that of the stirring atmosphere caused by the underlying sense of mystery which is ever to the fore in a London street on such a night as this.

Flavie de Mirandole was always peculiarly sensitive to this kind of influence ; and now, as she leant eagerly forward over the closed doors of her hansom, she was conscious of feeling a fierce pleasure in the sharp spatter, from time to time, of the wind-swept raindrops against her face, stinging though they were.

She was fully alive to the flying lights, racing along by the sides of the wheels; to the travelling music of the hansoms flitting by; fully alive to her environment, fully alive to all the possibilities of life. More than this, she was thoroughly on the *qui vive*; for she never felt so much on the edge of keen, suppressed excitement, as when she was abroad during the travail and stirring moods of the elements. They appealed to her strangely; she felt in tune with them, in touch with them.

Having spent most of her life in France, she had imbibed with the air she breathed an eminently French temperament, quick to answer to the merest touch upon its keys, of excitement, of emotion.

In the quiet old Château where she had lived, the days for the most part had passed unemotionally enough; but through them all had always been present to Flavie a keen sense of the under side of things, a sense of how *real* life might suddenly become. There seemed to her great potentialities for stirring incidents in the air, and as she had walked along under the lime-scented avenue, beside the soft, velvet lawn, with all the summer scents and sounds abroad, around her, she had longed passionately for something to break the dull, even monotony of the undisturbed evenings and mornings that came and went with such unbroken regularity, bringing no dramatic incidents to vary them, no excitements, no dangers to distract their respectable placidity.

Then one day something did happen—not the something that Flavie was looking for, but still enough to put her immediately in connection with the outside world.

M. de Mirandole left her.

He had been accustomed for some time to go away from the Château for days together, coming back, unusually attentive, with some present or other for his wife, which, with an added share of bowings and scrapings, would be delivered into her hands with irreproachable courtesy.

Then one morning a note was laid beside her plate. He had then been away two or three days; and when she opened it, she read, to her bewilderment and amazement, the—to her—totally unexpected news of his decision not to return at all; he had found another woman to whom he “was everything,” and had decided to live with her.

After the first shock had subsided, and she had been able to think quietly of the position in which she found herself, Flavie made up her mind to quit the Château and go to England.

She had no near relations, and she could not bear to subject

herself to the indignity of confessing the ignominious position in which she found herself placed, through no fault of her own, to those guardians who had originally so considerately (and mistakenly) arranged her future for her by marrying her to M. de Mirandole.

Between Flavie and her husband there had never been any bond of sympathy ; but then, neither had there been any dissension. It had in no sense been a real marriage ; it had only been another illustration of the words of the famous Dutch novelist, words that are always abundantly illustrated in this world, "They had only gone to church, and then lived together."

It had been with Flavie as it had been in the case of another woman who, at the end of a long, wearisome, ill-fitting married life, said quaintly and dramatically to her friend : "We married on Tuesday ; by Thursday I knew I'd made a mistake, and I've known it ever since."

Flavie's purgatory had begun, indeed, on her wedding tour, and had burnt up all her illusions, her dreams, her ideals ; after that "each day brought its petty dust" her "soon-choked soul to fill," and she had eventually taken counsel with herself, and the real self of her had gone into retreat for good, leaving only a cold, indifferent self on the surface with which to face the world.

Now she was free ! And all the old self, so long crushed into quiescence, rose tumultuously to the surface at the emancipation from the tie of a world-acknowledged bond, which had yet no faintest counterpart of itself in the spiritual half of her.

What a strange anomaly it is that in one of the most emotional, impulsive countries in the world there should yet exist that unnatural, deplorable custom of arranging the marriages of the daughters, so that they themselves should have no voice in the matter—should, indeed, seldom see *alone* the man with whom they are to spend their lives, before being irrevocably bound to him !

This, in a relationship which makes such tremendous claims on the woman, bears upon the face of it a sign-mark which cannot be mistaken by anyone who has eyes to see.

M. de Mirandole *could*, from the very nature of the man, have no conception of what depths were stirring so turbulently, so hopelessly, far down below the surface in the outwardly placid, almost expressionless face of the woman who sat opposite him day in, day out, and with whom he would pass harmless little pleasantries, banal little nonentities of nicely cooked-up conversation.

He had got what he wanted ; how could anyone be surprised

that he didn't concern himself with the question if *she* wanted anything? He passed her with elaborate formal courtesies the salt and the sugar ; it was the joy and admiration of any beholder to see the airs and graces with which he acquitted himself of this duty.

With a woman like Flavie a marriage of active dislike would have been almost more bearable than this uncongenial, placid nonentity of feeling ; she could, she knew it, she felt it, love so passionately—she, who longed to cast everything at the feet of someone who could answer to her pent-up nature ; she had everything to offer, but no hands into which to pour it.

Her husband could no more have understood her demand than he could have imagined it in himself.

What *could* she ask more than a supremely eligible *parti*, a splendid château, and riches galore with which to gild the lazy, luxurious days that drew down the blinds of night and raised them at daybreak so unerringly? Surely one was not expected to pass anything else? What else was there to pass? The heavier nourishments, with which one satisfies one's hunger, came to her through the offices of lower-born hands, viz. those of well-drilled servants.

All he asked from his wife Flavie gave him.

As a woman said the other day of her husband, "I can easily give him all he needs, and he never asks for more than a little surface love, and that I always have ready for him."

This exactly expressed Flavie's attitude to her husband : a little easy "surface love," measured out in a medicine-glass up to a certain mark, so to speak ; and he took it, appropriated it, easily also, at the correct times, and was fully content.

But what others would "give as a duty" she had an unquenchable need to give as "living impulses" ; and there was an imperative demand in her, claiming utterance, where she could find no outlet.

The whole of her "cabin'd and enclosed" life at Château Mirandole spelt the word "Boredom" writ large ; for what is boredom but the oppressive sense of being in a blind alley of life, where one can neither give one's real self out, nor take in someone else's? A blind alley of thought, where the road leads, conventionally, nowhere. A few measured nothings for the midday meal, a few measured nothings for the evening meal, a dull drive, a depressing stroll, *et voilà tout !*

And yet with it all she was conscious of the certain conviction that the world would think her most ungrateful, for what definite fault had she the right to find?

Her husband was kind, if he was dull ; he was willing to give her everything comfortable and in reason.

Ah ! there was the rub ! She wanted something else, something unseen, and she wanted it *unreasonably* much. Something that is not "comfortable" in the bourgeois sense in which we use the word "comfortable," but which, indeed, is often very disquieting, very rousing, very stimulating—wanted this passionately, but, as was to be expected, did not find it ; and after trying for it, and finding it impossible in the direction of her husband, locked it all up within herself, and paced up and down in her caged life, alone.

Now to-night, borne quickly along through the dark, the scudding rain blowing gustily against her face, striking her like sharp pricks, did but sting her into keener, gladder, consciousness of life—the life she panted for, free, active life, with the suggestion in the air of possibilities of excitement, of danger for her at last !

The stagnation of her old life at the Château had dropped from her like a hateful worn-out garment, which she had been condemned for many years to don, but of which she abhorred the very pattern, the very thought.

Now at last she could stretch her arms, a free woman once more ! She had been drugged to sleep all that weary time. She had had too much fine weather, figuratively speaking ; she welcomed wholeheartedly the stinging shower, the rough storminess of the evening, now. These were the times when she felt really awake, really close to the great heart of things, on the edge of some great transfiguration of life's commonplaces, of life's regularities. At other times, when all went smoothly, when radiant summer days poured gift after gift into her lap, she enjoyed each one fully, it is true, as far as it went ; and yet beyond it all there was a mood in her which she knew to be powerful, which she knew to be capable of being the dominating key-note of her character. And this was the mood which only rose to its full stature, to its full dimensions, in moments when outward things had struck the note of danger, of a nearing catastrophe, of the immediate, imperative necessity of decision in some matter of vital import.

Some people are paralysed, mesmerised, by the approach of adventure, of risk, of danger ; they are rendered for the time absolutely mentally deficient members of society ; they hold all together and keep themselves close, and, as far as regards the averting of a catastrophe by prompt, practical aid, are as useless as it is possible to conceive of their being.

In short, whatever force it is that takes the reins, with such a

glad show of triumph in the case of those who welcome storm, excitement, risk as vital periods of growth in which they are enabled to look straight between the eyes of real urgent life, in the case of those others who stand inert and nerveless in such moments, it retreats into some attic of the mind, slams and locks the door, and remains there until the demand made on it has gone by and things are safely placid once more.

For Flavie de Mirandole, excitement, emotion—by whatever name we call that force which runs its fingers over all the music and wakes all vital sound in one's being—was a necessary adjunct of her character; without it all the best part of her was dumb, was quiescent. She required to be stirred for the sediment to be raised; the sediment was the real thing, without which her real nature was colourless in the eyes of most people, enigmatical, misunderstood, and judged wrongly. To be her real self she must first be roused.

By this time they had reached Berkeley Square, the horse slipping and sliding continually, and with difficulty pulling himself up on the greasy, wet road. Just as they were turning out of the Square another hansom, which was coming rapidly in the other direction, dashed into them.

There was a sudden floundering scrimmage, a moment of inextricable mixing up of horses, reins, legs, and shafts; then the horse belonging to Flavie's hansom, after one sickening slide and an ineffectual attempt to recover his footing, fell over on his side on to the pavement; the driver was shot over the top of the hansom, alighting on his head some yards off; the hansom itself hung a moment in the balance, then came over on its side with a crash, splintering the shaft, and Flavie was flung heavily on her arm in the road.

A young man who had been in the uninjured hansom hurriedly jumped out, and came forward at once to help her up, but found himself too late to do this, as she had already risen to her feet.

He was amazed to see her eyes ablaze with triumph, with glad excitement; no hint, no suggestion of fear or terror was there, but rather as if she had achieved some long-expected desire, and as if all within her rose with passionate acclaim to greet it. Her eyes were dilated and full of something to which Gordon Hargreaves could not put a name at the moment; he had never seen that look in a woman's face before; he had often enough seen the tremulous look of fear rise in his mother's and sister's eyes in moments of peril, but never this welcoming danger as a friend whose advent was keenly appreciated and revelled in.

After a moment, which seemed a long one to him, he said, raising his hat, "Aren't you hurt?"

For a measurable space Flavie did not answer; then she seemed to remember where she was, and coming back, as it seemed, with an effort from a long distance off to present necessities, present exigencies, she roused herself and turned with a smile to Gordon Hargreaves, saying, "Do you know, I am hardly sure. I am not conscious of anything but the shock of the bang on to my elbow as the hansom overturned. But," she went on, cautiously moving it, "now I begin to move it, it hurts, so I expect it *did* get damaged. Never mind me," she continued; "let's go and see to the driver; he's never moved since he was flung off, and I'm afraid for him." So saying she moved to the spot where the man lay, huddled up and motionless.

Gordon Hargreaves watched her as she bent over the prostrate figure, and thought he had never seen anyone in the least like her before.

Flavie was undeniably a woman who could not fail to arrest attention when she was, as this evening, in the midst of one of the moods that stirred her and lighted up her inner self. Ordinarily, perhaps, in old days at the Château, she might not have struck the casual observer, for her face rarely lit up then—what was there to make it do so?—and though she was tall and graceful as to figure, yet her face was one of those which have the possession of beauty inalienably, but in whom it is kept in a casket, as it were, and only brought out on special occasions.

It was she herself, her real personality, that stepped to the front now and transfigured the face.

As she turned to speak to Gordon he was struck by her beauty. The curly dark hair on the temples, the delicate, sensitive little mouth, and the dark violet-blue of the eyes, shaded by long, curling lashes and arched eyebrows; pathetic eyes though they were, yet they responded to every expression; returning, when the face grew quiet again, to the look of wistful pathos which was never far away from them.

"Won't you let me get you a hansom now?" asked Gordon as she looked up.

"No," she answered, "I'd rather wait till this poor fellow has been attended to."

"Just as you like," answered Gordon; "but in that case my hansom had better go off for help," turning as he spoke to the man who was examining the fallen horse.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man as Gordon approached, "but you'll be witness for me that this collision wasn't my fault?"

"Yes, of course," said Gordon, "it was no fault of yours; whatever fault there was belonged to that poor chap there," pointing to the prostrate driver.

"All right, sir, I'll go," said the man, jumping up behind his cab and whipping up his horse as he spoke.

"I suppose there's nothing we can do?" said Gordon, coming back to where Flavie was standing.

For the first time since Fate had so roughly introduced them Flavie took stock of her chance acquaintance. "He's not good-looking," she said to herself, as she noted his red curly hair and bushy eyebrows, fair eyelashes, and weather-worn complexion; "but he's well set-up and soldierly looking, and it's a face one could trust from the first moment one saw it—and trust absolutely; and there's pluck, determination and conscientiousness written unmistakably in the resolute grey eyes and the firm jaw and lips."

A few moments later two policemen turned the corner, wheeling an ambulance, and Flavie and Gordon watched as they lifted the unfortunate driver into it, and, after examining him, shaking their heads, remarked to Gordon, "Bad case, I'm afraid, sir; we heard about it from the cabby who fetched us;" and after a few more necessary words of inquiry they covered in the ambulance with its white roof and pushed it along in front of them.

Flavie shivered as she watched the little cavalcade move off and away from them.

"Is it not terrible," she said, turning to her companion, "how close Death walks beside each one of us? We don't, happily for us, realise it, but nevertheless there is the unseen foe ever shadowing us, till at some sudden turn in life he hunts us down and his arrow finds us.

"It seems terrible to me to see these ghastly ambulances, driven by two stern sentinels, inside which is an unknown, solitary human being, being wheeled away out of life, out of light."

"Oh, I don't think I feel that about death," answered Gordon quickly. "One's got to face it some time or other, and I don't think it much matters how. If you've had bullets whistling all about you, as I have lately out in Africa, you'd learn to take the chances unconcernedly and cheerfully, and not to think anything of them. One really gets in time to wonder, as a funny sort of speculation, as to which bullet's going to hit you, and you go in and out of them

as indifferently, if you've really got your mettle up, as if they were so many flies."

"Ah! but there's something different in the covering in and wheeling away into the darkness of a lonely human being whom nobody knows; for to be injured *alone* is very different from being injured in company with a crowd of one's comrades, for then it is but the common fate, which you meet all together, shoulder to shoulder."

"Yes, that's true," he answered, "and yet when the bullet *does* pick you out, I suppose you'd feel as grimly alone as if you'd got pitched on your head in a London street and taken away in an ambulance by yourself.

"After all, when it comes," he went on, "something comes down and shuts you off effectually, whenever, however it happens, from the rest of your kind, into that darkness where no hand can reach for yours and from whence you can reach for none. Now, please let me see you home," he ended. "Shall we drive, or would you rather walk?"

"Oh! we'll drive, please," answered Mme. de Mirandole without a moment's hesitation. "You are always taught that if you get a bad fall while riding, you should mount again, if it is possible, at once, or you will lose your pluck; so I always carry that principle out in everything," she said, with a curious smile.

"Right; it's what I should have imagined you would have done," said Gordon, turning to her, with a ring of admiration in his voice, as he hailed a passing hansom and helped Flavie into it.

As they drove off Gordon went on, after a moment, "But into what sort of other things do you carry that principle?"

Flavie hesitated before answering, then she said, "If I'm disappointed in a friendship, as I was in my girlhood—I had put all my eggs into one basket then, and given it into the hands of a girl whom I cared for—well, if I'm disappointed, I don't at once revile the whole system of friendships because one of that particular kind has come off in my hands, as English servants say, but I take my disappointment like a man," smiling at her companion as she spoke, "and try again elsewhere."

"But can you start again in *that* sort of unconcerned way with a friendship?" asked Gordon, stroking his moustache meditatively. "I don't think I could remount again if I'd once been thrown badly," he added, after a moment.

"Ah, but one can't not remount again," said Flavie quickly, a sudden flush rising in her cheeks.

"Love and friendship are so absolutely necessary to us, how

could we ever go through life without them? For in that case life would be robbed of all motion, of all volition ; if one lost one's pluck because one had been thrown, one *must* remount in that case."

" Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," quoted Gordon, smiling.

" Ah," she answered, looking round suddenly, " you are very young or you wouldn't say that ; it all depends on the woman you meet if that cheap saying is true for you or not.

" For myself I believe that all these easy common divisions between the sexes are started by someone, in each case, who has had no capacity for such a spiritual sense as is implied in the recognition of such forces as love and friendship.

" ' We speak that we do know,' you remember ; and some people's sayings, even when they are as worthless as that, seem to have a spurious immortality, which gets them a place among the domestic classics which the average husband gives out as authorities to the smatteringly educated wife, ' to show her her place,' " she added, bitterly. " But I think that the same rule should, by rights, apply to the man as to the woman. Sex is temporary ; love and friendship are by their nature eternal.

" Besides all that, our affinities are not, for all of us, sown beside the way, between the conventionally marked-out path of recognised relationships, like sweet peas or sunflowers. Some of us have to go far afield for *the* hand of all others that is to be laid in ours ; some of us have to live long, go through much tribulation, before we find recognition and satisfaction in another soul ; some of us have to reach peace only through many mistakes and among many disillusion.

" Then, too, I no longer think," she continued, " as I once did, that marriage is the only gate through which one must pass to attain love and friendship ; that for me is now an exploded idea ; if you knew my story you would understand why. I still think they *may* in some cases be found in that relationship, but I no longer am deluded into the belief that *all* women must seek their twin soul in marriage, any more than I believe that for *all* women the needle is the only weapon," she went on, with a laugh, " or that because an unlucky human being happens to turn up the card Female as regards sex, therefore the only occupation, if she requires to earn her own bread, is that of teaching, as was the commonly accepted notion till not very long ago. Heaven help us ! How ludicrous a notion it was, if you come to think of it, that because you are disabled in the

world's eye by sex you must perforce link on to one of the superior sex to have any standing at all, and this whether you have any calling to wifehood and motherhood or no ; or else that you must take up *one* profession whether you are fitted to undertake it or not. As well make all men squeeze into the round collar of the priesthood whether they have any disposition for it or no !” she ended.

“ But where are you to find love if not from the man to the woman ? ” asked Gordon doubtfully.

“ Where ? Surely you don't think,” she answered quickly, “ that love must always inevitably be between a man and a woman ? Why should it not just as well be between man and man and woman and woman ? I can conceive a real lasting love and friendship existing between man and man and woman and woman : an equal love (which it is *not* in marriage), an unselfish love (which it is not always in marriage), a spiritual love (which it is by no means invariably in marriage).”

Gordon did not answer ; it was a new idea to him. In some indefinite way he had looked forward, as is the case with most young men, to marriage at some future day, but he had looked on it as some inevitable incident to which he would adjust himself, but which would not permanently disarrange all his life plans for himself. He had not seriously looked at marriage from the woman's point of view ; it had seemed, indeed, all that the women he had known best required, and therefore he had not gone into the subject of any further demands that women might make of life.

To the average man marriage is the *ne plus ultra* of woman's existence, her *summum bonum*. It seems to him that marriage is the “ hill ” unto which womanhood must perforce “ lift up ” her “ eyes,” for from thence “ cometh her help ” !

He is not careful to pursue the metaphor further, or he might have the fact forced on his notice that it is a terribly steep hill to climb for some women, leading, moreover, to a rather precipitous drop on the farther side.

Gordon had never given the question a thought before, and he was conscious that his new friend was taking him along, for him, quite untrodden paths of thought.

His speculations were rudely interrupted by his companion suddenly raising the little trap-door of communication between them and their driver, and saying :

“ Here, this is the house,” as they drew up at the door of a house in a street leading out of Berkeley Square.

Gordon helped Madame de Mirandole to alight, and as she

turned, smilingly, to make her adieux, after paying the cabman, an uncontrollable impulse seized him to retard the inevitable moment of parting. "When shall I see you again?" he asked earnestly, as the departing tinkle of the bell of the dismissed hansom fell reiteratingly on their ears.

"Oh! we're sure to meet again," she answered lightly, as she laid her hand in his for the conventional seal of parting.

"Fate always sees to that."

"Does it?" answered Gordon, gravely; "I'm not so sure of that. Our meeting was not so very propitious, if you come to think of it; for out of the four people who met so strangely and suddenly at that eventful corner to-night, to one the meeting meant tragedy and the finish of life."

"Yes, that's true, poor fellow," answered Flavie, quickly. "One can only hope that in the future, at any rate, there will be no cross-line of Fate drawn through any more of our meetings. Good-night and thank you," she added, as she fitted her latchkey in the door and turned to enter the house.

CHAPTER II.—THE SECOND MEETING.

A young man who was travelling by the night mail from Paris to Switzerland awoke out of a somewhat uneasy slumber into which he had fallen, in his corner of the carriage, by becoming conscious of a series of jerks and bumps and grindings by which the train was gradually coming to a standstill.

These had in some way connected themselves, before he awoke, with a dream on which he was embarked.

He dreamt that he was being married—to whom he was unaware,—and that it was the realisation at last of all his life's hopes and aims.

At the moment when the woman beside him was about to say the words that were to unite them for life some sudden whirlwind arose in the world outside the church; the very floor beneath their feet seemed to rise and fall, the walls swayed, cracked, and the whole building seemed on the eve of being wrecked; then, as is the fashion in dreams, the whole scene slid, merged into confusion and blurred outline, and finally became utterly shapeless.

When Gordon Hargreaves was thoroughly awake, he looked out of the window, in the vain attempt to see, if he could, what had occasioned the stoppage of the train. But all was dark, and there

was nothing to be seen, look where he would. All that was immediately evident was that they were not stopping at a station, but, as it seemed, in the midst of a wide expanse of heath or common.

There was no one in Gordon's carriage with whom he could have compared notes, so he was obliged to await further developments.

These were not slow in coming. In a very few moments sounds of excited voices and the jabber of fast-chattering tongues made themselves heard, and, looking out again, Gordon could now see, at the far end of the train, lights and dark figures moving about on the banks and line.

"I'll be at the business end of the train," thought Gordon to himself as he opened his carriage door and let himself down on the rails beneath.

Someone in the carriage next to his own was in the act of descending as Gordon reached it.

Looking up instinctively, Gordon was conscious of a sudden unaccountable shiver of delight as he recognised that again Fate had brought him into touch with his unknown companion in adversity of last winter in London, for in the dim light he caught a glimpse of the face above him, and it was that of Mme. de Mirandole.

At the same moment she recognised him, and, as is invariably the case where a woman and man are concerned in something together, was infinitely more "on the spot" than was he.

In her case, of course, this was not to be wondered at, for her Patronal day, so to speak, had ever been, from earliest youth, the day of excitement, of danger, of emergency; and to-night she was strung up and, as usual, thoroughly on the *qui vive*.

Absence had done its work in the days, months, and weeks that had elapsed since they had last been together, as far as Gordon was concerned.

Absence never fails to throw the element of contrast, of reminiscence, of the heightening colours of imagination, across the page of a previous experience, if it has any possible emotional power of its own. And these two felt a strange stir of excitement in the fact that accident had thus again thrown them together.

Mme. de Mirandole could not see the sudden flush of colour which rose in the man's face beside her, she could not feel the quick pulses which tingled in him, but she noted—what woman would not have noted it?—the look in his eyes as they met hers, and she knew what it meant.

Gordon, too, knew what it meant.

No man or woman is ever in doubt when they have really met the one other whose presence, as it were, *signifies*, in their life.

"We seem fated to meet in collisions or accidents," said Mme. de Mirandole, smiling; "is it a collision this time, or has the engine gone lame?"

"I've been trying to find out," answered Gordon, feebly, as he remembered that on seeing her everything connected with the train and his journey had gone completely out of his mind. "But I'll go and ask," he added, after a pause, "if you'll wait here a moment."

"I think I may safely promise that," said Mme. de Mirandole, laughing.

After a minute or two Gordon returned with the information that they would have to stay where they were for hours, as some of the machinery of the engine had broken down, and it would take some time to repair the line at the spot where the engine left the rails.

"Il faut monter, M'dame, il faut monter," enjoined the guard, who approached them swinging his lantern, at the same time assuring them there was no danger.

Mme. de Mirandole stepped up into her carriage, followed by Gordon, and the man, with a smile and courteous reassurances, shut the door and went away.

"Do you know that I don't even know your name," said Flavie, with an amused smile, "and yet here we are, enforced companions, for no one knows *how* long!"

"My name is Gordon Hargreaves, of the Army Service Corps," said Gordon, promptly handing her his card, as he spoke, "and I wish I could be of some use to you in this emergency."

"I am Flavie de Mirandole, and I live at Château Mirandole, and am on my way to it at the present moment; though, practically speaking, I am *not*, for a full-stop has been put to my journey," with a merry laugh, said his companion. "What have you been doing since last we met?"

"I went to call on you, after our mishap that night, to ask how you were, and found, to my infinite disappointment, that you were gone," said Gordon. "It's a stroke of the greatest good luck to have met you again like this," he broke in suddenly, wondering why he, who found such difficulty in an ordinary way in expressing himself in talking to women, should find it so easy to talk to the woman opposite him.

He did not understand that the unusual environment always removes conventional barriers, and that one can get farther some-

times during the progress of exceptional circumstances in daily life than would be the case in many weeks of ordinary conventional meetings.

"I've thought ever so often of what you said that evening," he went on ; "in lots that you said I have come to agree, but not in one respect. Do you remember saying that, if in love or friendship you had had a great disappointment, a great fall, so to speak, you could mount again? Well, the more I think of it, the more I feel certain that, had such a thing happened to me, I could never have remounted."

"No," said Mme. de Mirandole, suddenly, turning her eyes to his in swift sympathy, a new light in her face ; "I don't believe you could. It would be once and for always with you."

Eager words crowded to Gordon's lips as his eyes met hers ; but with second thoughts he checked himself and looked away.

"I think I know the lines I'm built on, too," he said, gravely. "I stay where I'm put in a great measure, if you know what I mean. I was brought up very strictly, in the old-fashioned way ; conscience was everything—the trained conscience, I mean—round which were built a perfect network of traditions, inalienable, immovable, unreconcilable. Well, I was put there in childhood, and I feel there I shall be, in certain ways of looking at things, till my dying day. Certain things, for instance, which are possible to others, certain ways of thought, certain freedoms, are impossible for me," he ended.

Mme. de Mirandole looked curiously at him. This young man had begun to interest her keenly, and she felt an unaccountable regret as she heard him describe his limitations.

"Ah !" after a few moments, she exclaimed, "my bringing up was very different from yours, in that case. My parents trained me in a far more lax point of view, with only a few principles thrown in here and there. I mean," she struck in, noticing his quick look of surprise, "that they gave me a few stray principles, and for the rest—well, I had a good deal of freedom. I don't feel the limitations in little things that you speak of. I was a great deal with my grandparents, too, and before I had grown up my parents died." She paused. Why did she feel a curious reluctance to speak of her marriage to the man before her? Something seemed to keep her back from mentioning it, though what the feeling was she could not have explained to herself, much less to anyone else.

Time passed pleasantly enough notwithstanding the enforced waiting, and by the time the morning dawned, the line had been

repaired, and another train had been sent to carry on the passengers to their destination, the two so oddly brought together felt as if they had known each other all their lives.

When at the next junction Gordon had to bid Mme. de Mirandole good-bye, his line of journey being no longer by the same route as hers, he felt he could not let her go as he had done before in London, with no certainty as to where he should meet her again.

His native conscientious honesty, however, forbade his making a little conversational pontoon to reach the desired ground of reunion, and so he invented no untruth on the spur of the moment, but bluntly spoke out exactly what he was thinking :

“Tell me when I may see you again ; I must see you again, and not lose sight of you as I did last time.”

Flavie raised her eyes suddenly and looked straight into his. How unlike he was to most of the men she had known heretofore. How many of them, she caught herself wondering, would have, in a like case, disdained the shelter of a subterfuge, if it had offered the advantage of a further meeting with her? Not one, she was sure of it.

Some unusual thought swayed her, as she forbore speaking to him as she would have spoken to the others, and she answered his question in the direct manner in which it was asked :

“On your way back come and see me at the Château. I shall expect you,” she added, with a smile. There was something in her smiles which made them absolutely unforgettable, and Gordon thought as he looked at her that moment that he had never known before what boundless possibilities lie within the scope of a smile.

CHAPTER III.—THE THIRD, AND LAST, MEETING.

The Swiss trip was everything that could be desired, and yet Gordon found himself, as each morning broke, wishing the days would go quicker ; for he was conscious of a strange impatience that, pleasant as they were, they would draw quicker to a close, for when this happened he could pay that other visit to a certain old French château, a visit the very thought of which filled him with a most unaccustomed, suppressed excitement.

He was going to see *her* again.

Nothing that stirred him as did this thought had as yet come into his hitherto placid and emotionally undisturbed existence. He did not stop to inquire of himself why this was so ; he was not introspective in any way, consequently he did not press for

explanations ; he simply became conscious of a strange new interest in his life.

At length the last day in Switzerland arrived.

As he packed that morning he caught himself whistling, and now and again breaking into the words of the song, "Do you remember, Love, that night, that lovely night in June?"

Why should he not sing it? This was to be his day of flowers, for he was going to see "her" again, to look in her eyes again, hold her hand in his again, speak to her again.

There had been the two accidents which had caused their two other meetings. What would be, he wondered, the ruling incident in *this* meeting? Would there be some happy luck in waiting for this, their third meeting, he thought, laughingly?

He did not reach Château de Mirandole till the June afternoon had sunk into a delicious twilight, coloured, scented.

He found Mme. de Mirandole in the old garden, surrounded by friends. This time, as she met his eyes, she must have been blind had she not noticed the lighting up which flashed from their depths as he saw her first.

"Can I be getting in love with this young English boy?" she thought to herself as she became aware that his coming had struck light in herself also.

They had no opportunity for any private conversation until that evening. Then, sitting beside her alone, the other guests scattered some here some there, Gordon, passionately stirred by her presence—he could not take his eyes from her face—the fragrance of the garden, the bewilderingly lovely summer night, the whole subtle charm of his environment affecting him so unusually, poured out his heart before her.

Once having passed the Rubicon he took his courage in both hands and told her everything—everything there was to tell: about his childhood, about his ideals, his aims, and, finally, about the little girl in his mother's house in England whom his people had always hoped he would marry, but whom he had never really cared for; how he had never dreamt of what love could be till he met Flavie de Mirandole; and, lastly, he wound up, half-humorously, with "And if *I* get a fall in this matter, Flavie, I shall never, never remount again, as in our first conversation last year you said you should do in such a case."

Mme. de Mirandole gazed at him; he seemed almost transfigured as he stood before her, his whole personality alight with love

for her. This was the love she had dreamed of all these years ago, before she had married M. de Mirandole.

Almost she had said "Yes" to Gordon's passionate request ; but then something—some alien force—seemed to remind her of her marriage. *She* might not consider that she was still bound by it, but how about him ?

She knew now what were his points of view in many things, what were likely to be his conscientious scruples in such a case.

"I can't answer you now," she said, rising from her chair ; "I'll answer you later." And he, in obedience to her suggestion, followed her into the drawing-room.

An hour later, when talking to a man leaning against the mantel-piece, his attention was attracted by a portrait hanging in an oval frame beside the fireplace.

It was that of a man no longer young, with a curious tired look on his face. "Who is that ?" he said at length, as he found his eyes returning again and again, as by some inexplicable fascination, to the picture.

"That ? Oh, that is—" glancing behind him so as to be sure his hostess was not close by,— "that is M. de Mirandole, the *divorcé*," he added under his breath, in a meaning voice.

Gordon gave a sudden start, and he said hurriedly :

"Whom did you say ?"

"I said M. de Mirandole, mon ami," reiterated the gentleman to whom he had spoken.

There was a pause—to Gordon a sickly pause ; then he went on, resolved to know for certain the answer to his question.

"Do you mean the father of Madame ?" Gordon pursued, wilfully misunderstanding.

The man whom he questioned turned and stared at him.

Who was this ignorant English boy, who did not seem to understand so ordinary a French term as *divorcé* ?

"I don't mean her father, of course," he replied after a moment, "but her husband, whom she has divorced."

"And he is still living ?" Gordon forced himself to ask.

"Still living ? Mais oui, certainement, mon ami, certainement," and he turned away, with a hardly concealed smile, to his neighbour on the other side. "Ces Anglais sont extraordinaires !" he muttered as Gordon turned to go to another part of the room.

But though he moved his place he could not change his thoughts.

"So the last state of that man was worse than the first." The words kept saying themselves over and over again in his brain

without any volition of his own. Happily, for the moment no one seemed to notice him in his corner of the big drawing-room, for he could not have spoken to anyone; he could not think, much less talk. He could still see the woman who meant everything to him—life, love, friendship—but in every other respect he seemed paralysed.

He had lost her after their first meeting, it is true, and he remembered vividly his discomfiture and keen disappointment; but *now* he had lost her for good and all.

For, through all his bitter disillusionment and the sudden wrench of all his dreams in the hey-day of his highest hopes, there was never a moment's doubt of what his own course of action must be. "This above all, to thine own self be true," rang out clear in his mind as his life's motto.

It was not in vain that his mother had thrown all her life into his training; for now, when it was to suffer the greatest strain it would, in all probability, ever have to pull against, it stood him in good stead and held him firm at the most crucial moment of his life, for conscience, his final court of appeal, would consent to nothing less.

Somehow or other the evening wore through for him, as such evenings *do* wear through, at last, and after the "good-nights" were said he was free to go to his room.

"What was he to do?" was the persistent question which dogged his minutes as they passed.

The hours went by, and at last Gordon decided that he must tell her to-morrow morning; he *must* see her once again; he *could* not leave her like this.

Next morning many of the guests took their leave, and only himself and an old friend of Madame de Mirandole, who lived with her, remained still at the Château.

Gordon lost no time in persuading Madame de Mirandole to come into the garden, as he had something very special to ask her.

Flavie had no idea of the storm that had swept to the feet of her former companion in misfortune, and she smilingly acceded to his request.

Once out of sight of the house Gordon began; he could not trust himself to speak on anything else but the one overpowering subject, which occupied all his thoughts.

"I have come to tell you that I must go to-day. Oh! *why* did you not tell me you were married and your husband still living?" he burst in passionately. "Can't you see how this separates us—always must separate us?"

"Why?" broke in Madame de Mirandole, breathlessly, in amazement at his sudden impetuous manner. "I do not consider myself married—bound to M. de Mirandole any longer. He left me long ago, and I divorced him; we are nothing to each other any more."

"Ah! how can you speak like that?" interrupted Gordon. "The Church has bound you; how can you marry again? If you are 'nothing to each other,' your promises were something, surely. Don't think for a moment," he went on, "that I am not proud—proud to love you, for I am, and shall always be; but marriage is a different matter. It can never be wrong to love, provided only, as someone said once, you love *enough*; but to marry unless you are free *is* quite another matter—you must see that?" he questioned, turning suddenly to her.

"No," she answered, her head erect, "I can't see it. The bond between us is broken; nothing can bring the ends together again. Nothing. If one fails in a compact between two the compact is broken, and marriage is such a compact in my eyes."

"No," said Gordon quickly and firmly, "*I* can't agree to that; one's honour remains, and to break that would involve a loss of self-respect, a loosening, a degrading of one's moral outlook.

"If I went against that I could never hold up my head again. After all, one can but be true to one's idea of right; to fail in that is to lose all hold of one's self, so it seems to me, never to be able to face the real inner self of oneself, if you know what I mean.

"No, it *must* be good-bye," he ended.

Flavie shivered involuntarily and glanced quickly at him.

"It is 'Right turn! March!' for me, and that at once. I daren't dally with what I know to be right for me. It is, indeed, 'Escape for your life! look not behind you!'

"Everything in me wants to stay, and for that very reason I've got to go. Help me, Flavie! There's nothing wrong in our love—for you *do* love me," he added, his eyes on hers, as he stooped and took her suddenly in his arms.

"But you are my ideal; I can never care for anyone again as I care for you; but I can't, God help me! drag my ideal down, as I should be doing if I persuaded you to do something that I believe to be wrong. So it's 'Right turn! March!' for me," he ended, as he at length drew away from her, and his arms fell listlessly to his sides.

As he turned from her to go away his face twitched, and the corners of his mouth trembled as he set his jaw in the convulsive effort to keep hold of himself till the last.

Vividly that moment there rose before his mind's eye one May afternoon, years ago, in his early schooldays.

It was the day of the school sports ; his father and mother had come down from Town, and he was full of hopes that he would win a prize to lay as a laurel wreath at their feet.

Then, just as he had almost won the half-mile race, his foot slipped—the morning had been one of drenching rain—and he fell, and the race was lost to him.

He remembered as if it were yesterday, how his father gripped his arm as he turned away, fighting his tears, and the whispered words of sympathy that he spoke in his ear as they walked off the ground together.

The same dogged determination that had been his sustaining power in the old boyish days had been with him ever since, on battle-fields, in retreats, in crucial moments, and it would not fail him now at his utmost need.

Through her tears Flavie watched, with a sort of miserable, reluctant admiration, the upright, soldierly figure, instinct with self-control ; the face stern, with the deep-set, desolate eyes—so full of radiant light but yesterday ; the whole expression of the face resolute determination to “die game,” not to lose power over himself, to lose anything rather than lose hold of the helm.

And so he passed out of her life, down the sunlit garden and out through the farther gate, into the country lane, and she could see him no more.

Six months later she was sitting in the porch, talking to her great friend, when the servant brought her a telegram.

Opening it hastily, she read, hardly grasping the full meaning of the words at first :

“I am going to burn my boats. Everything calls me back to you, and I dare not come. I am going to England to-night—to marry Elsie.

GORDON HARGREAVES.”

Mme. de Mirandole handed the bit of flimsy paper to her friend.

“So our original meeting was to spell Tragedy ultimately for all—not only for one !” she said, with a voice which she tried in vain to steady.

WILLIAM BARNES.

AMONG the poets of the Victorian era Barnes stands apart from all his rivals and occupies a unique position. For the tendencies operating most strongly in the poetry of the period are missing from him, and the virtues he possesses are just those which are least conspicuous in his contemporaries. The age was one of criticism and of reconstruction; the old systems of thought had been broken up, and it was necessary to rebuild them in the light of the new ideas which found their most striking and powerful expression in the French Revolution. Hence the poetry of this epoch was to a large extent reflective and the art self-conscious. But with its many excellences it was lacking in freshness and spontaneity. In Barnes, on the other hand, we find little reflection, and that of a comparatively superficial kind; what we do meet with is a freshness and spontaneity usually associated with the early ages of the world. But as each generation has a circle of ideas which especially appeal to it, it is liable to direct exclusive attention to the poetry which treats of them, and to neglect to a corresponding degree that which does not. Here we see one of the causes from which the poetry of Barnes greatly suffers.

Another hindrance to Barnes's popularity is the Dorset dialect in which he wrote. Little as it differs from ordinary English, it apparently offers an insuperable obstacle to the position to which Barnes's eminent powers entitle him. English people are naturally averse from anything of the kind, and prefer poetry of a lower order when written in the form to which they are accustomed. The "Fairy Queen," we fancy, is known to a larger circle than the "Canterbury Tales," and "Marmion" and the "Lay" are more generally appreciated than the lyrics of Burns. The poetry of Barnes, with the exception of one small volume mostly of inferior quality, is written in the Dorsetshire dialect.

In his preface to the reader Barnes declares the aim he had in composing his poems. "I have little more to say for them, than that the writing of them, as glimpses of life and landscape in Dorset which open to my memory and mindsight, has given me very much

pleasure ; and my happiness would be enhanced if I could believe that you would feel my sketches to be so truthful and pleasing as to give you even a small share of pleasure, such as that of the memories from which I have written them." In other words his aim was to describe his experiences of life and nature under the stimulus of "pleasurable excitement," and to impart a share of his own feelings to his readers. Nor was it a mere freak that led him to choose the Dorsetshire dialect, for he seemed to come into closer contact with those who formed the subject of his poems by making use of their native speech. To adopt it as a vehicle for his personal feelings Barnes saw was meaningless, so he assumed the character of a Dorsetshire countryman ; to quote Sir Francis Doyle, who has written a singularly just appreciation of Barnes, he "confined himself to the lyrical interpretation of such simple emotions as arise out of the simple drama of an average country life." Hence he must restrict himself to a narrow range of thought and experience, to the love and friendship, to the joys and sorrows of those whose interests were confined within the circle and scenes of village life. Sir Francis Doyle has well pointed out that Barnes "has done much to atone for a certain inevitable monotony in the choice of his subjects . . . by cultivating an exquisite finish of style. . . . Accordingly, as a rule, his little pieces exhibit a delicate grace and a completeness worthy of Horace."

What then are the characteristic features of his admirable style? In diction it is direct and simple ; in expression coherent and clear, leaning markedly neither to the concise nor diffuse, but keeping the *via media* demanded by natural propriety and plain good sense. In movement it is free and animated, and responds and gives expression to the deeper feelings of the poet's soul. Where, indeed, do we find, confining ourselves to the last half of the nineteenth century, verse of such charm of movement, so direct and simple, as in "The Blackmwoe Maidens"? Take the second verse as an example :—

If you could zee their comely gait,
 An' pretty feäces' smiles,
 A-trippèn on so light o' waight,
 An' steppèn off the stiles ;
 A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
 An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
 You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce
 Is Blackmwoe by the Stour.

Again, in that poem of genuine pathos, "Ellen Brine of Allenburn," the movement, instead of being swift and animated, as in "The Blackmwoe Maidens," is slow and subdued and almost stately :

Noo soul did hear her lips complain,
 An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain
 An' others' loss to her is gain ;
 For she do live in heaven's love ;
 Vull many a longsome day an' week
 She bore her allen, still, an' meek ;
 A-workèn while her strangth held on,
 An' guidèn housework when 'twex gone.
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Oh ! there be souls to murn.

Next to the freedom and spontaneity of his style we may mention his admirable control over his own materials. They need not be very rich nor of the widest applicability, but he lays them out to the best possible advantage. His poems, at all events his best ones, leave upon the mind a sense of totality and completeness ; we as a rule feel a single impression, to which all the elements of the poem contribute, and with which none rudely jar. This power of fusing a number of separate elements into a single whole is one of Barnes's eminent characteristics, and it is the want of it that destroys the effect of many poems which possess qualities of poetical value. Cardinal Newman, for instance, has written poems containing many graceful lines and well-turned phrases, but their evolution is so imperfect that they leave no total impression upon the mind, and hence obtain comparatively few readers. But such a poem as "The Girt Woak Tree within the Dell," perhaps the finest product of Barnes's genius, to which we shall have occasion to refer later, owes a large part of its value to its constructive power and to the perfect sequence of the various elements of which it is composed.

As Barnes in his poetry assumed the character of a small Dorsetshire farmer he was necessarily restricted in the choice of his subjects and in the points of view from which he regarded them. Thus anything in the style of deep reflections or of profound thought had to be kept strictly in the background. When he does reflect it is in a strain of moralising rather than of reflection in the larger sense of the term. For instance, in a little poem entitled "Times o' Year" he looks back upon the spring and summer that are past and the autumn still present, and thinks upon the winter to come :

Soon shall grass, a-vrosted bright,
 Glisten white instead o' green,
 An' the wind shall smite the cows,
 Where the boughs be now their screen.
 Things do change as years do vlee ;
 What ha' years in store for me ?

Or again, he sees the thistledown, which was blown along the plain, descend suddenly into a pit sheltered alike from sun and wind, all movement having ceased. And so he says :

The plain ha' brightness wi' his strife,
The pit is only dark at best,
There's pleasure in a worksome life,
An' sloth is tiresome wi' its rest.

Zoo, then, I'd sooner bear my peärt
Ov all the trials vo'k do rue,
Than have a deadness o' the heart,
Wi' nothen mwore to veel or do.

These reflections are by no means profound, but they are remarkable for the natural buoyancy with which they spring direct from the situation which inspires them.

It has been noticed that Barnes recalls Chaucer in his sense of the joy of life, and it is true that his attention is mainly directed to its cheerful aspects. But when he deals with the pathetic, his treatment of it is no less admirable. For pathos as revealed in literature may be of two kinds, inspired or the reverse. In the one case it produces spiritual elevation and in the other spiritual depression ; in the former our pity for the sufferer is mingled with a sense of pleasure, which ever accompanies the quickening of our higher powers. No reader of Barnes can for a moment doubt his possession of genuine pathos. Such a poem as "The Broken Heart" is a noble example of it :

News o' grief had overteäken
Dark-ey'd Fanny, now vorseäken ;
There she zot, wi' breast a-heavèn,
While vrom zide to zide, wi' grievèn,
Vell her head, wi' tears a-creepèn
Down her cheäks, in bitter weepèn.
There wer' still the ribbon-bow
She tied avore her hour of woe,
An' there wer still the han's that tied it
Hangèn white,
Or wringèn tight,
In ceäre that drowned all ceäre beside it.

But such scenes as these are few in number in proportion to those of a more cheerful character. The majority of his poems treat of the ordinary occupations of rural life and the simple interests of those engaged in them. Since their whole lives were spent among the forms of nature, they consequently mingled largely with their thoughts, and were the centre round which their duties and pleasures

revolved. What can be more charming than the following address of a man to his "smilèn wife o' twice vive years," recalling the by-gone incidents of their married life?

An' we've a-trod the sheenèn ¹ bleäde
 Ov eegrass ² in the zummer sheäde,
 An' when the leaves begun to feäde
 Wi' zummer in the weäne, Jeäne.
 An' we've a-wandered drough the groun'
 O' swayèn wheat a-turnèn brown,
 An' we've a-stroll'd together roun'
 The brook an' drough the leäne, Jeäne.

This poem affords us a good instance of Barnes's method of treating nature. For although it enters so largely into his poetry it is merely as a background; the human interest always, or nearly always, predominates. When Keats describes the features of autumn he does so with a view to inspiring in his readers a new and wondrous sense of their relationship with nature's outward forms. When Wordsworth sees a host of golden daffodils by the lake-side he thinks of the deep abiding pleasures he has stored up for future years. But when Barnes writes upon the white roads winding among the hills he thinks of his walks with a friend along them, of the parties of guests who traversed them, of the houses concealed by trees:

Young blushèn beauty's hwomes between
 The white roads up athirt ³ the hills.

The aspects of nature upon which Barnes most loves to dwell are the phenomena of movement, colour, and atmospheric effect, and the verse quoted above is a typical instance of it. It is the "sheenèn bleäde"; it is "swayèn wheat a-turnèn brown." Or again he speaks of the brook which

Do creep along the meäds, an' lie
 To catch the brightness o' the sky.

We have so far dealt with the lyrical poems only of Barnes, but he has also written eclogues, dialogues between two or more persons, mostly of a humorous kind. They have been highly praised by certain critics; and Mr. T. Seccombe, who has contributed an article upon Barnes to the "Dictionary of National Biography," remarks: "Less sombre and more rustic than those of Crabbe, his eclogues, unrivalled in English, are not wholly undeserving of

¹ Shining.

² The aftermath or meadow after hay-making.

³ Athwart.

comparison with the prototypes of Theocritus and Virgil." They are doubtless full of life, contain much excellent dialogue, and a shrewd and genial humour, but they have neither the fulness and abounding vitality of Theocritus nor the incomparable grace and charm of Virgil. It is in the eclogues that Barnes's sense of humour is strongest; "A Bit o' Sly Courtèn," perhaps the most delightful he wrote, is full of it. But to appreciate it at its due worth it must be read entire.

We have touched upon some of the chief features of the poetry of Barnes, but before closing these remarks it will be well to retain in our minds some of his best work. We mentioned as an illustration of the admirable evolution of his poems "The Girt Woak Tree within the Dell," and since it reveals many other excellences we will quote part of it. He tells us of his affection for this particular tree: "There's noo tree I do love so well"; he mentions the pursuits connected with it and the games he had played around it in sight of his parents who sat beneath its shade:

An' there, in leäter years, I rov'd
 Wi' thik poor maid I fondly lov'd—
 The maid too feàir to die so soon —

.

There han' in han' wi' bosoms warm,
 Wi' love that burn'd but thought noo harm,
 Below the wide-bough'd tree we past
 The happy hours that went too vast;
 An' though she'll never be my wife,
 She's still my leädèn star o' life;
 She's gone: an' she've a-left to me
 Her memory in the girt woak tree.

And then he prays that nothing may hurt it, and that it may still flourish after he is no more.

As he draws to a close his strain rises to a higher pitch:

But oh! if men should come and vell
 The girt woak tree that's in the dell,
 An' build his planks 'ithin the zide
 O' zome girt ship to plough the tide,
 Then, life or death! I'd goo to sea
 A-saillèn wi' the girt woak tree;
 An' I upon his planks would stand,
 An' die a-fightèn vor the land—
 The land so dear—the land so free—
 The land that bore the girt woak tree;
 Vor I do love noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

The tree remains the centre of the poem, but the circumference becomes larger and larger until it embraces the nation in the splendid burst of patriotic zeal which completes it. From beginning to end the poem is a striking success, and the fervour of the last few lines reaches a height that Barnes has not elsewhere attained. But here we have none of that natural description, so fresh and invigorating, in which he constantly excels. The following verse, with which we shall close these quotations, is a good example of it :

When I led by zummer streams
 The pride o' Lea, as naighbours thought her,
 While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
 Did cast our sheädes athirt the water ;
 Winds a-blowèn,
 Streams a-flowèn,
 Skies a-glowèn,
 Tokens ov my jây ' zoo fleetèn,
 Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn.

The colouring and movements of nature are given with wonderful truthfulness and charm, inspired and elevated by the passion of love. Palgrave rightly says of it that "in its simple brightness and airy music Barnes here touches the Elizabethan lyrical chord, but goes beyond it in depth of feeling."

But that which, over and above these qualities, gives to Barnes's poetry its distinctive force and charm is the benignity of his character, that kindliness of disposition which overflows at one time in tender pathos and at another in genial humour. The natural gaiety of his spirits led him to turn his eyes principally to the cheerful side of life, and this characteristic is in pleasing contrast to the somewhat depressing, if not actually morbid, atmosphere which suffuses the larger part of modern literature. This too is the secret of his natural inspiration, the sense of freedom and spontaneity which he possesses in such an eminent degree.

To attempt to forecast the verdict of posterity upon Barnes is impossible at this date ; we are too near him to see his work in a true perspective. Such being the case, the personal estimate is bound to creep in, and this is increased in those who know and delight in the country of which he wrote. But his poetry has been rated highly by certain eminent critics. We have quoted Sir Francis Doyle's opinion, and Palgrave, to whom all lovers of Barnes must ever feel grateful for directing the attention of readers of poetry to the finest products of his genius, which he has enshrined in the

second series of the "Golden Treasury," says: "Let me express a hope that the (really very) slight difficulties offered by the Dorset speech will not hinder true lovers of poetry from making friends with this genuine, original, and exquisite singer. If they do so it will be a friendship for life." Mr. Stopford Brooke has written: "The time will come when the dialect in which he wrote will cease to prevent the lovers of poetry from appreciating at its full worth a poetry which, written in the mother tongue of the poor and of his own heart, is as close to the lives and souls of simple folk as it is to the woods and streams, the skies and farms, of rustic England."

We have above drawn attention to a resemblance between Barnes and Chaucer, and they have several points in common. Doubtless Barnes's scope was strictly limited to a certain class whose outlook was confined to a narrow range of subjects, while Chaucer was wide as mediævalism itself: not that mediævalism which was strangled in the bonds of scholastic philosophy, but that whose natural gaiety was irrepressible, rejoicing in the present and not over anxious for the future, those days . . . when wits were fresh and clear, and life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames—this was the world which Chaucer entered into and interpreted with a kindliness, shrewdness, and charm which raised him to a poetic rank superior to any ever attainable by Barnes. But in their outlook upon life their points of similarity appear most clearly, and many of Coleridge's remarks upon the one may with equal propriety be applied to the other. Barnes had a "manly cheerfulness"; "how perfectly free" he was "from the least touch of sickly drooping"; "the sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry" is effected "without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature." Above all there is an eminently salutary spirit infusing all Barnes's best work, like the first morning breezes or the very atmosphere of his own downs. And they who seek for a vigorous and healthy spirit breathing in the pages of modern literature would do well to select as their constant companions the poems of that "genuine, original, and exquisite singer," William Barnes.

RIVERS PAGE-ROBERTS.¹

¹ I regret to say, that the author of this article died without being able to revise the proof.—SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE EXAMINATION OF WITS.

MR. HENRY LATHAM¹ states that the objects of examinations are :—

1. To select the most suitable persons for some particular purposes.

2. As an educational instrument.

He adds that the great extension of examinations in recent times is due to the efficiency which they are held to have in making a selection amongst candidates as showing either general or particular ability. They open the way to certain professions, they are the test employed for awarding distinctions and emolument. They have, indeed, so far worked their way into the national system that they are employed as the method of deciding the question which boys or girls shall pass from the elementary schools to secondary schools by means of scholarships. They are so far ingrained in the ordinary popular consciousness that the question is raised,—However could you propose to determine selection of candidates for academic or professional purposes in any other way? By examination is meant, in the mind of almost everyone, the written answers to questions to be done within a limited period of time. In Mr. Latham's careful inquiry into the different aspects of examinations, he comes to the conclusion that it is impossible "to frame an examination which shall place men in order of ability." He suggests that a well-conducted statistical inquiry might be of real value in showing how far distinction in past University life has gone with the distinctions which have been gained in various kinds of study. He adds: "The time may come when certain peculiarities of mind may be recognised as 'indicating' or 'counter-indicating,' in medical phraseology, the use of certain kinds of mental exertion. A science of observation may be prescribed in one case, some study which enforces concentration of attention in another, while one which involves 'introspection' may be strictly prohibited in a third. We

¹ *On the Action of Examinations, 1877.*

may even have hereafter a medical branch of the medical profession, we may have persons who shall make it their business to understand mental constitutions, and to advise parents as to the course to be followed with youths of peculiar or slightly morbid turns of mind. . . . I feel sure that immense good might be effected by a wise practitioner who should unite a sound knowledge of mental physiology with a practical acquaintance with the work of education."

Mr. Latham, then, sees the possibility that "we may have persons who shall make it their business to understand mental constitutions and to advise parents as to the course to be followed with youths of peculiar or slightly morbid turns of mind." Such a method would reverse the present practice. It would be an examination of mental traits or tendencies, a mental diagnosis, followed by educational prescriptions. It would take place at the beginning of a pupil's educational course, and be a working hypothesis as to the lines of development to be pursued with regard to him, instead of being a test applied at the end of his course, to see how much of a general and uniform standard of knowledge he has acquired in comparison with other pupils or students. Instead of being an examination of the amount and quality of acquired knowledge, it would be an "examination of wits," to ascertain the capacity for undertaking studies at all, and an effort to determine the scope and direction of specific subjects of study.

Now this is precisely what some of the older educationists advocated. The most noteworthy amongst such writers probably was Juan Huarte, a Spanish writer, who was born between 1530 and 1535 and wrote the "Examen de Ingenios para las Ciencias" in 1557, which was published in 1575¹ at Baeza. Of this an Italian translation by Camillo Camilli was published at Venice in 1582. The first English translation by Richard Carew appeared in London in 1594, under the title of "The Examination of Men's Wits." Another translation into English of Huarte's book was made in 1698, by Edward Bellamy, with the title "The Tryal of Wits."

Edward Bellamy claims that his translation was direct from the Spanish, whereas that of Carew was from the Italian version of the original. He states that in 1698 there had been five or six several editions of the Spanish, three of the Italian, ten or eleven of the French, one in Latin, and one in Dutch. There can be no doubt that Huarte's book was widely circulated, and that its influence, direct or indirect, was considerable. Here are Edward Bellamy's words in

¹ See *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors* by J. G. Underhill, p. 399.

his address to the reader, which show the main thesis of Huarte, as interpreted by his translator :

“ It would be,” says Bellamy, “ no small advantage to this kingdom (in particular) and to the commonwealth of learning (in general) if this reformation [of Huarte] were attempted and put into practice. For if there were Triers of Wit appointed by the State, according to our author’s proposal, to watch the genius of children, in their first appearances and efforts, whether to make the scrutiny as the ancients advised, by leading them to the shops of mechanics, and to choose trades for them, according to the tools they choose to play with, or to descend so far as to observe their childish plays and diversions, wherein the man is often represented in miniature. Thus Vesalius began in his childhood to cut up rats and mice ; Michael Angelo at the same age to draw figures, and Galen to make medicines. By these means there would be fewer dunces in the Universities, as well as fewer bunglers in the shops ; not a few, upon inquiry in the schools and inns of court, would be sent to take their degrees in the trades and manual arts ; their bodies being made for labour, not their minds ; and their genius suiting rather with such professions as require more good shoulders and good backs than good heads. Nor upon examination would there be found fewer in the shops, fit to fill the places of many graduates in the Universities. . . . Were this care duly taken to prevent the mismatching men and professions, what surer and more effectual way could be opened for the advancement of learning and the flourishing of trade at once ? ”

Huarte, in his Supplement to the first Proem, gives his general theory in terms which are not so far removed from Mr. Latham’s as might perhaps have been expected from an interval of three hundred years. He says :

“ Men of harmonious constitutions, as we shall hereafter prove, have in a degree of mediocrity a capacity for all sciences, though they will never excel in any ; but those that are otherwise are fit for one only, which, if they happen to hit upon, and study with care and application, they may be assured to succeed wonderfully in it ; but if they fail in their choice and application, they will make but small advancements in the other sciences. History confirms to us, that early science was discovered by men of ill constitutions.”

To understand Huarte, it is necessary to follow him in his investigation as to what “ wit ” is, and what differences of it are ordinarily observed amongst men. The point of view which he takes up is not easily caught by the modern mind, and some of the foundation ground would seem to be discredited by modern thought. Yet

it is necessary to remember what I have just pointed out, that a scientific inquiry into the examinational system, such as that of Mr. Latham, actually in the present day reaches a similar conclusion as that of Huarte. It is worth while, therefore, to try to enter into Huarte's position, especially as, historically, not only his deductions, but very largely his *à priori* principles were accepted by a large following over a considerable number of generations.

What is the meaning of "wit"? In the sense in which the word is used, it should be noticed that "wit" is the translation of the Spanish *ingenio*, and the Latin *ingenium*. Huarte observes that *ingenio* is derived from *gigno*, *genero*, *ingenero*, and therefore has reference to the two generative powers in man, "one common with the beasts and plants, and the other participating of spiritual substance, God and the Angels." "Wit" is, he holds, a "generative power." The offspring of "wit" is a notion, or the word of the Spirit. Huarte is a theologian and illustrates what he means by saying that "the Divine Word had its Eternal Generation from the Prolific Understanding of the Father." Now, in so far as a man is a *genius* it means he can "engender within himself an entire and true Figure, representing to the Life the nature of the Subject intended to be studied." Docility implies that "wits" need a master, but genius only needs the subject matter which it is considering. The authority even of Aristotle can only be needed by a man who lacks "wit," because truth does not arise from a man's mouth, but is "in the thing" in question. "He that has sharpness of understanding and a good ear to distinguish what Nature teaches and divulges in her works, shall wonderfully improve by the contemplation of natural things, and has no need of a master to shew him what he may learn well enough from the brute beasts and the plants." It is not from books, but from "the nature of the thing," that the clear and refined understanding learns. It is the analysis and investigation of the original "understanding" that determines the capacity of a "wit." Docility is dependent on that limit. The nature of mind varies with the individual. The understanding is to knowledge what sight is to form and colour. Every man has a certain co-efficient of mind-power. Man can only see, as Carlyle says, what he brings with him, the power of seeing. The teacher can only develop what is present potentially in the individual mind. Hence, then, the importance of an examination or trial of minds, to see their diverse natures, and from such an inquiry to determine the special types or directions in which they are to find suitable nutriment in the material of knowledge.

Such is, roughly, the contention of Huarte. There is a prior inquiry before the educator can set himself to his task. There is no such thing as a model curriculum, because "wits" are not abstract, but each mind is a concrete and active being which "engenders" its own notions, on being brought into contact with "things." Each mind makes its own world. The genius sees clearly, and the understanding of the man of genius sees things clearly. Christ opened the understandings of His disciples that they might understand the Scriptures. Teachers not able to "open understandings" must be guided by their clear capacities and limitations. It is an examination of capacities which is needed, not of amount of knowledge—and this should take place prior to school-studies, not at the end of them. It is the possibilities of the pupil we want to judge; not the "results" of the teachers.

Such, I take it, interpreted in terms of our own day, is Huarte's position. Here is a passage in illustration.

"Were I myself a master, before I received any scholar to my school I would sift him narrowly, to find out, if I could, what kind of genius he had; and if I discovered in him a propensity for learning, I profess I should cheerfully receive him, for it is a great satisfaction to the teacher to instruct a man of parts; otherwise I should advise him to apply himself to some study fitter for him; but if I found he was not in the least capable of any learning, I should address him in such tender and endearing words as these: 'Brother, there being no likelihood of your ever succeeding in what you have undertaken, for God's sake, waste no more time, and lose no more pains, but seek out some other way to live, that requires not such abilities as learning.'"¹

Huarte is startled by the ill-success of educational institutions which provide a common curriculum for diverse "wits." In any college there are many students who ought to be moved from studies in one branch of knowledge to another, and many who ought to be

¹ To show how far from obsolete such a view is, compare Mr. M. E. Sadler's words: "It seems desirable . . . to avoid doing children of mediocre ability the cruel kindness of encouraging them to enter on a course of education destined to prepare them for professions in which they have not the capital or the intellectual capacity to succeed" (*Sheffield Report*, p. 6). It may be added here that Mr. Sadler's plan for selection of boys for Junior City Scholarships by an Examination Board of teachers (half elementary, half secondary) which should test prospective ability—at any rate to some extent—by interim and ordinary examinations (*Liverpool Report*, pp. 167-8) is, however much developed by intervening experience, in accordance with Huarte's spirit—of examination of "wits" before undertaking studies.

turned away as "dunces and blockheads." On the other hand, many who are in mechanical trades would be by nature better fitted for learning. Surely it would be wise, *before the child be sent to school*, to discover his inclination "and the tendency of his parts, to find out what study is most agreeable to his capacity." Accordingly Huarte goes back to the Father of Medical Studies, Hippocrates: "Wit in man may be likened to the earth and the seed sown in it; for though the soil of itself prove fertile and fat, nevertheless it must be manured and care taken what sort of seed is most natural to it, for all land is not alike fit for all grain, without distinction, some bearing better wheat than barley, other better barley than wheat; and of that very grain some is observed to bring forth brighter and plumper, not in the least admitting any other. Nor is this all that a good husbandman is to do, for after he has tilled the ground in one season he waits the proper time, which is not to be expected at all times of the year; and the corn being grown, he clears it of the weeds that it may multiply and thrive, to produce the expected fruit. So likewise it is requisite, the science most natural to the man being known, that he should be set to the study of it in his childhood, since, as Aristotle says, that is the fittest time to learn." ¹

Huarte often confirms his position by reference to Scriptural passages. On this point of leaving one's own country to be made

¹ The analogy of education with husbandry and gardening is so frequent in later writers that it is interesting to track it to its earliest origins. Quintilian says: "Sicut terræ, nullam fertilitatem habenti, nihil optimus agricola profuerit; e terra uberi utile aliquid, etiam nullo colente, nascetur; et in solo fecundo plus cultor quam ipsa per se bonitas soli efficiet" (Quint. *Inst. Orat.* II. c. 19). Cicero developed the comparison: cf. *Tuscul. Quæst.* II. 5. He concludes that nature and art must be associated. "Itaque est utraque res sine altera debilis." Cf. Plutarch *de Puer. Educ.* § 5. For these references I am indebted to Dr. J. M. Guardia's *Essai sur l'Ouvrage de J. Huarte: Examen des Aptitudes diverses pour les Sciences*. Paris: Durand, 1853. Dr. Guardia also gives the reference to the passage from Hippocrates, ed. Littré, vol. iv. pp. 638-42. Dr. Guardia's essay on Huarte is a most comprehensive work, to which all who wish to study Huarte in detail should refer.

The Elizabethans were familiar with the point of view, which they obtained often direct from Plutarch, as in the first portion of the following: "For as in tilling of the ground and husbandry, there is first chosen a fertile soil, then a cunning sower, then good seed, even so must we compare Nature to the fat earth, the expert husbandman to the schoolmaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seeds. . . . But if there be any one that deemeth wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisdom, after he hath gotten the way to virtue by industry and exercise, he is an heretic, in my opinion, touching the true faith of learning, for if Nature play not her part, in vain is labour, and as I said before, if study be not employed, in vain is Nature."—*Euphues and His Ephoebus*, John Lyly, Works, ed. Bond, vol. i. p. 263.

wiser and worthier, he quotes: "Get thee out of thy country (says God to Abraham, Genesis xii.) and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee." "God says the same now in effect to all mankind, who desire to improve in knowledge and wisdom; for although He can bless them in their native country, nevertheless He will have them make use of the means He appoints, and not wait for wisdom as the pure effect only of His favour."

Besides the right seed sown in the right soil, Huarte gives the following cautions for good education:

1. The right time. He accepts Aristotle, who dwells on the memory of childhood, as indicating the season for instilling of knowledge. Galen, on the contrary advised the age when Nature has attained her utmost force as the proper time to learn arts and sciences.

2. The right Academy or University, which usually will *not* be the place of birth of the pupil. (Because relations and friends, none of whom belong to the youth's progress, are great impediments to study.)¹

3. The right Teachers. It is important to consider whether at a particular time a particular University is staffed with good or had tutors.

4. Study the sciences with order and method. Take pains in each distinct subject. Stick to one sound text-book.

5. Spend much time in study to await patiently its digestion and allow it good settlement.

But above all, again insists Huarte, see that the student has a genius suitable to the science he is studying. "For like as the giants never conquered the gods, but were always baffled by them, even so empty pretenders to learning, that strive against nature, will in the end have the worst of it."

Genius, then, is the ultimate fact which determines education. How are we to account for genius? The ordinary man says we must ascribe it to God and there leave the matter. Huarte takes great pains to show that ignorance of the laws of nature makes such men assign miracles where they should seek for cause and effect. The rational soul is indeed the gift of God, in so far as it is rational. But this would simply point to uniformity. For all "rational" souls are of equal perfection, and Huarte wishes to account for the diversities

¹ Nevertheless, Huarte observes: "Whoever goes a beast to Rome returns from thence the same. It avails but little for a dunce to go to study at Salamanca, if he have no brains, nor sense, nor any master to teach him."

of wit. How comes it about that, with a rational soul, some men's wits are capable and some incapable? He accepts the suggestion of Aristotle, that it is due to differences of temperament, which have a physical basis. "Seeing," says Huarte, "the same soul performs contrary acts in one and the same body, by having in each division of age a different temperament, whensoever, of two boys, one is witty and the other a dunce, this happens by each having a diverse temperament from the other. . . . Galen wrote a book proving that the operations of the soul were influenced by the temperament of the body in which it dwelt; and that by reason either of the heat, cold, moisture and dryness of the climate where they lived, or the qualities of the meat they eat, and of the waters they drank, and of the air they breathed in, some were fools and others wise; some stout, and others cowards; some cruel, and others gentle; some reserved, and others open; some liars, and others speakers of truth; some traitors, and others loyal; some turbulent, and others calm; some crafty, and others sincere; some sordid, and others generous; some modest, and others impudent; some incredulous, and others credulous; in proof of which he quotes many places out of Hippocrates, Plato, and Aristotle, asserting that the diversity of nations as to the frame of their bodies and the turn of their soul was owing to this difference of temperament."

Huarte effectively chooses his illustration where difference of temperaments may be seen "writ large." "How much," he says, "the Greeks differ from the Scythians, the French from the Spaniards, the Indians from the Germans, and the Ethiopians from the English." Distance will not account for national differences. "If we consider even the provinces which surround all Spain, we may distribute the virtues and vices . . . allotting to each his virtue and vice respectively. For if we reflect on the wit and manners of the Catalans, Valentians, Murcians, Granadins, Andalusians, Estremadurians, Portuguese, Gallicians, Asturians, Miquelets, Biscainers, Navarrers, Aragonians, and Castilians, who sees and knows not that they differ one from the other, not only in the lineaments of their faces and make of their bodies, but also in the virtues and vices of the soul, and that all this is the consequence of each province possessing a different temperament? Nor is this diversity of manners only to be observed in countries so disjoined, but even in places seated not more than a little league distant the *variety of wit amongst the inhabitants is hardly to be believed.*"¹

¹ John Barclay published his *Icon Animarum*, which contains similar national or racial psychology, in 1614.

In our times, such considerations as these lead to the theoretical position of individualism in education. But when we classify pupils, we arrange them in accordance with objective standards of the amount of common knowledge, not recognising sufficiently that the reaction of processes of the acquisition of knowledge will be different with different individuals. The logical inference from Huarte's doctrine of temperaments and even from the modern view of individualism would seem to be some groping out towards classification on the basis of "temperament," or psychological characteristics, rather than by common possession of the same details of knowledge. The Herbartian doctrine of apperception has much more in common with Huarte's view than has our current glorification of curricula as imposed by local or central authorities. For the aims of externally imposed curricula are *ab extra*, whereas Herbart and Huarte are concerned with the continuous development of the original soul. It is true that Huarte regards the soul as active and as essentially an engenderer, whereas Herbart considers ideas as the active powers, building up the soul itself, but with both the individual mind comes to its own "when it finds it, and can by no violence of misguided educational efforts be driven into alien tracts by the wills of outside authorities, administrative or educational," without serious damage.

What is the work of administrative authorities? Huarte's answer is (quoting the venerable Galen), "Well-ordered authorities should employ men of great wisdom and knowledge, who in their growing years should sound the wit and natural application of each, so as to engage them *to learn the art most suitable to them*, not leaving it to them to act of their own choice."

Great as was Huarte's admiration for Galen, and deep as was his obligation to Galen, for his views of all physiological and medical questions, he could not help seeing the materialism which is likely to follow upon a merely physiological conception which makes the soul dependent upon bodily temperaments. Galen held that "all the inclinations and dispositions of the rational soul followed without doubt the constitution of the body," and naturally enough blames moral philosophers for not studying physic. Galen's view, Huarte points out, really means that there is no merit or demerit in human action; man is a natural agent; has no freedom of will. On the other hand, it is often manifest that many men act virtuously in spite of a vicious and depraved constitution. Many men's souls are filled with perfect virtue, although the organs of their body afford them no temperament subservient to accomplish the desires of their souls. "St. Paul gives us to understand that he felt within

himself two laws, wholly opposite : one in his soul, which made him love God's Law ; the other in his members, that led him to sin." The spirit may be willing and the flesh weak. Huarte's conclusion as to the relation of virtue to temperament is : " That a man may exercise all the acts of virtue without having an advantageous constitution of body, *but not without great pain and difficulty.*"

Without entering into a detailed account of Huarte's views on temperaments, the general position may perhaps be stated as follows : Supposing a man, together with a rational soul, has the advantage of a good and harmonious temperament, he will be able to investigate knowledge of such a kind as is in accordance with his genius of himself, without the help of a teacher. Huarte, following Aristotle, is of opinion that at each period of life, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, there is a corresponding difference of attendant temperament which leads to opposite dispositions. Hence there is even a diversity in the same man and an apparent contradiction. And since temperament is the principle of all the operations of the rational soul, it is that to which we must look in any educational modifications. For it is temperament which will cause a man to be skilful or unskilful in any particular direction.

It is worth while remarking that Huarte considers the soul as vegetative, sensitive, and rational. The temperament of the four first qualities, which he calls nature, has its place in plants, animals, and man. The vegetative soul in the plant, through temperament, gives it knowledge to spread and take root in the earth and to perform all its functions. Animals know at birth what is agreeable to their nature and what will harm it. By the ignorant this is called instinct of nature, but it is no other than temperament of the four first qualities instructing souls how to perform their offices. In the sensitive soul, in the case of animals as well as man, there is more or less intelligence, more or less docility, according to the temperament of their brain. Man in his life runs through the gamut of the vegetative, the sensitive, and the rational soul. But, of course, if the child has at birth the temperament which the functions of the rational soul require, his discourse and reasoning may begin early, and produce a genius which seems to ignore the vegetative and sensitive souls—at any rate to outshine them.

The vegetative, sensitive, and rational souls are represented in later physiological language¹ by the life of nutrition, by plastic or vital force, and by intelligence. These three powers, regulated for good or evil by temperament, "act on matter, but they need instru-

¹ Dr. Guardia, *Essai*, p. 123.

ments for acting. They are inseparable from the bodily organs. The influence which they exercise on them is considerable, nevertheless they do not dominate them exclusively; the organs are not purely passive; they participate also in the activity or spontaneity inherent to our nature, which is the sovereign law of our being.”¹

Temperament is with Huarte, as with all the physiologists prior to him, dependent on the four elements, water, earth, air, and fire. These give the first qualities of humidity, cold, dryness, and heat. These properties led to the theory of the four humours.² This again gave rise to the liquid matters of blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile—or the sanguine, phlegmatic, lymphatic, and melancholic temperaments. “Galen regarded the influence of temperament as supreme. Huarte recognised this influence, but he tells us again and again that it is possible to combat it, to modify it, to transform it, and even to destroy it. He claims that the rational soul does not change, but temperament, on the contrary, can be modified, altered, changed in another; he recognises, in a word, acquired temperaments.”³

That Huarte insisted on self-activity as the principle of the human soul, and indeed in the animal and vegetable creation, constitutes a claim to modern recognition. Dr. Guardia presents other outstanding merits, conspicuously his theory of the effect of climate on character, his idea of heredity, and his view of the importance of dieting on temperament, and thence on educational processes. He clearly sees that the human being is a unity, and that the physical, though closely connected with the mental side, is not to be identified with it.

The applied pedagogy of Huarte is worked out at length and in detail. I shall here simply add the titles of the chapters which may be regarded as the illustrations of his applications of his educational theories.

1. Each difference of wit is appropriate to the science with which it most particularly agrees, removing what is repugnant or contrary to it.

2. That eloquence and politeness of speech are not to be found in men of great understanding.

¹ Dr. Guardia, *Essai*, p. 124.

² Guardia says that though Huarte accepted the doctrine of the four humours he reasoned much more profoundly and subtly concerning them than had been done before.—*Essai*, p. 139.

³ Dr Guardia, *Essai*, p. 142. Erasmus had gone further. *Efficax res est natura, sed hanc vincit efficacior institutio. . . . Educatio superat omnia.* See Woodward's *Erasmus concerning Education*, p. 81.

3. That the theory of divinity belongs to the understanding, and preaching (which is the practice) to the imagination.

4. That the theory of the laws pertains to the memory, pleading causes and judging them (which is the practice) to the understanding, and governing of a commonwealth to the imagination.

5. That the theory of physic belongs part to the memory and part to the understanding, and the practice to the imagination.

6. To what difference of wit the art military belongs, and by what marks the man may be known that has it.

7. To what difference of ability the office of a king belongs, and what marks he ought to have that has this kind of wit.

The relations of parents to one another, and precautions as to the birth of witty children and preservation of wit in children after birth, are discussed with a fulness not considered necessary in modern educational works.

To return to Huarte's main contention, that minds should be examined before entering on school-work. This idea was abroad in England in the age of Elizabeth, whether due to Huarte or not. I shall illustrate this by referring to (1) Roger Ascham in the "Schoolmaster"; (2) Richard Mulcaster, in the "Positions"; (3) Ben Jonson, in his "Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter."

Roger Ascham, in the "Schoolmaster," points out that very capable men are few comparatively, and it is a great pity that more care is not taken to ensure that the most capable are secured for learning. In the choosing of the "wits of children for learning," there should be declared the "most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child." This would be following the analogy of a good horseman "*who is skilful to know and able to tell others how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle.*"¹

Ascham then quotes the "true notes of the best wits for learning in a child" from Plato's "Republic," bk. 7. The child who is to become a scholar should be: (1) *εὐφύης*, *i.e.* well-favoured bodily and

¹ Then follow the memorable words: "And it is a pity that commonly more care is had, yea, and that amongst very wise men, to find only rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one, they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and [are] loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn and rewardeth their liberality as it should: for He suffereth them to have tame and well ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children."

mentally by nature ; (2) *μνήμων*, good of memory ; (3) *φιλομαθής*, given to love learning ; (4) *φιλόπονος*, he that hath a lust to labour ; (5) *φιλήκοος*, he that is glad to hear and learn of another ; (6) *ζητητικός*, he that is naturally bold to ask any question ; (7) *φιλέπαινος*, he that loveth to be praised for well doing.

Ascham observes that what a child has originally—"perfect qualities and comely furniture both of mind and body," *εὐφυής*—is from nature. So, too, he wisely points out, is the memory. The other fine qualities in his view are trainable by the wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster.

Ascham's tests of wits are confessedly borrowed from Plato. Richard Mulcaster's views seem more original in some respects, and nearer to Huarte's in others, than are Ascham's. Speaking generally Mulcaster seems to hold that the learned are the soul of the State, whilst the non-learned are the body. "To have too much even of the soul is not the soundest. . . . Superfluity and residence bring sickness to the body, and must not too-much infest the soul, soul being in sympathy with the body. Scholars, by reason of their conceit which learning inflameth, as no mean authority (St. Paul) saith, become too imperial to rest on a little . . . and are too disdainful to deal with labour. . . ." On the other hand, to have too few learned is "too bare and naked ; because necessities must be supplied, and that by the fittest." There must, therefore, be a choice of wits. In all this and much more on the subject in chapter 36 of Mulcaster's "Positions" much of the vigour of statement seems original to Mulcaster. He shows sound sense in speaking of the choice of wits. Are wits to be chosen from the rich or from the rich and the poor ? The answer is : "If all rich be excluded ability will snuff, if all poor be restrained then will towardness repine. If ability set out some rich by private purses for private preferment, towardness will commend some poor to public provision for public service." This clearly means the rich who have able children must pay for their secondary education, whereas scholarships are justifiable for the children of those parents who cannot afford to pay school fees and maintenance. "It seemeth to me very plain," says Mulcaster, "that all children be not to be set to [secondary] school, but *only such as for natural wits* and sufficient maintenance, either of their natural parents or civil parents, shall be honestly and well supported in their study till the common weal, minding to use their service, appoint their provision, not in haste for need but at leisure *with choice.*"

"The choice," says Mulcaster, "is to be made by the wit.

Herein he is at one with Huarte. The master "is the first chooser of the finest and the first clipper of the refuse," though this should not be done too early, because some apparently dull wits may with patience show a finer edge than the early sharp ones. "Peremptory judgment too soon may prove perilous to some; and again, he that is fit for nothing else, for the tenderness of his body may abide in the school a little while longer, where, though he do but little good, yet he may be seen to take little harm."

Whilst, therefore, Mulcaster holds Huarte's views as to the choice of wits, he is less of a doctrinaire than Huarte.

Ben Jonson, in his "Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter,"¹ is in thorough accord with Huarte, as the following passage will show:

"*Ingeniorum discrimina.*—In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes; and it is a little maistry [*i.e.* mastery] to know them, to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear: for before we sow our land we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of mind than bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians, some to be sent to the plough and trades. There is no doctrine will do good when nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high, others low and still; some hot and fiery, others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur."²

Later on, in 1651, was published the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*" of Sir Henry Wotton, once Provost of Eton. He, like Huarte, declares "There must proceed a way how to discern the natural capacities of children." Teachers must search for "signatures of hopefulness" or "characters" such as are either impressed on the outward person or taken from some emergent act of his mind. Of those "characters" of the outward form are the temperaments, particularly the phlegmatic and the sanguine. Wotton, however, raises other tests or signs, and considers that an experienced master should judge of children by the "total resultance" of signs, both of outward form and psychological

¹ Published in 1641. Prof. Schelling thinks that the date of writing must be assigned to the last years of the poet's life. Jonson died in 1635.

² Dr. Schelling draws attention to the fact that this passage is almost a direct quotation from Quintilian, *Institutiones Oratoriæ*, Bk. II. chap. viii. § 1. Quintilian's demand that education should have regard to the needs of the individual is of extreme importance in the history of education. The "old" psychology probably gave a more effective basis for such treatment than did the new psychology of Locke—onwards. Man and mind became more abstract in treatment, and education followed the psychology. Nor was the change entire gain.

indications. He argues, however, with Huarte, though he does not mention his name, that judgments as to the right process of training of children may be formed by considering their "signatures," capabilities, and inclinations. Apparently he holds the genuine Huartian doctrine, that the choice of wits is limited by the nature of the wit, which is to some extent an ascertainable factor.

But this doctrine received an interpretation which Huarte would not have admitted. In 1663, Marchamont Nedham, in his "Discourse concerning Schools and Schoolmasters," had already got the new form, which even to-day holds the popular mind, and probably has its supporters amongst the sanguine schoolmasters. The doctrine with Nedham is that a schoolmaster should be able "to encounter all kinds of tempers, and *improve all kinds of wits*, not merely to study *ingeniorum discrimina*, but actually to be *ingeniorum et morum artifices*, to *fashion minds and manners*, to dispose youth to virtuous behaviour against their natural inclinations, . . . *raise their parts*, to *heighten their fancy*, to *fix their thoughts*, and to *crane their genius*."

The essential difference between Huarte's doctrine and that of Nedham is that the former believes in the self-activity of the soul, whereas the latter believes in the self-activity of the teacher, it is true, but apparently and chiefly the self-passivity of the pupil. If the soul be active, another person cannot "fashion" it. The claim to do so shows that the teacher grievously misunderstands his function, and sooner or later will meet with pupils of the better sort, who will be rebellious, but by this very fact will save their souls alive.

The fact seems to be that in the main lines of division Huarte is in touch with the best thought of our day. Professor Sully speaks of the co-efficient of brain-power for each individual. Professor William James regards memory, the general memory, as untrainable in the way of increase of capacity. In Huarte's words, the "wit" is limited by nature. Similarly, Sully says: "It is very important that a teacher should thoroughly acquaint himself by means of suitable tests with the difference of cerebral power amongst his pupils. Such tests may now be applied with something like exactness." Surely this is the kind of examination which is needed, with respect especially to children, rather than the ordinary examinations of a certain standard of knowledge. For it is the reaction of the process of knowledge-acquirement we want to understand for judging of capacity and of development of mind, not the amount of knowledge, which ought to be, on technical subjects of instruction in the normal child, relatively small. It is prospective capacity and ability we want to test with the young. This is precisely the plea of Huarte.

So, too, with the doctrine of the soul's activity. Dr. W. T. Harris, in his "Psychologic Foundations of Education," an exponent of the highest position to-day, declares the great central fact in psychology is self-activity. He acknowledges that "the old" psychologists had discovered the rational structure of the soul and its stages of ascent, (1) nutrition as plant, (2) sensation and locomotion as animal, (3) rational as man. He points out the danger involved in accepting the idea of the pupil's mind as essentially passive. The over-cultivation of the mind by knowledge-absorption and too thorough drill in mechanical studies in the early stages leads to "arrested development." If the soul is distinguished by stages of ascent—nutritive, perceptual, rational, and is always at the same time an active unity, it follows that the true educative process is that which enables him to rise to the exercise of his highest available activities. But to begin with, each individual is "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," by habitat, climate, race, individual temperament, sex, health, insane tendencies, or what not—all of which tend to keep the mental activity of the individual within distinct limits of development. But these limits provide the material of experience for the individual life. If then education confines itself to the lower stages of mental life, viz. the nutritive and the perceptual, habits harden and fix the control of environment. The question becomes: With these conditions of habitat, race, and individual characteristics as the material, is the child, as Dr. Harris puts it, "to quarry and build into the temple of his life a Parthenon, a Pantheon, or only a mud-hut or a snow-house"? If he falls into passivity of mind, it is the lower powers of soul that assert their native force, and lead to "arrested development," but at least education should provide the opportunities for the rational intellect to burst the bonds of habit and stretch forth, by fresh air and exercise, into the larger fields of human thought and reason. Otherwise the more thorough the school drill on the lower perceptual stages, and mere mechanical verbal training, the more complete the prison-house of habit and custom. It is only by the promotion of self-activity at every stage that the soul comes to its own, either educationally, or too often in defiance of so-called school-education.

This, it is true, is a development of the old psychology, but the root of the matter was in Huarte, his predecessors and his followers, in claiming that the soul of the child is active. Huarte's position wants emphasising to-day in this form: How can we so "examine" or discriminate among wits that the fitting opportunities and material of knowledge can be made available for the due activity of each? The answer is difficult, but one thing seems clear. It is not by uniform codes, syllabuses, and curricula. It is not by what

we call "examinations." For these latter in our day are rather examinations of the teachers' work, in the way of palpable results of definite uniform instruction, than an appeal to the diversity of "wits" amongst pupils.

NOTES.

A. TEMPERAMENT.

It may be said that Huarte is not original. He gets his doctrine of temperament from Galen (though modified). Galen had proposed "that there should be triers or examiners appointed by the State to inspect the genius of every bright boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talent." That Huarte is not original in any one of his doctrines may perhaps be the fact. He has gathered together a great deal from authorities, but he has given a distinctly educational setting of his own; and this is perhaps his chief merit. Others may object that the doctrine of temperaments, however modified in treatment by him, is discredited. It has been suggested by Dr. Guardia that the theories of physiognomy and phrenology can be found, at least by implication, in Huarte. It may be thought that this fact in itself shows that he was on wrong lines. But I am inclined to think that it is reasonable to argue that Huarte was not so wrong as he may appear to be to those critics. The fact seems to be that the doctrine of temperaments is in process of rehabilitation as a respectable theory. One may refer to popular books, such as that of Professor Jerome Allen in the United States on temperament in education, and that of Mr. Alexander Stewart, F.R.C.S.E., in our own country. But far more important is a book by the distinguished French psychologist, M. Alfred Fouillée, on "*Tempérament et Caractère*" (Paris: Felix Alcan), where we are boldly brought face to face on speaking terms with the old four temperaments. Some readers will probably attach still higher importance to the fact that no less a man than Hermann Lotze countenances a modern interpretation of the old four temperaments in "*Microcosmus*," Bk. vi. cap. 2. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the educationist who has not considered the old doctrine of temperament should, as a matter of duty, consult Lotze. He who is acquainted with the historical view of temperaments will probably readily feel that there is sufficient force in it to desire to see it placed in its modern setting. Established as is the modern abstract consideration of mind by psychologists, no educationist can fail to recognise that our inquiry into different *types* of concrete minds is a supplementary study that he would fain undertake if the materials are forthcoming. The lines of treatment of Fouillée and Lotze indicate that further work is likely increasingly to be called for, and, we can only hope, will be forthcoming in time.

B. THE ACTUAL AND THE MIRACULOUS.

The following passage shows that Huarte was on the road towards modern science :

“The clearest indication I have to discover a man that has no wit propense to natural philosophy is when I see him referring all things to miracles, without any distinction. As, on the other hand, there is no need to call in question their understanding who cannot rest satisfied without discerning the particular cause of every effect.”

How vigorously he can apply this idea will be seen by what may be termed his *Psychology of Biblical Characters*.

Since Huarte is concerned with the psychology of concrete individual mind, and since, in his day, Scriptural characters were of altogether outstanding importance as against all other historical characters, it is of peculiar significance that he has the hardihood to bring them into his book for temperamental study. In so doing, Huarte joins the company of “the higher criticism,” though all unconscious of such associateship. For no man held the Scriptures and the New Testament characters in more sacred esteem. They were to him, as to the rest of the Catholic as well as the Protestant world, *sui generis* from an ecclesiastical point of view. Yet, by bringing them into the psychological method of treatment, Huarte places the very Founder of Christianity in the field of human investigation and explanation. It is true Huarte does not deny supernatural knowledge to Christ. Yet he traces Christ’s development as follows :

“Besides supernatural knowledge in the rational soul, Christ’s soul had also another gathered from things children hear, see, smell, taste, and touch ; and this [it is certain] our Lord obtained like other of the sons of men.

“To see things clearly, he stood in need of good eyes, and for hearing of sounds, of good ears ; so also he stood in need of a good brain to distinguish between good and evil. And so it is sure that by *eating such delicate meats his head was daily better organised*, and obtained more wisdom. After such a manner as if God had taken from him infused knowledge, thrice in the course of his life (to find what he had acquired), we shall find that at ten years he knew more than at five, at twenty more than at ten, and at thirty more than at twenty. . . .

“The subtile and delicate parts of his brain were improved by eating the meats mentioned by the prophet Esaias. For if every moment there be need of new nourishment and repair of the lost substance, and this is to be effected with meats, and no other way, sure it is that if he had always fed on beef and pork, in a short time his brain would have been gross and of ill temperament ; with which his Rational Soul would not have been able to have refused the evil and chosen the good, but by way of miracle, and employing his divinity. But God, *leading him by natural means, ordered that he should eat those delicate meats* with which [his brain being nourished] was made an instrument so well organised as even *without the use of divine or infused knowledge he might naturally refuse the evil and choose the good, like the rest of the sons of men.*

FOSTER WATSON.

CHARING CROSS AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART III.

THE ELEANOR CROSS.

THE sumptuous, if unfortunately placed, monument within the gigantic *grille-de-fer* enclosing the forecourt of Charing Cross Hotel, is believed to be a fair representation, as to its general outline, of the original Eleanor Cross. The not unreasonable though elaborate embellishments were suggested by a study of the other Eleanor memorials—notably, I think, the Northampton cross, which it resembles more closely than any of the others—that mark the course of the funeral *cortège* on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But the *grille* which hides it is as great a nuisance from artistic considerations as ever was Middle Row, Holborn, Holywell Street, Strand, or the late block of buildings at the entrance to Tottenham Court Road, for *practical* reasons. The Chatham and South-Eastern Railway Company build a beautiful monument, and forthwith elaborate as close a time for it as for partridge in August, and it would be considered by the cabmen surrounding it quite an eccentric act to attempt a closer acquaintance with it than that which is afforded by a casual passing through the forecourt.

The present cross was erected at the expense of the railway company from the designs of Edward Middleton Barry, third son of the distinguished architect of the Houses of Parliament. Barry's designs were founded on the traditions of the old structure, and with some regard to the only drawings, three in number, that are known to exist. One of these is in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian Library, and a third in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries. The modern trophy is built of Portland stone, but the panels and shields of the upper story are of red Mansfield. In this upper story are eight crowned statues, four of which represent Eleanor as queen, while the other four depict her in the exercise

of charity.¹ In one of the latter four she is in the act of giving alms from a purse ; in another she is distributing bread, while in the two others she is represented as the foundress of churches and religious houses. The statues have at their feet the figures of eight kneeling angels, with wings outstretched, and hands clasped as in prayer. The shields in the lower stage are accurately copied from those existing on the surviving crosses of Waltham and Northampton, and on the Abbey tomb, and consist of three varieties. On a dingy day an opera-glass will aid in the scrutiny of the details, but the first shield displays three lions passant gardant, first assumed as the royal arms of England by Henry II. in 1154, and which still form part of the royal arms as borne by King Edward VII. The second is that of Ponthieu, which Queen Eleanor bore in right of her mother, and simply consists of three bendlets within a bordure. The third shield represents the arms of Castile and Leon, arranged quarterly ; and this is especially interesting as being a representation of the earliest quartering of arms. The order of the shields accords with the arrangement at Northampton, Waltham, and Westminster. This monument suggested the erection, at the instance of the late Queen Victoria, of the Albert Memorial, to the memory of her exemplary consort.

It is not to be supposed, because the village of Charing's existence was antecedent to the erection of the Eleanor Cross, that therefore the spot was necessarily unknown as Charing Cross before the more famous memorial was raised by Edward I. It is highly probable that it was the pre-existence of a roadside or "weeping" cross at this spot that suggested to the king the site for such a commemorative landmark.² Such a cross stood near Stafford where the road turns off to Walsall, and has given to the spot the name, which survives to-day, of "Weeping Cross," and several writers, among whom is the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, in his "Whitehall Palace," allude to a wooden cross that existed here before the stone edifice. One must say, however, that whatever the probabilities, the statements to this effect appear to remain unsubstantiated.

The exact site of the Cross is said to be occupied by the very interesting statue of Charles I., close to the western exterior of the Grand Hotel. The opening to the thoroughfare now known as

¹ The suggestion of the eight figures is derived from Pennant, who, in his last edition of *London*, describes the cross as octagonal, and he especially states that the Charing Cross had *eight* figures, double the number of any of the other crosses.

² See Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*.

Whitehall, the upper part of which, right and left, is known as Charing Cross, was, in the seventeenth century, of much narrower dimensions, and the statue was then consequently more noticeable, although it still occupied a position midway between each side of the street now known as Whitehall.

The Cross took three years to build, and whilst the Waltham Cross cost only £95, that at Charing cost £650, which, allowing for the vast difference in the value of money, was a very large sum. The stone was brought from Caen, and the marble for the steps from Corfe, in Dorsetshire, for which a considerable sum was paid. The "architects" were Hubert de Corfe, Richard and Roger de Crundale, Richard de Stowe, John de Bells, Ralph de Chichester, Dymenge de Legeri, Michael de Canterbury, and the sculpture was the work of William de Ireland and Alexander de Abingdon.¹

The hazardous statement is made by J. T. Smith, in his "Streets of London," that "a stone cross, from the design of Cavalini (*sic*), afterwards replaced the wooden one." Now Cavallini was born in 1279, and according to the accounts, by her executors, of Queen Eleanor's expenses, the process of building had already begun in 1291—in fact it occupied the three years up to 1294. So that Pietro Cavallini must have been but twelve years of age when he was entrusted with such an important commission, and one cannot think that they humoured the infant prodigy in those days as we do now, even allowing for the fact that the original cross was, compared with Barry's design, of a crude character, with no especial richness discernible in the ornamental parts.²

When the Puritan tyranny, represented by the Long Parliament and a Roundhead mob of fanatics, abolished the cross in 1647, its appetite had already been whetted for destruction by the demolition of the Westminster Clock-house, four years previously,³ the sign of the "Golden Cross" which distinguished the tavern of that name, and of the Cheapside Cross in the same year as the "Golden Cross" sign, namely 1643. There is an amusing ballad entitled "The Downfall of Charing Cross," which the music antiquary, Dr. Rimbault, says is printed with the music for three voices by

¹ J. Abel's *Memorials of Queen Eleanor*, 1864.

² That is, judging from a likeness of it which appears in Aggas's map of Queen Elizabeth's time. Prints of both the old and the modern Cross may be seen in the *Hartridge Collection* (Guildhall Library), vol. xxxv.

³ Strickland's *Queens of England*. This was the first clock in England to be set up in a clock tower, which was opposite to Westminster Palace. *Ibid.*, 1840, vol. ii. p. 197. Ned Ward alludes to it.

“Mr. F. Farmeloe,” in “The Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion,” 1687 :

“ Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing Cross is downe :
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that’s not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall and kill them all,
In the house, as they were sitting.
They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command, it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
For anything I know,
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner,
Were hang’d for long agoe.¹
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still,
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will say, I’m confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the parliament.
An informer swore, it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed ;
I’ll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write nor read.

The committee said, that verily
To popery it was bent ;
For ought I know, it might be so,
For to church, it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you’ll leave them ne’er a cross,
Without doors nor within.

¹ For their share in Waller’s plot to surprise the City. Tomkins, however, was not hanged at Charing Cross, but at the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, near his own house in Holborn, while Chaloner was hanged also by his own house in Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange. (Allen’s *London*, 1827, vol. i. p. 365.)

Methinks the common-council shou'd
 Of it have taken pity,
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
 So firmly to the city.
 Since crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith, if I were as you,
 For fear the King should rule again
 I'd pull down Tiburn too."¹

Speed thus sums up the character of Queen Eleanor: "To our Nation she was a loving mother, and (saith Walsingham) the column and pillar as it were of the whole Realme. In her honour the King her husband (who loved her above all worldly creatures) caused these many famous trophies or crosses to be erected, wheresoever her noble Coarse did rest, as it was conveyed from Lincolnshire to buriall in Westminster. Nor could anything but the respect to other weightie matters, now presently in hand, withhold our pen from paying to her memory a far more copious commendation. . . . She was a godly and modest princess, full of pity, and one that shewed much favour to the English nation, ready to relieve every man's grief that sustained wrong, and to make them friends that were at discord."² But although historians have done her full justice in this respect, the tongue of slander will run on pattens in the presence of even the noblest virtues, and the flawless character of Eleanor was assailed in a popular ballad entitled "A warning against Pride, being the Fall of Queen Eleanora, Wife to Edward I. of England," who for her pride sank into the earth at Queenhithe, and rose again at Charing Cross, after killing the Lady Mayoress. The ballad-writer, says Miss Agnes Strickland, had evidently found some faint traces of the quarrels between the City of London and Eleanor of Provence, Eleanor of Castile's mother-in-law, regarding Queenhithe, and confounded her with the latter through her name being associated with Charing Cross.

THE KING CHARLES STATUE.

The statue of the eminently virtuous monarch Charles I., which occupies the site of the old Eleanor Cross, commemorates a good if not an especially wise man, whose high theoretical notions of kingly prerogative were, however, but such as had been fondly held by predecessors on the throne as good as, though perhaps greater than, himself. And a characteristic of these predecessors was

¹ Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, ed. by H. B. Wheatley, 1886, vol. ii. p. 323.

² Speed's *History of Great Britain*, 1632, Bk. ix. ch. 10, p. 635.

certainly not, any more than in Charles's case, a philosophical appreciation of the rights as well as the duties of the people. It was not considered necessary, even in the case of such a worthless monarch as King John, to cut his head off to secure Magna Carta, and one has reason to know that many a foreign revolutionary points to England, and to the murder of the most amiable of the Stuarts, for a precedent as to the necessity for such violence in the attainment of representative government.

Divided as opinion may be as to the artistic merits of Hubert le Sœur's effort in equestrian statuary, there can hardly be two opinions as to the famous landmark it has become in occupying the spot upon which stood the cross—a monument the name of which is destined, as it passes from the lips of one generation to another, to perpetuate the memory of Queen Eleanor apparently for all time.

And now in its place, more liable to impairment, it is true, than a good name of either king or queen, stands the almost imperishable statue of the First Charles, looking towards the very spot where :

“ While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene ;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try :
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.”¹

In considering an unjust aspersion on the symmetry and proportions of the animal which the statuary has appropriated to Charles—namely, that of its resemblance to a dray-horse—it should be remembered that in those days the statuary and the painter mounted their subjects upon a charger, and a charger of the prevailing breed, which was closely related to the dray-horse, as is now also the undertaker's horse and that of the Household Cavalry. Youatt, in his book on the horse, says that the horses of the household troops are not so large and so heavy, probably, as formerly. It would be an equally cheap and unfair criticism to call it an “undertaker's” as a “dray” horse. Hubert le Sœur's production was the first equestrian statue ever erected in Great Britain. At the Restoration it was re-erected on its present pedestal, the design for which is said, with some uncertainty, however, to have been the work of

¹ Marvell.

Grinling Gibbons, a circumstance perhaps as little known as that the pedestal of James II.'s statue, now erected in front of the Admiralty, is another reputed example of Gibbons's designing powers.¹ The Charing Cross pedestal is 17 feet high, and enriched with the arms of England, trophies, cupids, palm-branches, &c. Hypercritical persons affect to have discovered that the horse is without a girth, but anyone who will take the trouble to look carefully will find that there is a girth passing over a very strong rein on the right of the animal.² The king's sword, however, with buckler and straps, disappeared mysteriously from the statue on the night of April 13, 1810.³ Few people are aware, too, that the George pendant from the ribbon has vanished. The hole in the ribbon whence the decoration hung may be seen if the part be closely scrutinised, and on the left forefoot of the horse—though it cannot be seen unless one is in an elevated position—is the inscription of the sculptor, thus :

HVBER(T) LESVER
(FE)CIT • 1633 (? or 1638)

I believe, too, that a close scrutiny of the half-closed right hand will show that it formerly grasped a bâton.

The statue measures 7 feet 8 inches from the foot to the top of the horse's head ; 9 feet 2½ inches from the plinth to the top of the figure ; 6 feet from the plinth to the neck of the horse ; 5 feet 10 inches is the height from the plinth to the top of the hind quarters ; it is 7 feet 9 inches from head to tail ; 8 feet 2 inches is the circumference of the horse measured from the back of the saddle-cloth, and 16 feet is the measurement of the horse round the chest and hind quarters.

The taking of the cast of the pedestal and statue by Mr. Brucciani for the Sculpture Court at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, as one of the illustrative examples of seventeenth-century sculpture, and as companion to Marcus Aurelius, required three tons of

¹ The statue itself, in bronze, is known to be by him. Gibbons was also responsible for the pedestal of Charles II.'s statue at Windsor, the statues of Charles II. at the Royal Exchange and at Chelsea Hospital. Gibbons employed numerous carvers to carry out his designs. The pedestal of the Charing Cross, although believed to have been designed by him, was executed in marble by Joshua Marshall.—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*

² J. T. Smith's *Streets of London*.

³ This was when scaffolding was erected on some public occasion. See also Viscount Dillon on "Charles I.'s Statue at Charing Cross" (*The Middlesex and Hertfordshire Notes and Queries*, 1898, vol. iv. pp. 1-4, with a superb illustration of the statue).

plaster and ten cwts. of iron. It was calculated that in making the moulds and cast, and erecting the latter, twenty-two tons of plaster and fifteen tons of iron were used.

When the statue was rehabilitated in its original situation after its brief sojourn in the backyard of Revett, the brazier, Edmund Waller, the poet, produced the following lines, in reference to the circumstance :

“ That the First Charles does here in triumph ride :
See his son reign, where he a martyr died ;
And people pay that reverence as they pass
(Which then he wanted !) to the sacred brass ;
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone.
But heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain ;
And kings, so killed, rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving fame.”¹

The statue was rendered more picturesque in its associations in the old days by reason of its being so well known as a landmark. Indeed it served all the purposes of a signboard. At Harrison's warehouse “Against the King on Horseback” were to be had men's morning gowns made of the following silks :

“ Rich Brocaded Silks	Thread Sattins
Rich Damasks	Scotch Plods
Half-Yard ditto	Callimancoes
Flower'd Sattins	Flowered Russels
Lutestrings	Norwich Russels
Turkey Mantuas	Norwich Crapes

Banyan Gowns after the newest Fashion.”²

“The Oldest State Lottery Office” had business at Charing Cross, “behind the King on Horseback,” in 1756. “Behind,” “over against,” and “facing” the King on Horseback are directions constantly encountered in old newspapers. The widow Cressett “facing the King on Horseback” dwelt at the “Two Golden Sugar Loaves,” and has the following notice : “By Order of the Master of the Bath and Pumper and also of the Master of the Hot Well of the Bristol Waters, that she hath them fresh every Wednesday and Saturday. She also sells the true German Spaw and all other Mineral

¹ Waller's *Poems*, 1792 (*Epigrams*, etc.), p. 496.

² *Craftsman*, August 24, 1728.

Waters.”¹ It was also the rendezvous for the unemployed before Sir Robert Peel's days, and here was a stand for the sedan chairs. In a coloured drawing of about 1740, a sedan rests on the pavement surrounding the statue, and country-looking carts stand around with horses attached, which feed from receptacles provided with fodder. The statue must have been a serious obstacle in the way of traffic during the darkness, and it was not till the year 1767 that lamps were affixed to the railings. A memorandum dated Monday, February 5, 1767, says: “The Board of Works having given orders for six globe lamps to be fixed on the irons round the statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross, for the safety of carriages, they were lighted up last night for the first time.” A drawing in the Crace Collection represents a countryman standing by the statue, and a cockney says to him, “You have been standing here a long while, my lad; whom are you waiting for?” To which the countryman replies, “I ha' gotten a Letter for one Charles Stuart, and they tell I thic be he, so I be waiting for'n till he gets off his Horse.” A similar story is told of Tony Lumpkin in connection with the Golden Cross Inn.

On July 3, 1810, a small loaf, fastened by a string, was suspended from the statue, to which was attached a placard, stating that it was purchased from a baker, and was extremely deficient in weight, being one of a numerous batch. The notice concluded by simply observing, “Does this not deserve the *aid* of parliament?” This exhibition attracted a great crowd of people, until the whole of the loaf was nearly washed away by subsequent heavy rain.

When James Elmes wrote his valuable contribution to London topography entitled “Metropolitan Improvements,” in 1827, a pump² stood at the south side of the pavement surrounding the statue, and an old woman has come for a pail of water. The old oil-lamps, which rendered the darkness more visible, have disappeared, and two tall gas-lamps have taken their place.

“Over against the Watch House, Charing Cross,” was the “Unicorn,” the sign of Thomas Bant at the “White Periwig.”³ This watch-house—the “favourite resort of the Georgian nobility and gentry,” as Mr. Austin Dobson describes it—was “not far from the turnpike” at the end of St. Martin's Lane.⁴

¹ See Mr. F. G. Hilton Price in *Middlesex and Hertfordshire Notes and Queries*, 1897, p. 199.

² There was a Pump Court, Charing Cross, in the eighteenth century. See *Environs of London*, 1761, vol. v. p. 173.

³ *Middlesex and Hertfordshire Notes and Queries*, vol. iii. pp. 196-9.

⁴ *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, by Austin Dobson, 1899, p. 314.

THE PILLORY.

Public opinion, in spite of the partiality of the populace towards it in the cruel sport which its victims afforded, began, though tardily, to be strongly antagonistic to the pillory as a means of punishment. But it was not abolished until as late as 1837, when it was found that the "babes in the wood" were not infrequently, when unpopular, pelted to death. It is well known, on the other hand, how Daniel Defoe's lot was an exception, how the pillory was hung with garlands, and how his health was drunk by the sympathising mob. There were many popular terms for this instrument of torture, among which was that of a "pair of spectacles." "These are to give notice that Peter Pinch, baker, dwelling in Light-loaf Lane, intends, at the next sessions, to sell his share in a pair of spectacles, which are made of substantial two-inch board, not to be worn upon the nose, but the neck and wrists, through which a man may clearly see his faults, and his enemies, and be made feelingly sensible of the swift flight of goslings, ducklings, and chickens, while they are yet in the cloister of the egg-shell; they are fit for all ages from 18 to 60, and teach such as use them the most difficult distinction between good and evil."¹

If they do some things better in France, the abolition of the pillory in that country in 1832, five years before it was suppressed by statute in Britain, was one of them. The Paris pillory, however, was a more complex affair. It stood in the middle of a round tower with openings on every side, and was movable on an axis, or arbor, round which the executioner gave the criminal the number of turns appointed in court, stopping him at each opening to show him to the people. It was intended for several kinds of criminals, particularly for fraudulent bankrupts, and all those who made a cession or surrender of their effects to their creditors were obliged to take some turns round the pillory on foot, with a green cap on.² With us the pillory consisted of a wooden frame or screen, raised several feet from the ground, behind which the culprit stood, supported on a platform, his head and hands being thrust through holes in the screen so as to be exposed in front. The exposure the sufferers endured at the hands of a volatile and unreasoning mob was often of the cruellest character. The punishment has been in

¹ *Poor Robin's Intelligencer*, 1675.

² Several illustrations of the different forms of the pillory may be seen in Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

use in most countries in Europe, and it may be supposed that it was introduced into this country by the Romans, *collistrigium*, however (as if from *collum stringens*), being but a pseudo-Latin form, apparently, for the contrivance used by the Romans was known as a *columbar*, from a resemblance of the apertures to the holes in a dovecot (*columbarium*). It was employed for the punishment of slaves, and in all probability resembled the "wooden collar" of the Chinese, as represented by a drawing in Staunton's "China." The pillory at Charing Cross, as elsewhere in England, seems to have been intended especially for the correction of fraudulent butchers, poulterers, bakers, perjurers, and libellers. By a statute, 51 Hen. III., A.D. 1266, dishonest bakers are to be suspended by the *collistrigium*, or stretch-neck. Representative and numerous instances of the crimes thus punishable will be found in Riley's "Memorials of London Life in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries." Defoe stood in the pillory at Charing Cross on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of July, 1703. The people formed a guard, covered the pillory with flowers, and drank the author of "Robinson Crusoe's" health. His "Hymn to the Pillory," which was sold among the crowd in large numbers, may be seen in any complete edition of his works, notably Nimmo's. His biographer in the "Dictionary of National Biography" calls attention to the fine lines :

" Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times ;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes."

The last person who stood in the pillory in London was Peter James Bossy, for perjury, not however at Charing Cross, but in the Old Bailey, on June 22, 1830. Edmund Curll, the notorious bookseller, was pilloried at Charing Cross for selling obscene books. He was first tossed in a blanket by the boys of Westminster. A school oration on Dr. South was pirated by Curll in 1716, and printed with false Latin. The boys accordingly invited him to the school to get a corrected copy. Falling into the trap, he was first whipped, and then tossed in a blanket or rug.¹ Another delinquent, Parsons, the author of the well-known imposition, the "Cock Lane Ghost," was exposed in the Charing Cross pillory.

A farcical course of pillory punishment was undergone at Charing Cross when the political writer, Dr. Shebbeare, launched upon an appreciative public his "Sixth Letter to the People of England."

¹ See also the "Ship" tavern, Charing Cross.

Although orders had been given for his arrest on the appearance of the "Third Letter," it was not till the "Sixth" that he was taken into custody. The leading idea of these "Letters" was the then not unpopular one, that the grandeur of France and the misfortunes of England were wholly attributable to the undue influence of Hanover in the British council-chamber. And in allusion to the White Horse being the armorial ensign of the House of Hanover, Shebbeare's motto prefixed to his "Letters" was the well-known verse from the Apocalypse—"And I looked and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat upon him was Death, and Hell followed." The headstrong doctor, however, had too many eggs in his basket, and being tried for libel, was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of £5, be imprisoned for three years, and to stand in the pillory. The last part of his sentence was not altogether a success from the Crown's point of view, for the under sheriff at the time, a Mr. Beardmore, happened to be of exactly the same political opinions as Shebbeare. The consequence of this was that the latter was taken to Charing Cross in a state coach and was merely placed beside the pillory, not in it, with an Irish chairman acting as footman, clothed in appropriate livery, and holding an umbrella over the delinquent.¹

I do not know why it was omitted at the accession to the throne of King Edward VII., but royal proclamations were customarily made at Charing Cross, serving presumably for Westminster. I think I am right in saying that Charing Cross, too, besides its historic associations with the Cross and the Statue, is the most elevated spot in Westminster. In the "Times" of January 24, 1901, it is stated that "no proclamation is to be made either at Charing Cross or at Wood Street." Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange were the only two spots chosen on that august occasion. The late Queen Victoria, however, was proclaimed at Charing Cross, in Chancery Lane, in Wood Street, Cheapside—on the spot where the Cross formerly stood, and at the Royal Exchange. The procession for the purpose, having passed the north side of the statue of King Charles I., halted opposite Northumberland House, when the heralds, being uncovered, proclaimed Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who would have been proclaimed Alexandrine Victoria, but that the first name was omitted by accident in her signature.² Here, according to W. H. Pyne in one of his gossiping books, Hogarth stood at a window of the Golden Cross, making sketches of the heralds and the sergeant-

¹ See Lemprière's *Universal Biography*, and Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 661.

² Wm. J. Thoms, *Book of the Court*, 1844, p. 59.

trumpeter's band, and the Yeoman Guard, who rendezvoused at Charing Cross, purposing to make a picture of the ceremony of proclaiming George III. king; nothing, however, came of it but an inflammatory cold which the artist contracted. When Lord North resigned, and Fox formed a Whig ministry which declared America independent, peace was proclaimed at Charing Cross in 1783, and again in 1802 the proclamation of peace was read on this spot by the Norroy King-at-Arms, when the definitive treaty known as the Peace of Amiens was subscribed on March 27 in that year by the Marquess of Cornwallis for England.

On the failure of Czar Nicholas's attempt to add Turkey to his dominions as he had annexed Poland, and the close of the Russian war to which it led, peace was again proclaimed at Charing Cross on May 10, 1856.

Near the statue of Charles I., but the exact spot in the Strand is not known, Peter the Great was one day walking with the Marquis of Carmarthen, who had been selected to be his *cicerone*, when a porter, bearing a heavy weight upon his back, pushed against His Majesty with so much violence as to overturn the Czar of All the Russias in the kennel. In the highest degree irritated, the Czar, immediately he recovered his legs, made a rush for the offender, with the intention of striking him. Lord Carmarthen, however, apprehending that in a pugilistic encounter the porter would in all probability have the advantage, interfered with so much promptitude as to prevent further hostilities. Turning angrily to the porter, "Do you know," said the Marquis, "that this is the Czar?" Whereupon the man's countenance lighted up with an impudent grin: "Czar!" he said, "we're all Czars here."¹

In 1685-6, William Penn the great legislator of Pennsylvania, dated his letters from "Charing Cross." Penn dwelt in Norfolk Street, Strand, but whether he considered this "Charing Cross," as is quite possible however, one cannot say. Peter the Great lived in Buckingham Street, which was of course, as now, much nearer Charing Cross.

Around the time-honoured statue converged a varied assortment of street-vendors. Whether Lord Beaconsfield ever really expressed any partiality for the primrose above other flowers I do not know, but certain it is that the street-cry "Primroses, two bunches a penny," was heard in the neighbourhood of the "Horse" long before Benjamin Disraeli was of an age at which he could look back on

¹ Jesse's *London and its Celebrities*, 1901, vol. iii. p. 78.

his teens.¹ Mingled with the flower-seller's cry was that of the match-seller:—

“ I cry my matches at Charing Cross,
Where sits a black man upon a black horse ;”

and from a sturdier throat came the familiar invitation, “ Clean yer honour's shoes !”

“ Go, thrive : at some frequented corner stand ;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand ;
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe ;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrowned,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud :
The youth straight chose his post ; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide ;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews ;
And Whitehall echoes—‘ Clean your Honour's shoes !’ ”²

But the street-cries would suddenly cease, and the shoe-cleaner would pick up his three-legged stool or cricket, which served the purpose of his modern box-block, and hasten towards the quarter whence were heard the nasal accents of Punchinello, or the sound of his horn, and his Pandean pipes.

The earliest authentic references to Punchinello occur in the overseer's books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Charing Cross, indeed, seems to have been the first part of London which echoed with the nasal drolleries of the hardened old wife-beater. In the books alluded to for the years 1666 and 1667 there are four entries relating to Punchinello, “ Y^e Italian popet player,” who paid in one instance as much as £2. 12s. 6d. for his booth at Charing Cross, but what length of time this charge covered is not clear. With the waning of out-door amusements, however, Punch may be seen in the vanishing crowd, though fighting his ground inch by inch, and naughty boys no longer spend the money, like Jem Trifle's friend, on Punch and Judy, that had been entrusted to him to buy a new pair of shoes with, “ and when he got in the crowd he lost his money,” a whole five-shillings. But the wanton course of Punch is nearing its end, following hard on the heels, with “ Guy Fawkes ”

¹ See *Ackermann's Repository*, circa 1823.

² *Gay's Trivia*, Bk. ii.

and "Please remember the Grotto," of the Maypole and Jack-in-the-Green.

"Thou *lignum-vitz* Roscius, who
Dost the old vagrant stage renew,
Peerless, inimitable Punchinello !
The queen of smiles is quite undone
By thee, all glorious king of fun,
Thou grinning, giggling, laugh-extorting fellow."¹

According to Gallani, in his "Vocabolario del Dialetto Napoletano," "Punchinello" was derived from Puccio d'Aniello, a peasant, whose humorous eccentricities were, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the Neapolitan stage, where he has continued to be the medium of local and political satire, and a favourite conventional character in the Italian exhibitions of *fantoccini*, or puppet-shows. The "business" card of one of the latest exponents of the reckless liar and profligate, whose one redeeming point was that he was anything but hypocritical, read in 1870 :

"Professor Manley and Brewer [*sic*]. Proprietors of the Royal Punch and Judy, Late of the Crystal Palace and Forrester's Fêtes. Private Parties and Schools punctually attended. Address—Royal George, Tower Street, Westminster Road, S." I am informed by "Professor" Davis, who earns a living that can only be called precarious, in the West End, that there are but six Punch and Judy men, all told, in London, and they are thus located (this was in the year of grace 1904) : One at Poplar, one at Kennington, one in Marylebone, one in Curtain Road, Shoreditch, one in Notting Hill, and another in Portobello Road. Poor Punch ! There is a touch of sadness perceptible in his conversation, the reflex doubtless of great hardships, which is certainly not discernible in the wicked jovial character he personates. Even as one was speaking to him in Sackville Street after the curtain was down, a "gentleman" emerged from a fine house under whose windows the performance had taken place, and with quite unnecessary heat—for this Punch is an amiable, quiet-spoken man—ordered him away. When Mayhew wrote his "London Labour and London Poor," about 1850, there were eight Punch showmen in London, or, counting two men to each frame, sixteen.

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL

¹ Quoted, with several other verses, in the *Mirror*, vol. iii. p. 364, from the *New Monthly Magazine*.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN IN RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

AN eminent critic remarked some time ago, in the course of a gloomy diagnosis of the state of literature among us, that one of the signs of a nation's intellectual vitality was the interest that was taken in foreign literature. If this be so, we are rather in a bad way, in these opening years of the twentieth century.

It is probably true that foreign authors are not read as they were in the eighties, though perhaps we poor islanders are not entirely to blame for that. Ten or fifteen years ago, people could ask at their libraries for the last new book of Daudet or Maupassant or Zola. What are they to ask for now? Monsieur Bourget is almost the only writer of the "old guard" who is still with us—a Bourget polemical, embittered, not the Bourget of old. In France as with us, though there is less naked and unashamed commercialism, there is the same sense of being at the end of an epoch: the old giants have passed away, the stage is cleared, and we are waiting for the new men, who take an unconscionably long time to appear. Meanwhile, clever writers who have caught the public ear go on dressing up the old situations, and telling the same old tales over and over in slightly different settings.

In this sad dearth of anything to read some of us have fallen back on German novels with a sense of discovery. There used to be an impression abroad that the Germans had no novelists except Freytag and Marlitt. There was "Soll und Haben" of course, and young women who wanted to keep up the German they had learned at school were recommended to study "Goldelse" or "Die Haide Prinzessin," while Spielhagen's romances and Heyse's short stories found an appreciative but limited public. Later on the success of "Magda" in England paved the way for appreciation of Sudermann's novels: Madame Ebner-Eschenbach's "Zwei Comtessen" was translated and familiarised English readers with the name of one of the

most delightful of modern novelists, while here and there an adventurous person was found to embark on the study of that admirable writer, Theodore Fontane. Quite recently, a "novel with a purpose" has set many who care nothing for literature to study the life of garrison towns. And indeed one cannot but perceive that the novel is now an active social force in Germany, much as it was in England in mid-Victorian times. There is a purpose, a veracity, about the work of some German novelists which contrasts refreshingly with our machine-made products, as like one another as rows of peas. And it is noteworthy that some of the most sincere and vigorous of these novelists are women.

Anyone who may take up Gabrielle Reuter's "Aus guter Familie" will be conscious before he has read half-a-dozen pages of the veracity, the personal individual accent, which is so sadly wanting in the *article de commerce* with which we are familiar. It has the characteristic German formlessness. There is no story, strictly speaking: it is a series of detached scenes, strung on the thread of a single personality: but the scenes are vivid and the personality is alive, and through all there runs a satisfying unity of moral impression. The heroine, Agathe, is the type of many silent martyrs of the existing social order. The book is no "novel with a purpose," but it preaches as life preaches, it gives the lesson of experience, and the moral is the same that we find repeated in almost every book that we open by a woman writer of standing in Germany—the need of a freer life, of a wider outlook, for the unmarried woman.

Take the case of this poor Agathe. We meet her first at the time of her confirmation, the epoch when the German girl puts childish things away and becomes a young lady. We see her at her first ball, delighting her father and mother by her fresh, innocent beauty, everything possible done to foster her vanity, to quicken her emotional susceptibility. At this first ball a distinguished man of ripe years wishes to dance with her: she considers him bald, plain, and ridiculous. Like all girls, she dreams of a hero of romance.

But the time goes on, and the hero of romance does not appear. Agathe goes to stay with artist friends and revels in the change from the dull country town. She meets a well-known painter, whom she idealizes and worships in secret, though he has scarcely exchanged two words with her. This silly romantic dream of a girl's unoccupied mind and heart is brought to a cruel close by the discovery that her hero is no better than his neighbours,—that he has a *liaison* with an actress. Disappointment, disillusion, and jealousy bring on an

illness, in which her father and mother show such tender solicitude for her that she determines to devote her life to them when she gets well.

Ah, if they had needed "some great thing," how willingly would she have done it! But this devotion to people who are comfortably off and have everything they need,—what does it amount to? Some supervision of the servants, who know their work and do not need it; some dull calls on dull neighbours; a little music in the evenings; an endless filling up of time, with nothing to show for it. Wearied with the aimlessness of her life, she turns to religion, but the service at the state church seems all part of the convention that oppresses her, and she attends a little dissenting meeting where an uneducated man gives to a few poor people like himself his version of the Soul's Adventure. But her father puts his foot down: his daughter must not be seen at a conventicle.

At last an escape offers from the "set gray life." Reckendorf, the man whom at her first ball she thought too hopelessly old to dance with, begins to pay her marked attentions. Agathe has no romantic visions any more; but she craves for a home of her own, babies of her own; she is tired of being treated like a grown-up child. As Reckendorf's wife she will have dignity and independence, and she looks forward to the future with relief and hope. Then comes the discovery that her dowry has been spent to pay her brother's debts. Her father has nothing to give her, and Reckendorf cannot take a wife without a *dot*.

This settles her lot. All that she has to do is to wither on her stalk as unobtrusively as possible. Her father wonders wistfully what will happen to her when he is gone. He begs her brother to be good to her. "Of course, she will have a home with us," says the brother, and his wife adds that she can make herself useful with the little boy. A pensioner, always in the background, a sort of superior nursemaid, this is her destiny.

She would like to leave home and study for a profession, but the whole weight of her little world is against such a step. She has kind parents and every comfort; what more can she possibly want? As a last resource she attempts to enter on the study of certain branches of science that interest her, but her father considers these studies "unladylike" and persuades her to give them up.

Then gradually approaches the inevitable end, the tragedy that has been repeated in scores of comfortable homes, not only in Germany but in England: the long struggle for mental self-preservation, the incessant stultification of mind and will, the endless

discouragement and defeat. Poor Agathe's brain gives way; she becomes a hopeless imbecile at forty.

It is not a cheerful story, but it gives one food for thought. It illustrates the curious paradox which seems to dominate the bringing up of many young women, teaching them that life without love is nothing, that the one thing worth having is to feel love and inspire it, and at the same time (and without any perception, apparently, of the incongruity) that passion is dangerous and vanity is wrong. It is shocking to be a husband-hunter, but it is contemptible to be an old maid. A woman is nothing and can do nothing unless she marries, but to set the aim of marriage before herself would be in the highest degree unwomanly. A girl so trained, if by any evil fate the suitable mate is not forthcoming, has no other interest to fall back upon. She is expected to fill up her life with a round of trivialities. The craving for activity and self-expression which every rational creature feels is denied and thwarted till at last repressed and tortured nature takes a terrible revenge.

Yet there are no bad people in the book. Nearly everyone is respectable, well-behaved, kindly, well-intentioned. And this is the tragedy and the truth of it: for it is not the villain, but the good, kindly, well-intentioned people, who do most of the mischief in the world.

"Liselotte von Reckling," the latest novel by the same author, has less convincing originality, but more of the ordinary novel interest. The heroine springs from a line of country squires, conservative, respectable, and religious. Her father is dead, but she has been brought up by his family, and secluded as much as possible from the influence of a silly and frivolous mother. She meets the religious reformer, Lorenz Altenhagen, a young nobleman who believes that he has a mission to regenerate society, by the presentation of a "creedless Christianity."

The type is not uncommon with us—the good birth excepted. Protestant nations, while they congratulate themselves that they have escaped the dominance of the priest, show a remarkable alacrity in fitting on the yoke of the prophet; and, provided that a man has what is called in the cant of the day a "magnetic personality," they are quite ready to take his own word for his inspiration. But Altenhagen, if a charlatan, is an unconscious one. He persuades Liselotte that it is her duty to break with her father's family and devote herself to the redemption of her mother.

"You are of the stuff," he said, "of which your father was made. You will sacrifice yourself when necessary. And only through the sacrifice of what is best in our being do we reach our true life."

It is because Liselotte is in love with Altenhagen that she erects him into the oracle of her life. With melancholy lucidity, the author exhibits this double-natured heroine, the critical intellect, the mastering passion. Liselotte has no faith in Altenhagen's neo-Christianity, nor does she for a moment take his collection of cranks for the nucleus of a regenerate society. Yet she revolutionises her life at his bidding, and she, with her mother, enrols herself among his followers. When she thinks him indifferent to her, she is tempted to bestow her hand, out of pity, on a crippled youth who adores her and whose mother, a rich American, is one of Altenhagen's most influential supporters. The idea of such a sacrifice revolts Altenhagen and arouses his own jealousy. He marries Liselotte and estranges some of his most ardent disciples ; but his brief passion for her soon flares out, disillusionment and weariness take the heart out of his work. Finally he succumbs to a vulgar temptation and leaves his wife for an adventuress. Liselotte finds comfort in mysticism and in devotion to her mother, who is sobered at last by the slow ravages of a mortal disease. When Altenhagen returns abashed and penitent, the Reckling family endeavour to arrange a reconciliation ; but Liselotte sees deeper into the situation than they do.

"Liselotte," says Altenhagen, "will you trust me again?"

"Lorenz, our marriage was a mistake. It was necessary that we should go through it once. But again . . . ?"

"We will not take many illusions into it. I at least will make no pretences. What is dead will not live again. But I will be a true friend to you."

She shook her head. "Oh, what a great child you are. Though your hair is getting grey, you are still too young, far too young. Lorenz, I have seen deeply that I cannot give you what your nature needs. I am too weary. And there was wanting in me from the beginning that toughness and robustness of a nature which is needed for married life. Leave me in the quiet which I have won and which is best for me. Perhaps you will never find the woman who will make you completely happy, but your way must be free for experience of every kind. You have still much to give to humanity."

Altenhagen tries to shake her resolution.

"I have seen in America," he says, "all the strange sects and communities that they have there, and I am now persuaded that salvation is not to be found by this means. Our time is not yet ripe for a new, strong, common faith. Each must find his own way to

eternal things. And I thought we two might go, like two friends, on the pilgrim way together."

"Lorenz," said Liselotte, and a clear golden light was in her eyes, "you are still afraid of solitude. That is it. But you must plunge deep into it. You have been playing with many hopes and deceiving yourself. But you must go deep into the gloom of it : you must become clear, free, and secure in yourself first, and then will come your time for work. I shall see you again as the strong teacher whom all men reverence and acclaim. Oh, best beloved !" And she fell on his neck and kissed his mouth.

On the next evening he said good-bye. It was hard for him to leave her, and yet he felt as if a load that had lain on his breast like a heavy stone had slowly released itself and gone.

Liselotte accompanied him through the wood, and as he was crossing the fields towards the highway he turned once more to gaze at the slender figure standing there in the evening sunshine, smiling with the joy of a great victory on the clear gentle features. And, slowly, often looking back and beckoning, he went from her."

Liselotte, with her passionate heart and clear, relentless intellect, is a striking and well-sustained character sketch. Altenhagen is less successful. His vanity and in consequence are made very real to us, but the secret of his power over men remains a mystery. We are told that he possessed it, but we should not infer it by anything he is made to say or do. Liselotte's mother, with her worldly wisdom, good humour, and frivolity, brings a welcome touch of colour into the somewhat grey tones of the picture.

In reading, not these books alone, but the novels of Helene Böhlau, Clara Viebig, and other women writers of Germany, we are reminded of the controversies twenty years ago when people wrote articles in the monthly reviews to prove that women should not study mathematics. The German girl seems to be in some respects where the English girl was in the last generation. The traditional attitude of the German mind towards women is a curious mingling of chivalry and contempt. It reminds one of the blend of sensibility and sausages that Lowell discovered in their literature. The man puts the woman on a pinnacle and keeps her in the kitchen. She is the domestic angel with a strong emphasis on the domesticity. "Sabine," in that classic "Soll und Haben," as she sorts the linen and gazes affectionately at the holes made by her lover's fork where he has poked it through the table-cloth, is the accomplished type of the "Deutsche Jungfrau." She must be beautiful, pure, poetic, a good cook, and expert in the darning of socks. There is much to

be said for this ideal, but it postulates a husband. And when there are not husbands enough to go round—when a poor girl finds herself, like Gabrielle Reuter's heroine, with brains, will, capacity, and temperament, and nothing to do with them all but to take the dog for a walk, water the flowers, and take part in the *kaffeeklatsch* of a little town, there is, as we have seen, the material for mental and moral catastrophe. All this was fought through with us many years ago; out in the Fatherland it is still a burning question, on which sides are taken and argument is hot.

Helene Böhlau recalls to us the literature of our own revolt. "Das Recht der Mutter" is a powerful indictment of the harsh and hypocritical conventions of society. To us it reads like the echo of another convention with which we are pretty familiar. Such a passage as this, for instance, might have come out of "The Heavenly Twins":

The Russian princess, who has married a German and settled down in Jena, gives a party for the University professors and their wives.

"'They are not accustomed to attach any weight whatever to anything a woman says,' remarked my sister to me, and she placed her arm in mine again as if we were walking through a zoological garden and we were standing before one of the cages. She went on calmly, as if she were explaining a fact in natural history. The German women do not understand how to train their husbands. And, moreover, people have just the same horror of anyone who does not talk in the old, customary, ancestral way, that they would have of a barking canary; and when a woman does it, it is worse. And this strikes me too. Dmitri, a woman who thinks makes just about the same impression in Germany as an ape that has been taught tricks, has just about that footing in society. "I is not bad for a woman" or "It is remarkable for an ape." It is all one to me: I am out of the worry of it: I am a contented old woman, and a free old human being. But the young women—the souls of fire; there are still some here and there, though everything possible is done to clear them out completely—it is hard for them, and I am sorry for them in my heart.'"

A much finer book than "Das Recht der Mutter," indeed one of the finest of recent German novels, is "Der Rangierbahnhof." It is the story of the clash of two temperaments, both sympathetically portrayed. The son of a Bavarian farmer, a simple, kindly soul, with a mild artistic gift, falls in love with the daughter of an incompetent, pretentious mother brought up in an atmosphere of slovenly

Bohemianism. The girl is a sort of Marie Bashkirtseff, a winning creature, full of genius and fire, eager and ambitious, looking on life chiefly as material for art, and, indeed, first and foremost an artist—an egoist, that is. She likes to be liked, she needs a caressing affectionate atmosphere round her, and for that reason she accepts the painter, who for his part wants a home such as he has been brought up in with his mother and his cousin Anna—simple, domesticated, motherly-hearted women. The antagonism between these two ideals declares itself in the very moment of the wedding.

“An unspeakable nervous distress had seized her. She was giddy ; through the white cloudy veil that fell over her she saw as in a mist the faces of the wedding guests, saw her mother dissolved in uncontrollable tears, helpless as usual ; Emil’s pale face and Erwin’s with that helpless look, Aunt Zanglein amused as usual, and the strange relatives.

“The man next her—that was the most dreadful. He belonged to her and she to him, and never had he seemed to her such a stranger. ‘No, I will belong to myself,’ she said inaudibly. He drew her towards him, alarmed at her extreme pallor, with the tender caressing manner which had comforted her before. But he held her as his own possession . . .

“The ceremony was at an end . . . She bent towards the ear of her deeply agitated husband and whispered excitedly, ‘Tell me one thing, just one. You will let me work : you will keep your promise.’

“‘Olly,’ he whispered in astonishment. ‘Child, have you nothing else in your mind now, really nothing else?’

“‘No, answer me,’ she implored.

“‘Work as much as you like,’ he said. ‘Certainly. Why not?’”

The rift goes on widening. Olly does not know how to make a home, she dreads motherhood, and though she is fond of her husband, and is grateful to him for his patience and devotion, her whole heart and soul are in her art. She is perfectly incapable of that self-suppression which custom and common sense demand of a woman in married life.

“Life and its claims bewildered her ; she took nothing in as a whole, for the things that did not concern her art were outside of her purview . . . The washing, the housekeeping book, the cleaning of the rooms, the endless mealtimes : they sprang at her like spectres out of a cloud and terrified her.”

The development of the situation is almost too painful. The bright childlike spirit is discouraged and bewildered by conflicting

claims, and the consciousness of neglected duties. She is painfully aware of the discomfort of the home, and tries in helpless fashion to improve. A slow fatal disease attacks her. In her extremity her one comfort comes from the rough tender-hearted artist Koppert. There is deep pathos in the description of his friendship for the stricken child, his admiration for the gallant fight she makes against growing weakness and pain, working at her beloved art to the last. As a fellow-artist, a comrade, he gives her the sympathy and understanding that she has craved for all her life, whilst at the same time he is loyally helpful to the perplexed and miserable husband.

“‘There is hope that she may yet live, but, Koppert, quite—quite voiceless. Do you know? She will never be well again.’

“His eyes were full of tears. ‘Since we were married a constant unrest, no peace. So charming, so dear as she was, and yet it was not as it might have been . . . There was an everlasting spiritual tumult in the house. She was always full steam ahead like a railway engine. See, Koppert, I always imagined art was something harmless, to be practised in peace; but it is a rather noisy machine that brings unrest and confusion into a house. And when the house is not big enough, and the forces that guide the machine are not strong and skilled enough, it overwhelms everything and destroys the whole house. It needs a giant’s strength to cope with this diabolical machine. The weak should not touch it . . . She would get to the goal through life and death. I would not have believed that anyone could live through such a time with a woman. People think women are harmless things—I did at least—but they are not.’

“‘No,’ said Koppert, ‘they are not.’”

Then he stands by the bed where his little friend lies dying, after the operation on the throat that has rendered her voiceless.

“‘Think how many there are in this world who run about like beasts, growling to each other about food and weather, the best feeding places, and so on. But we—think. We have understood each other in those matters about which most people care nothing. And how have you developed? I tell you it is astonishing. You are a grand, noble creature, an artist through and through. Think how people strive and toil and how little they achieve, most of them. And what a wonderful time we have had, working together.’

“He spoke on and on. With each word he strove to bring her consolation, forgetting himself as a mother cradling her sick child forgets her own weariness. He spoke quite simply, only thinking, ‘She shall feel in her sorrow the comforting hand.’

"It was dusk : the window stood open and under the deep grey sky there rose from the garden below the blackbird song which invites the heart to bathe in the great stream of renewing of youth. They heard it, both of them, as they gazed at each other with clasped hands.

"Then she scribbled again on a piece of paper, 'A joy without remorse—all through you, my comrade.'"

She dies, and of course the disconsolate widower goes back to the Bavarian Highlands and marries the domesticated cousin. Thus there follows a restful end to the tragedy of the story, a tragedy of that unforced but poignant kind which arises inevitably out of the conflict of uncongenial temperaments and incompatible ideals.

We find ourselves in rather a different atmosphere with Clara Viebig's workmanlike and spirited stories—fresh readable pictures of modern German life, but falling short of the insight and distinction of the book just noticed. They remind one rather of the stories which Miss Mulock and Mrs. Oliphant wrote with such acceptance for the women of mid-Victorian time ; but needless to say, the German writer is less timid and conventional in the handling of religious and moral questions. "Es lebe die Kunst" is a lively story of literary life in Berlin, in which the affectations of the fashionable artistic and literary coteries are satirised with vigour. To this we rather prefer such stories as "Rheinlandstöchter" and "Die Wacht am Rhein," which picture life in Eifel and the Rhenish towns with freshness and force. The provincial atmosphere which chokes the life out of young women of spirit and originality, the world of petty officialdom, the leaden weight of custom, are denounced as heartily as in the books by other writers we have mentioned. However much these gifted women may differ among themselves, they agree in their opinion of the *kaffeeklatsch*.

In her last book, "Das schlafende Heer," Clara Viebig describes the experiences of some colonists from the Rheinland in Polish Prussia. Large questions of race and government are picturesquely handled in this fine story, and it contains the portrait of the ideal German woman, in the person of the Freiherrin von Doleschal, who consoles and strengthens her husband in the hard task of keeping the German flag flying among an alien race, and remains at her post after he has fallen, bringing up her young sons to follow in his steps.

Madame von Ebner-Eschenbach, perhaps the most gifted of all the women who write in German, has produced but little of late

years. That fine perception and delicate humour, that sense of balance and form, in which she resembles French writers rather than those of her own country, still give her rare utterances a peculiar charm. Such a little sketch as "Das Arme Kleine," with its pathetic heroine and its two "incomparable old maids," consoles one for the tracts of dulness that lie in the way of the student of modern fiction.

DORA M. JONES.

THE NEW YEAR IN NORMANDY.

FOR some years it had been my unsatisfied longing to visit France and study "the religious crisis" on the spot. From the day that, carried ashore in my nurse's arms, I first stretched innocent hands to embrace the *douanier*, I had been devoted to France through weal and woe. I had seen her in plague and pestilence, in battle and murder, as represented by the cholera epidemic, the war, and the months immediately following the suppression of the Commune; I had trembled in my crib at pictures of Paris in flames and of fusillades of patriot women. I had seen the "golden age" of the Church under Mac-Mahon's presidency, I had noticed the re-appearance, on railway platforms, of the mediæval monk carrying a modern carpet-bag, the extension of the position of "Our Lady of Lourdes" from that of a mere local genius, and that of the "Sacred Heart," from being an antiquated badge of the Vendean party, to being the emblem of Christianity everywhere, almost ousting the old rudely coloured prints of the *Flagellé*. I had heard a Huguenot pastor utter a prayer for defence against persecution, in the event of what at that time seemed possible, a Bourbon restoration. Then the tide turned, and I saw the reaction of the Paulbertist government, nuns shouldered aside at ticket-offices, the "Blasphèmes" of Jean Richepin prominent on every bookstall, and the lower-class newspapers padded with kindred blasphemies, and with the stock accusations against confessors, often obvious *réchauffés* from Rabelais or Boccaccio. Afterwards, domestic circumstances had impeded my travelling, and I had been left to form my conclusions by conscientious weekly study both of the Romanist newspaper press and of the ultra-Protestant, and by correspondence with French *Réformés*, whose tone was invariably courteous and moderate, but their witness did not agree. Thus, it was with alacrity that I accepted the proposal of an old friend to join forces and see the year out beyond seas; and I looked forward to the journey with double pleasure, as a thorough holiday, and as an opportunity of instruction, and yet with something of apprehension.

Would all my religious and all my tolerant feelings be harrowed by the spectacle of a Church in mourning and aggressive anti-theism triumphant?

The cold grey dawn of December 29, 1904, saw us two new-landed at a Norman seaport, and seated before French coffee and beet sugar at one of the early-opening cafés. I knew France well enough to be sure it would be stirring with the peep of light, so, against advice, I sallied forth to find shops and a church, and came back to report that both were in full swing. Yes, this is as of yore, the Jesuit church of Notre Dame with its gorgeous windows depicting St. Louis in Egypt, Bishop Belsunce at Marseilles, and the great procession of local ship-owners *temp.* Louis XIV., in full-bottomed wigs, and their wives in Maintenon head-dresses. The congregation, too, is as of yore; it is not yet driven to worship in the catacombs. Here, in the apse behind the high altar, are the faithful in *cache-nez*, receiving Communion before setting forth to their daily labour; here, on his chair in the aisle, kneels the elderly retired officer who *se prépare au grand voyage*; here black-pinafores small boys with cropped heads are being led up to gaze with admiration upon the Christmas "Crib" with its whole toy-shop of woolly sheep. I discern symptoms, and more so as I go on, that "our gallant sons of Crusaders have rushed into the breach and enrolled themselves as Christian teachers in place of the exiled *religieux*" (*Propagande catholique*). Above the town, "Our Lady of the Waves" presides as calmly as ever—no rude hand has plucked from her chapel the votive ships, nor the samplers with *actions de grâces* worked in elaborate marking-stitch. The white marble votive tablets are all scribbled over with pencillings which at first I ascribed to 'Arry, in the form either of the cheap tripper from England or of some French equivalent. But, on investigation, they all turned out to be petitions or thanksgivings—touching, as offerings of the poor, but trying, one cannot but feel, to oneself, if one was the donor of a nice clean tablet. Two of the little temporary shops for medals and souvenirs are open, and on the alert for customers; a third is closed, but that may be merely for the season. All this remains unaltered. But on my way down again to the town, I beheld a sign of the times. An ecclesiastical building, which, on approach, turned out to be all barred and wire-grated round the lower windows; and adjoining this stands empty and deserted a huge barrack of a monastic establishment, "Externat de St. Joseph," all likewise barred and grated below, ostentatiously open and uncurtained above, so as to display bareness within. Round the corner is a similar building,

placarded, "Orphanage for young girls, directed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul."—"Red Cross Nursing Society."—"Dispensary under the patronage of the ladies of the town," with a list of the days, hours, and names of doctors, for maladies of the eyes, ears, chest, and maladies of women and children—all equally barred, and swept and garnished. I gazed, and the passers-by gazed upon me, I could not say whether in the spirit which prompted Frenchmen of old to pull down the blind of the railway carriage when passing Sedan. The parish church of St. Joseph, opposite, was untouched; it has a *tronc* "for the Christian schools"—those taught by the priest or by voluntary lay workers—and a notice about First Communion classes, which I saw repeated in every church. There were a fair number of devout women; and a young man passed through and made his salute to the altar, as it might be on his way to or from breakfast. Returning to the quay, I felt pleased to see "L'Étoile des Marins" in a glass box at the corner of a very modest eating-place; at any rate, the owner's manifestation of sentiments has not ruined his trade.

Evening.—We are arrived at our destination, an inland University town which has been compared to Oxford; and not unjustly, as regards the cleanliness of its streets, the respectability of its booksellers, and the majesty of its public buildings. At the entrance of the town, in the region of barracks, rises an immense pyramid to the Sons of the Department slain in 1870, a soldier expiring beneath the flag at its base, and all its sides are covered by names of the departed, with special commemoration of one veteran who enlisted when over seventy and fell on the field of honour. Wreaths of immortelles are laid beneath; the freshest bears the inscription "From the Conscripts of 1904." Our excellent inn proves itself old-established by retaining the title of "Grand Hôtel de la Place Royale," while the *Place* itself has marched with the times and become Republican. The first church I chanced upon is not mentioned in any guide-book, and therefore the more interesting as enabling me to discover the resting-place of the founder (*temp.* Louis XIII.), of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Christ and Mary, and one of the present batch of "Venerables" who are on their promotion to become Beati, and, in due course, full Sancti. His monument displays him kneeling in ecstasy before the Madonna and Child, each pointing to the other's heart. Sooth to say, my most prominent recollection of him was as one of the many celestial advocates whom poor General de Sonis invoked in vain for relief in his last years of suffering. But somebody has found him more satisfactory since, to judge from the fact that by the side of the slot for his beatification

there appears a brand-new marble tablet, thanking him for a favour bestowed as lately as August 26, 1904.

Pursuing my way, I came upon the great Abbey Church, where *once* lay the body of a famous King of England—*once* is the right word, for his bones have not survived two successive scatterings by Huguenots and Revolutionists. Here my attention was engrossed by a marvel of a Christmas "Crib," with unwonted adjuncts. A real fountain playing, and illuminated successively with red, green, and yellow fire, angels appearing and disappearing in the background as the light changed, and in the clefts of the imitation rocks, side scenes, all lighted up by electricity. St. Joseph's workshop on the left, above this the Carrying of the Cross, and on high, Calvary, with St. John and the Mother of Sorrows. In the background might be discerned the mourning Maries, the Resurrection, and on the other side, the Journey of the Kings, the Flight into Egypt, and the Presentation. Children were nearly tumbling over the barrier in their eagerness to make out all its beauties; the priest, behind, beamed with an air of having produced something really effective, and a lady, kneeling beside me, and whose devotions I should never have ventured to interrupt, looked up to remark to me, "*C'est très-joli, n'est-ce pas ?*" The "Crib" was shorn of its glories by day, but "*une petite offrande (10 c.)*" would reproduce them, or at least as much as could be when the electric light was not on, and would obtain from one of the sheep a wag of the head in acknowledgment.

Friday, December 30.—I had read so many *Propagande catholique* tales of good young sons of the Church braving derision by keeping the fasts at a public table, that I had concluded that to do so would be, as it were, trailing one's coat for M. Combes and his myrmidons to tread on. But, to my amazement, I found the effect quite the other way. The café where I demanded omelet proposed, as a second dish, *escargots*—somewhat to the disgust of my more John-Bullish companion. The hotel recognised the day to the extent of providing *soupe à l'oseille*—which, from a gastronomic point of view, is much like bread-and-milk into which a few sorrel leaves have tumbled—and when I passed *bifteck* and *bouilli*, the kindly waiter was so distressed that he must needs volunteer to get me two eggs; and these were not even put down as extras. I felt somewhat hypocritical, having set everybody running about to provide me with "a hegg here and a hegg there, and little bits of fish for breakfast and little bits of fish for dinners" (the phrase of the Puseyite parson's cook in Leech's picture), and having gained

a reputation for sanctity when my motive was mainly political, and curiosity to see how it would be taken.

My morning's walk to-day led me to a fifteenth-century church, this likewise adorned with a "Crib," of ordinary dimensions. A young priest, or candidate for the priesthood, was expounding it in detail to a class of small boys ; another class, of girls, was receiving instruction in the side aisle. A notice on the door directed me to the Parochial Library, which I found installed in a wooden shed up a staircase in the courtyard beyond the sacristy. I sought for a book on the present crisis, but could find nothing more recent than "Terribles Jugements des Révolutionnaires," which ends with Garibaldi ! Coming forth, I was all amazed. A real nun, pacing calmly along with umbrella and market-basket, just as nuns always did ! I had thought that to see such a sight one must stay in England. But going on, I met another, and yet another ; and one of them having entered a bookshop simultaneously with me, I took the opportunity, after she had left, to inquire of the saleswoman about the situation. She gave me a look like the people in melodrama when they say "Ask you as friend or foe ?" But having touched a cross I was wearing, as an equivalent to saying ΙΧΘΥΣ, I prevailed on her to grant me, as an English well-wisher, this explanation. It is the *teaching* Sisters who have been expelled indiscriminately. Some other Orders have been allowed to remain, on condition of not teaching.

Saturday, New Year's Eve.—To-day was spent in an excursion to the neighbouring cathedral, and this being a *monument historique*, I was not surprised to find it in its pristine state. It was, though, something of an agreeable surprise to me to perceive intact the magnificent Calvary outside the town, which I had feared might have met with a mishap since the guide-book was printed. One of our travelling companions was a nun, and I was pondering the possibility of sounding her on the clerical question, but never was there an available moment. She knew everybody, chatted with every peasant woman who climbed in with a market-basket, and heard all about the grandfather who feels his infirmities, or the son who *fait son service*. "Il fait déjà son service !" she repeated, in a tone of kindly interest. The evening was like a Christmas Eve spent in a very orderly manner. The post office was thronged with people sending off the last New-Year parcels, but everyone good-humoured and accommodating. To a late hour the devout women were in and out of the churches, relieving each other in the watch before the Host ; and I was really edified by the devotion of a

well-dressed young man before the "Crib" in the Abbey. I had thought he might be accompanying his mother, but on and on he knelt, and so long and so absorbed, that I concluded he must be setting in for all-night Adoration, and thus I left him. My friend and I finished up the evening at the fair on the Boulevard, where we treated each other to swinging-boats, shooting-galleries, peep-shows of "Edouard VII à Paris" and such innocent spectacles, and were not so much as poked with a peacock's feather.

Sunday, New Year's Day.—This might be Christmas Day at home, family groups with capering children brandishing inflated snakes. Much carrying to and fro of bonbon boxes, bouquets shrouded in paper, and glimpses within the doorways of tables heaped with visiting cards. Taking a chair in the nave of the Abbey Church, as strangers were directed to do, my first impression was that the congregation was wholly feminine, but then I perceived it was the local custom (perhaps because the church is *L'Abbaye aux Hommes*) for the men to sit in the chancel stalls, behind the paid choristers. In they flocked, "our most respected citizens," in their Sunday black, fathers, little boys in short socks, Sunday-school classes, led by young gentlemen as dapper and as spruce as the typical Frenchman in a child's book of national costumes. After mass those in charge of the youngest classes marched out with them, and the rest trooped down behind the choir, and took their seats on a row of benches fronting the pulpit. I was out of earshot of the sermon, and could judge only that it was eloquent in gesture, and that it was interesting, by the way people settled themselves comfortably to listen. Yet another surprise for me! The well-known white *cornette* of the Sisters of Charity! and the ruffled cap and plain drab frock of the girls of a charity school. One of the Sisters was very aged—poor thing, I am glad she has not been driven out in her last days. After sermon was another little function, probably a family one, of thanksgiving for a recovery or for passing an examination. A boy in First Communion black clothes and an immense white tie was performing his devotions at the high altar in open sight, as only a French boy could do. At intervals he rose and tolled a bell. By the doorway was a sign of the times, a scroll "Tronc pour les écoles libres," but no *tronc* was there! In the porch a boy was offering for sale copies of "the notorious *Croix* and *Pèlerin*," as they have got to be called in the English Protestant press. "The most abominable newspaper in the French language" the former has been styled by an English writer who is probably not aware that it makes a feature of always giving the Gospel for the

week at full length. (But perhaps the antagonist may reply that *cela n'empêche pas.*) The New Year cartoon of the *Pèlerin* is "May this year be better than the last!" Old 1904 descends into the gulf, weighed down with persecutions, wars, strikes, crimes, delations. The other pictures are scenes in Madagascar and at Port Arthur, portraits of the ex-Admiral Bienaimé, who is the anti-Ministerial candidate replacing M. Syveton, and of little Marie-Louise, aged three, whose crooked legs have been straightened by the waters of Lourdes : an ordinary child in a tam-o'-shanter, sucking her fist ; but such has been the effect of her cure, that in her street twenty adults have been baptized and twelve irregular couples have got married !

This afternoon I had the opportunity of asking questions of a French University professor, no clerical. My first demand was, how came there still to be Sisters of Charity ?

"Because they applied for authorisation and were accepted."

Then some applications *were* accepted—we know by this time that was nowise the case with all.

"Is their position secure ?"

The professor assumed a very French attitude. "Can anyone say that his head will be on his shoulders next year? As far as that, they may call themselves secure."

"How about the other nuns ?"

"Ah, their future is doubtful, and they are taking measures to be received in Ireland, come the worst. They are possessed of the most valuable grazing land in the town—outside the boundaries, no doubt it was originally, but now it is in the heart, and coveted for building. They would do well to *realise* it."

"About the army scandals, the delations, the dismissals ?"

An intimation that there is always some reason of incompetence in the background. "There is more noise than damage ; most of the officers who got into trouble have been quietly reinstated since."

"Was that the case with Colonel de Saint-Remy, the first to be tried by court-martial ?"

No certain answer.

"What about the charge against the Government schools of giving prize books which shocked the parents ?"

The professor knows the book I refer to, the "Livre pour tous," which was marked as "for prizes" and "to be put into *all* hands," and then turned out to be unexpurgated Voltaire and Rabelais. In his twenty years of school inspecting he never heard of its being given as a prize, "and if it was, what child would be harmed by it ?"

I recall in my own mind various passages from Rousseau's account of his early years which we should hardly think *ad usum delphini*. Probably the work, being in two-sou parts, was never openly given on the day of crowns and gilt volumes, but it may easily have been slipped, as an expression of private friendship, into a pupil's hands by a proselytising teacher.

The professor continued: "It may seem to you that the French people persecute religion. It would be nearer the mark to say that they care neither one way nor the other. I cannot myself think the Associations Law just, but I am not surprised at it. In England the instinct of the people is to keep the law. The first idea of every Frenchman is to evade the law; and this the Church does continually and successfully, thereby irritating everybody who is not an active partisan of the Church. Witness what I have already mentioned, the grazing-ground for the cows of the nunnery. Had it not belonged to the Church, it had long ago been used for the good of the town, as well as for the profit of the landowner. Still, I may say that, as a rule, the expulsions have been received with indifference."

"If that was so," I objected, "what need to employ military force?"

"That was in Brittany; and it is an old jest that the Bretons are backward."

"Is it true that somewhere in Brittany the women, by way of protest, lay down on the line before the train that was to convey the Sisters away, and had to be dragged off by the porters?"

"Maybe, as a *gamin* dances and shouts in front of a tramcar." But the professor will safely assert, they would not have done it two miles from the station.

(I reflect, they would have been fools if they had, for the sole value of the action was as a protest, of a somewhat theatrical kind. I have found the incident effective when cited to English disputants—"that did really look as if they cared about it.")

"What does the Government mean by prohibiting preaching and catechising in Breton?"

To this the rejoinder is, "What does the Church mean by praying in Latin?"

"Is it true that *pardons* have been prohibited in Brittany?"

"They will take place every year, and they will be prohibited, and then next year they will take place just the same."

"It seems to me," said I, "very like our public reading-room, which put up 'Dogs not admitted,' and, practically, everybody had

his dear dog under his chair and kept it there till some one else chose to point to the notice."

The professor laughed, and replied, that exactly hit it.

Monday, Bank Holiday.—Our last day abroad was given up to an expedition "a-wheel" to visit a Romanesque church and ducal château. We investigated every country church on the way, and nearly shed tears of sentiment to find them so like what they were in our childhood; we put pennies in the slots at "Cribs" to make the angel wag his head, and admired how accurately he discriminated between a two-sou piece and one sou; and we made commotion among the boys who were removing the Christmas greenery, causing them hastily to uncover before the altar, lest we should report their irreverence to *M. le Curé*. One church had a very reactionary emblem—behind the high altar, two crossed tricolour flags charged with the Sacred Heart. This is the badge of Clericalism *par excellence*; a nominal fine was inflicted for displaying it in time of the expulsions; and—so runs the prophecy—one day it shall appear on a battlefield, and then shall France recover Alsace-Lorraine. Three Calvaries we passed, besides a Sacred Heart image, "souvenir of the mission of 1899." One Calvary was really a fine one, with a Madonna which would have rejoiced the heart of Father Eustace. "See how fairly she is represented, with her gown covered with golden stars!" A woman in the rusty black bonnet that, alas, is taking the place of the characteristic cap, crossed herself on passing; a man in blouse did not. Myself, I paid the same signs of reverence that I did to the patriotic monument, and found no Freemasons rise out of the earth to hoot me for it. So it cannot be universally true that every night gangs of ruffians go about smashing the Calvaries, and every morning the faithful pick up the bits and replant them in their back gardens.

As we approached our destination, the first object was a group of buildings with a Madonna-image in the façade and the text "I was hungry, and ye gave Me meat." The courtyard is enclosed by a *grille*—is it sealed? No, it opens all right, and admits to unmistakable almshouses, with old women, and Sisters passing to and fro among them. So here, too, is for the present a haven of peace. We found one of the Sisters at her devotions in the church when we entered. Our cicerones at the Duke's château were two nice chatty girls, daughters of the gamekeeper, who were very ready to impart to us the educational situation. Yes, there were two schools in the town, the Government one and the Voluntary one: they, with their little brother, used to go to the Voluntary school, as all well-thinking people did. And they go to the Voluntary school still, though the

nuns are gone away to England. M. le Duc is a good and far-seeing man ; and when he perceived the trend of affairs, he called a committee of the leading citizens, and they decided to dismiss the nuns quietly, without waiting for an expulsion, and to replace them by lay teachers of their own selection. The present lay teachers are pious people, and more competent than the nuns ; they teach algebra and English ; the little brother learns English—he can say “*Please give me a piece of bread,*” and the sister hopes to go to England next year to perfect herself.

Back by rail, which enabled us to admire at the railway station the paternal tone of *M. l'Inspecteur's* manifesto against drunkenness. “In spite of the spiritual and corporal degradation of the *alcoolique*, in spite of the fatal consequences entailed upon his posterity, in spite of the terrible risks, not only to his own life, but to those confided to him,” in spite of all this *M. l'Inspecteur* has had instances brought to his notice of drunkenness upon duty. “And I warn my subordinates that, though they will find me very indulgent towards other errors, in this matter I shall be *implacable*.” “But I hope they will not impose upon me the stern necessity to *sevir*. . . . I am aware that among my *employés* are many who are above suspicion ; and to these I look, that by their examples and their *conseils amicaux*, they will co-operate with me in the work of restoring their comrades who are *égarés*.” Among railway passengers, certainly, drunkenness is not extirpated—it may be said, what can you expect if you choose to come home third-class on the evening of Bank Holiday ? In there came, to our compartment, first a black spaniel, who was very well aware that his duty was to go under the seat ; then three *chasseurs* in gaiters, who had perhaps not exceeded the bounds of joviality ; and finally there was hauled in a linesman in uniform, looking as if all the bran had run out of him. We climbed over the barrier and put ourselves under the protection of a sober *militaire* who was escorting his mother. However, the man who had kept the fête too well went harmlessly off to sleep on his friend's shoulder, while the old farmer opposite, with finger on nose, rallied him in the style of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone.

This ended our holiday, and my observations of the state of the times. These observations, I admit, were purely local, and I should like to be able to compare them with similar notes taken by any competent observer in Catholic Brittany, Protestant Languedoc, and sceptical Paris. The town which I visited was still mourning the untimely death of its late mayor, a colonel and a Clerical, and a “simple, good, and benevolent citizen,” even on the testimony of

the Radical journal which takes exception to some of the political demonstrations at his funeral. The time of year was one when the ordinary stock of the shop windows was crowded out by New-Year cards and sheets of fancy letter-paper, some embossed and flowered like the valentines of our youth, others headed with a charging dragoon or cuirassier, on which every soldier who respects himself sends *un mot d'écrit* at New Year to his parents and his sweetheart. But this I can say—open profanity was less rampant than I have known it in the days of Paul Bert. I did not see anti-religious post cards, nor any Christmas variant of the blasphemous print which is said to have been displayed in the Paris kiosks last Good Friday. I was rather surprised not to see any picture of the expulsions, either exultant, from the anti-clerical side, or pathetic, like the old 1871 allegories of “France subjected to the horrors of civil war.” The craze for view post cards has at least the merit of having greatly refined the railway bookstalls; the illustrated papers most in evidence were the old-established “Petit Journal” and “Petit Parisien,” a “Journal comique pour la Jeunesse” which really is fit for youth, and a lady’s paper, which sets a good example to ours in the matter of advertisements. The times have brought forth a new magazine, “Fraternité, journal laïc et chrétien,” in which the lay element is more prominent than the Christian; and, among pamphlets, one on Church disestablishment, decidedly anti-religious, but not offensive in tone, except perhaps as to the dialogue between the statue of Renan at Tréguier and the crucifix which was set up there “in reparation.” The pamphleteer shows a faint sense—not of humour, but of the existence of a sense of humour in other people—when he begs his readers “not to laugh” at his proposal, “made in all seriousness,” to hold periodically in the parish church “a lay mass” where the Government schoolmaster shall deliver a moral discourse and read extracts from the Republican newspapers. He even goes on to fix the ecclesiastical festivals of the new Church, which apparently he contemplates as officiating in the same building, turn and turn about, with the old one.

“Bastille-day is obviously the lay Easter. Christmas may become the Fête of Winter, as Easter that of Spring, and St. Matthew’s Day that of Autumn. New-Year and the *Jour des Morts* may keep their names. Harangues appropriate to the season shall be pronounced.”

This is Condorcet all over!

An evening paper was being cried in the streets, with the placard “More clerical scandals”; and scandals indeed, or alleged scandals, it had in plenty. Leaving on one side those which will always occur,

or will always be asserted to occur, the rest were mostly cases of "making merchandise of the Temple" by the sale of masses, or of coals and vegetables, and such articles of worldly commerce, to eke out the Government stipend. I was sorry, too, to see just the same things said about the Sisters' Orphanage here as about that of Nancy—are they true in both cases, or true in neither? There is something suspicious in the accusations being all on the authority of ex-pupils, "whose names and addresses shall be given when it is safe to do so." "The cloistered victim, with stifled voice," of Protestant diatribe, can exist only where she is rigidly cloistered. If the girls were, as the journal avers, gagged while undergoing corporal punishment, they were not gagged when I saw them at church or walking through the streets on their way to church.

Turning to clerical literature, its present efforts are evidently bent to "capture" the children and the men—the women being presumed to be on its side already. For the men, there are books with titles such as "*La Virilité de la Religion chrétienne*," there are almanacks expressly designed for soldiers, there are biographies of pious characters, naval and military. Among the last-mentioned General de Sonis still reigns supreme, and one almanack gives the testimony of a young lieutenant in China, who found that the reading of the General's *Life* in hospital "was as good as a retreat to him," and who afterwards, when beset by a horde of Boxers, emulated his hero by invoking Heaven aloud, and cutting his way through, sword in one hand and rosary in the other. For the children, there are the Christmas "Cribs," there are story-books illustrating the Catechism, and there are Bible picture-books "to replace the fatal omission of the Sacred History in our new school course." And they really are Biblical—the pictures replicas of eighteenth century engravings, like those of an old D'Oyly and Mant Bible, the text Scriptural, with here and there notes pointing a clerical moral, or citing a traditional legend. The almanacks, which correspond to our Christmas numbers, are as prettily got up as ever—the pictures a marvel for the price, the contents, mild tales, skits in the comic-religious style which makes itself as like as possible to the comic-irreligious, inoffensive jests (or if they offend, it is through taking that familiar-pious tone which to the English mind sounds irreverent), and harrowing lists of nuns expelled after having received the Montyon prize, peasants imprisoned for resisting the expulsions, and magistrates who have resigned office after the removal of the crucifix. Among the officers who have resigned is to be noted a Commandant de Sonis—a worthy descendant of his family. The

Protestant reader will rejoice to learn that all the almanacks advertise cheap translations of the Gospels, and advise people to read them ; also that they exhort to the keeping of Sunday, and cite the example of England.

Since these pages were written, M. Combes has fallen. Time will show whether this is for good or ill. Perhaps some of the religious establishments we have seen are among the 466, with the closing of which, "true to his policy of persecution, he makes even his inglorious exit memorable."

E. P. T.

THE QUESTION OF SUBSIDISED OPERA.

THE question of State-aided music, of a subsidised opera, has been "in the air" for some time. Pessimists, knowing our national indifference to music, declare that it will remain there. One certainly has small ground for optimism. Attempts have been made again and again to arouse a practical interest in the subject, but beyond exciting discussion among professionals and enthusiasts these attempts have been quite ineffectual. It is so difficult to make the average politician understand that music has claims equally with more practical affairs. The average politician cannot be brought to realise how important a factor it is in national education and wellbeing. "Ye cannot live by bread alone" is a dictum that has not come forcibly home to him. Music, he will tell you, is a luxury, a mere amusement, the fad of the dilettanti. If the dilettante wants music, the dilettante ought to pay for it. What he wants he will get, on the great and universal principle of supply and demand. Why should the State step in between him and the enterprise of the individual?

These and other specious arguments are always to be heard when the question of subsidising music is brought forward. In the meantime a White Paper dealing with the subject has been issued by the Government. Lord Lansdowne has sent a circular to his Majesty's representatives abroad, asking for information as to the financial support given by other countries to operatic music. All the information that is really necessary was collected by Mr. W. J. Galloway, M.P., two years ago; but it is something to have the matter treated officially and in a serious way, and the White Paper may have results that have so far been denied to the efforts of individual enthusiasts.

This White Paper is at once an indictment and an example. Example, we know, is better than precept. It will therefore be well to cite the examples. The facts are sufficiently familiar to those who have looked into the subject, but they are worth stating again,

As the White Paper shows, there are three different methods of affording State aid to music. There are (1) subsidies by the Crown ; (2) subsidies by the State ; and (3) subsidies by the municipality. In some cases these methods are combined, as when the Crown and the State each pay a share, or the municipality contributes to the expenses of an opera-house already subsidised by the State.

Mr. Galloway took considerable trouble to get at the financial details. He brought out that in Italy there are about five hundred theatres, quite one-half of which have seasons of opera at various times of the year. The length of the season varies from eight days to two months, and the figure of the subsidy is anything between £20 and £8,000. In Germany enormous sums are spent on opera by the State. Thus the Berlin Opera-House receives a yearly subvention of £54,000 ; the Vienna Opera-House, £25,000 ; Wiesbaden gets £20,000 ; Munich, £12,500 ; Frankfort, £10,000 ; Darmstadt, £12,500 ; Mainz, £5,000, and so on. In Austria and Hungary the State pays over £62,000 a year ; in Belgium grants are given for the encouragement of native composers and to certain notable concerts. The municipality of Brussels subsidises the Monnaie Opera-House ; at Antwerp the annual deficiency is made up from the town funds. In France the State intervenes directly in operatic affairs in Paris only, where the Opéra receives £32,000 ; the Opéra Comique, £12,000 ; the Théâtre Français, £9,600 ; and the Odéon, £4,000. In addition, there are smaller subsidies to the Colonne and Lamoureux Concerts. In Lyons, Bordeaux, and Toulouse the municipal authority votes in each case over £9,000 a year. The King of Saxony, with only a small private fortune, gives £30,000 annually to the opera. The city of Geneva provided the site of the Grand Opera-House, erected it at a cost of £152,000, and regularly votes an annual subsidy of £7,500.

Now, what Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium can do, England can also do. Is there any reason why England should not follow the example of these countries ? Is there any reason why, say, the small capital of Bavaria should produce a complete cycle of the operas of Mozart or of Gluck while England remains in crass ignorance even of the names of the majority of them ? There is no reason in the world. There is, indeed, much more reason why opera should be subsidised in England than abroad. Opera in England has always been an exotic growth, and that chiefly because the great bulk of the people have been unable to bear the strain of the high prices charged by managers. As things stand, there seems to be no way of reducing that strain but by the Government and the

municipalities granting a subsidy. Opera run on purely artistic lines cannot be made to pay. This is sufficiently emphasised by the scanty provision now made for those who prefer that form of art. Take the case of London. No other European capital presents so lamentable a condition as does the British metropolis in the matter of opera. A few wealthy dilettanti, a foreign musical director, foreign conductors, foreign principals (with two or three exceptions), a chorus largely foreign, an orchestra by no means entirely British—and there, with three foreign languages, you have what serves London for a three months' revolving surfeit of opera. As for the provinces, they are practically destitute of opera. Outside of London, in the provinces of England, Scotland, and Ireland, no operas are to be heard, in English or otherwise, except those given during flying visits of a week or a fortnight's duration by touring English companies.

Well, we must have more opera, and we must have cheaper opera—opera not existing, as at Covent Garden, for social and society purposes, but for artistic purposes. The question was well put by M. Paderewski when someone asked him recently what he thought of the British taste for music. Said he :

You have the love of music innate within you. What England needs now is more opportunity, more musical culture. England ought to have at least one stage set apart for British composers, and aided by the State or the municipality. Look at Germany, for instance. In my opinion, Germany is not more musical than England by nature, but she is more by culture. Her Courts support and protect musical art in the most generous way. Where there is no prince or reigning duke there are municipalities which understand their duty towards art. If such bodies existed in England, it would be a good thing for the people. It is painful to think that in the greatest city in the world the musical theatre is not on the same level as in some small towns in Germany. Opera cannot support itself, that is an established fact. It must be supported by the Crown or by the municipality. Of course, I mean in this case, not the opera such as that at Covent Garden, which runs for a few weeks only, and that just in the height of the season—I mean a permanent musical theatre ; for there must be constant study.

This fact of the non-self-supporting character of opera is admitted by everybody who knows anything of the matter at all. "It is proved," says Sir Villiers Stanford, "that nowhere can operatic art flourish without endowment, if the works given are to be of the best, irrespective of passing popularity, and if the prices are to be within the means of all classes." The experience of the Paris Opéra is convincing enough. The average receipts at the Opéra do not exceed, and very often do not reach, £680. Seeing that the cost of each

performance is about £800, the directors would lose considerably if the State subsidy did not make up the deficit. The production of a new opera means two or three months of rehearsal and great expense. The following figures show the expenses incurred by the Paris house in the mounting of some operas produced of late years, after the fire of 1873, and the destruction of the scenery in 1894: "La Juive," £7,600; "Les Huguenots," £6,920; "Faust," £7,480; "Don Juan," £7,240; "Le Prophète," £8,960; "Coppélia" (ballet), £1,640; "La Source" (ballet), £3,240. With "La Dame de Monsoreau" the expenses rose to £12,800—the highest outlay for twenty years. Without a subsidy, how would these sums have been met? There is no need, in short, to labour the point that opera cannot support itself. Let us accept the fact, and have done with it.

But accepting the fact does not get us very far forward. There are so many questions to be considered, so many objections to be answered. There are those who contend that if we had really desired opera, we should have obtained it. That is a plausible argument, but it is easily met. If demand creates supply, supply also creates demand. In art matters a big section of the public never really knows what it wants. Twenty years ago, the British public did not want Wagner at any price; to-day, Wagner is the popular hero of the music drama. This means something. Even the pessimists are forced to allow that as a nation we are not unmusical, and that we are fond of the drama. In the old days, Purcell was greatly in advance of Continental opera-writers; and the attitude of the average musical Englishman of to-day towards Italian opera is certainly not the attitude of Addison, or the people who went wild over the parody of it in "The Beggar's Opera." That we are a theatre-going race will not be denied. And it is well worth observing that we are partial to a running orchestral accompaniment to the more energetic climaxes or the extra-pathetic episodes of our spoken plays. Mr. Hamish MacCunn alludes to what the programmes call "incidental" and the profession knows as "dramatic" music. He says rightly that its application at the moment is quite a little art by itself: here, at least, are the elements of an instinctive desire for music with drama, if not for music-drama.

But the public taste has got beyond that. In the provinces and in London, performances of opera by touring companies often evoke the greatest enthusiasm. The Wagnerian operas, as I have indicated, are as popular as "The Bohemian Girl" herself; "Tristan und Isolde," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin,"

are received with "the wildest demonstrations of delight." The Carl Rosa Company was enthusiastically welcomed again and again by charmed and grateful audiences; and the Moody-Manners Operatic Company of to-day is never without good houses. This is a sufficient answer to that other class of croakers who plaintively tell us that as a nation we have no "genius" for opera. We have no such "genius," certainly, as the Italian has, but that is simply because we have not had the Italian's opportunity of developing what "genius" we do possess.

Opera in Italy is a national institution, supported and fostered in every possible way by the nation in its corporate capacity. This is a comparison that must be insisted on. As Mr. Charles Manners pointed out some time ago, the fact that a poor country like Italy has at some period of the year about 250 grand opera companies running, while Great Britain can find room for no more than six—and these including Covent Garden—is the strongest argument that can be adduced in favour of State aid for opera. It is idle to deny that the masses of other European countries are, on the whole, better conducted and better educated than ours. Would it be too much to say, with Mr. Manners, that one reason for this is to be found in the practical encouragement which, as we have seen, these foreign Governments and municipalities give to music? It would be easy to exaggerate on the point, but there can be no doubt that such fostering enterprise goes a long way towards refining the tastes of that large body of the people whose opportunities are so limited. Music is a great factor in civilisation, and music ought to be officially supported, both for ethical reasons and because cheap mental recreation lessens the incentive to crime, and crime is one of the most expensive of things to the non-criminal class. Nowadays, as M. Paderewski has said, art is a necessity of life. It ought to be looked upon by our public bodies as being within their necessary care, in much the same way as they look upon the provision of pure water and fresh air. It is an element of cultured life.

And why should not music be officially supported? Other arts receive national aid: why not the art of St. Cecilia? If painting, for example, is subsidised by the State, why should the State refuse to subsidise music? The State buys Raphaels for the people to look at; why does the State not help the people to hear the masterpieces of the operatic art? The nation gives many thousands every year to the support of picture galleries, besides a very large sum towards art education. The grant to schools of art in connection with South Kensington averages some £70,000 annually. Music

receives next to no encouragement. The School Boards spend a vast amount of money every year in teaching children the rudiments of music, and the County Councils spend a considerable sum upon bands ; but the State gives nothing whatever to music, although it spends many thousands a year on libraries and museums and picture galleries. No one will seriously contend that music is less important to the well-being of a nation than painting or the inspection of art treasures in museums. To listen to a good opera or a fine symphony well performed is surely as ennobling as to look upon a fine picture. Why should this fact not have practical recognition? Music, as has been well said, broadens the emotions, which otherwise become atrophied in the sordid fight for existence in large cities ; and the human being who has not the emotional part of his mind well developed is only half a human being.

There are plausible arguments in common use against the State aiding music as a logical upshot of its aiding other arts. As one has put it, so far as museums, picture galleries, and libraries go, there is some sense in these arguments, for rare artistic treasures and books are a national asset, as it were, when once the money has been spent on them ; and, in addition, they can be, and are, enjoyed by the public without any kind of payment for admission, so that every man, from a peer to a peasant, is equally benefited by the money spent by the nation. This is undoubtedly a strong argument against the instance of the national opera scheme as synonymous with the public picture galleries and museums ; for to place a national opera-house on the same footing, admission to it would have to be free too. But the money spent in these State aids to art schools is on no such footing. The students who benefit by it are a small class, and in no way does their work come within the enjoyment of the nation. In no single respect are such students in a different position from students of music ; and yet our Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music are self-supporting, partly from fees received and partly from private donations ; and our Guildhall School of Music is in the same position, except that the Corporation of London in this instance takes the place of the private donators to the other institutions. Certainly it is a system which works very well on the whole, but there are many ways in which music could be benefited if the State would grant it some considerable sum of money.

Several schemes have been proposed in connection with the subsidising of opera. That which has received most attention is the scheme set forth in the petition presented to the London County

Council in 1899. According to this scheme, the Council were to erect an opera-house, which they estimated would cost £100,000. This house would be laid under strict obligations to provide systematic representation of the highest class of operas at prices of admission ranging from 1s. to 10s. 6d. In the opinion of some of the proposers, the regular series of operas ought to be limited to the autumn and winter months. In the summer the house would be let in the ordinary way, as it is not thought necessary or advisable to provide a subsidised opera in the London season. The promoters considered that a well-regulated series of different operas performed in English by a good permanent body of artists would gradually attract sufficient audiences to make the scheme self-supporting. In any event, they estimated that, including both repayment of capital and interest and the annual subvention, the total liability of the Council would not exceed £15,000 a year, and in time might be reduced to *nil*. In corroboration of this estimate was the opinion of two independent witnesses, of great experience, Colonel Mapleson and Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Both these gentlemen declared that a permanent grand opera-house in London, with a large number of very cheap seats, would ultimately pay. To this the County Council replied that to subsidise an opera-house would in many ways prove to be of advantage to the public, but that the question had hardly been sufficiently discussed to ensure enough public favour necessary for success.

Of course, it does not matter whether the State or the County Council provides the money. Nor should the wealthy enthusiast—the Carnegie of music—be discouraged. Rich men are generous to painting; why not to music? Individuals might do a great deal for national opera. It was reported the other day that a wealthy citizen of Aix-la-Chapelle had left £6,800 to the municipality for the endowment of cheap concerts of chamber music; while a wealthy manufacturer of Düren had given £25,000 for the erection of a municipal theatre and concert-hall. It has surprised a good many people that Mr. Carnegie, who is almost crazy about “returning” some of his wealth to the working classes in founding libraries, has done nothing in London or England for music. For the giving of half-organs to Presbyterian kirks is really doing nothing. We do not want brand-new halls, but a small subsidy here and there would be of immense assistance. It will not do to subsidise London alone. Art must not be centralised in that way. Manchester and Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, Dublin and Belfast, are as much entitled to financially aided opera-houses as is the metropolis itself. Here the municipali-

ties might come to the rescue. The City of London has expended close on £100,000 on the Guildhall School of Music alone. Why should not the great provincial cities also draw upon their revenues in favour of music?

One thing must be insisted on : subsidised opera must be in the language of the country. Opera is presented before the German, French, and Italian people in their native tongues. When they desire to hear "Die Walküre" in Paris, they translate the libretto into French. At Covent Garden, as in New York (and these are the only exceptions), any European language other than English is used. There is no adequate English opera in this country at all ; and it is the merest truism to say that it will never be possible for our people to understand the significance of music-drama until it is properly presented to them in their own language. Opera can never be popular so long as it is sung in a tongue not "understood of" the people. Comic opera succeeds not alone because it is comic, but because the words are in English. As Mr. MacCunn has observed, "Had grand opera always been presented in Germany, Italy, or France in an alien tongue, it is as likely as not that their appreciation and support of it, even to this day, would amount to as little as our own." If we had been the musical nation we ought to have been, we should never have had anything but English opera. But our old-time lack of native artists brought shoals of musicians from abroad, and the consequence was that opera in any tongue but English acquired a sort of tradition which has maintained its sway to the present day. Now, when we have as good native artists as those of any other country, the continued presentation of opera in alien tongues is as ridiculous as it is unnecessary. Why is this presentation continued? To quote Mr. MacCunn :

Has the English-born, English-speaking, and English-thinking man in the street any decided preference for music-drama in a language other than his own? Does the abstract fact of listening to German, French, or Italian words wedded to music give him a keener enjoyment than if the words were English? If he does not understand the language, is the very mystery of it comfortable to his imagination? If he does happen to understand, is that amount of his delight so much the less? There may be some grain of truth in this suggestion, for our insular worship of anything from foreign parts is very characteristic of us in other connections than those musical.

It is all very well to say that art is of no nationality. But opera is something more than art, as we generally interpret the term. A Beethoven symphony can be understood and appreciated equally well in St. Petersburg or Berlin, in Paris or London. But opera in

Italian can be understood only in Italy, or where Italian is understood. "My language is known all the world over," said Haydn to Mozart, when the latter disadvised a visit to England, on the ground that Haydn could not speak English. But Haydn found himself looking very foolish when a certain musical society made him the guest of the evening, and proposed his health in a "language" that had nothing to do with crotchets and quavers.

The objection has been raised that satisfactory English translations of foreign operas are practically impossible. This is nonsense. The best translation must of course fail in always adapting the right word to the musical emphasis. But if German translations of Italian operas and French translations of German operas meet with public favour, surely there is no reason why English translations of the same works should not succeed. The genius of our language, it has been contended, does not make for opera. This means that English is a difficult or an ineffective language in which to sing. So far from that being the case, it is "one of the most fluently beautiful, and, for lyrical or dramatic purposes, one of the most readily "painted" by the infinitely varied resources of musical inflexion and emphasis." Nor do I see anything in the argument that, since the average operatic artist does not pronounce so clearly as to be understood, the language used is immaterial. The operatic artist has no right to make the public suffer for his or her imperfect training. You could tell every word that Sims Reeves sang; you can never be in doubt about Jean de Reszke. Admit that "the first thing we should be compelled to do, in order to run a successful permanent English opera, would be to teach operatic aspirants elocution, and how to pronounce clearly." Would it not be a good thing to insist upon this teaching?

Another point is emphasised by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. The opera-house anywhere on the Continent is one of the largest employers of skilled musical labour of all kinds. Orchestral players, conductors, principal singers, chorus singers, prompters, stage managers with musical training, ballet directors, etc., go to make up a large proportion of the entire musical profession there. Here there is neither such employment to be found, nor is there any form of so advanced and inspiring a continuance of musical education. As Sir Villiers Stanford says, in effect, our orchestral players and singers are as good as those of any country, yet there is no career for them. Our singers must take part in operatic farces or in concert work; our orchestral players must be content with playing incidental music in theatres; our composers must write rubbish. We have

begun at the wrong end. We should first have found a career for our young artists, and then have trained them.

Experience of operatic work is in itself a liberal education. Barred out from it, as are our students and our musical public, it is, as Mr. MacCunn observes, almost pathetic to note the eagerness with which any operatic excerpt in an orchestral concert programme is listened to. It is not in human nature, certainly least of all in enthusiastic student human nature, to dwell on the formal and colder beauties of the symphony. The strenuous passions and kaleidoscopic splendours of the dramatic music will quite monopolise the attention ; and in this way our lack of national opera loses us more than is at first sight apparent. Again, a permanent opera would make possible the production of operas by native composers. At present there is next to no encouragement for the native composer in that direction. The nearest approach to paying opera is made on works already established in the public favour. No manager relying entirely on his own resources will take up a work by a composer whose name is unfamiliar, however good the work may be. Native composers suffer greatly under this disadvantage, a disadvantage which a subsidy would at once remove.

The subject is far too big to admit of exhaustive treatment in a single article. One must be content to touch its fringes. Not for some little time yet, perhaps, will England have her subsidised opera. But she is bound to have it sooner or later. And when she does have it, the cause of music will be immensely benefited. Subsidised opera means in other countries greater diffusion of musical knowledge among the people. It must mean the same in England, for, as Madame Nordica says, "Opera is a great benefit to any community."

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE TAXATION OF WINDOWS.

IN almost any street which has not been much disturbed for a generation or two there are to be seen houses with painted imitations of windows. The recess, the arch or head-stone, and the sill are all there, just as in the perfect window; but the window-frames and panes of glass are replaced by a wall of brick or stone, artistically painted to suggest rather than represent what is missing. If anyone will take the trouble to count the window-arches closed with building materials, whether painted or not, which he can find on one short walk in a favourable locality, he will probably be surprised by their number. In the main street of one rather antiquated country town I found forty-four windows thus blocked up, out of a total of eight hundred and twelve of every kind, including shop-windows and sky-lights. At first sight this proportion may not appear large. But it is otherwise when a satisfactory explanation is found for the existence of even forty-four blocked windows in one street. They belong to the period when windows were taxed. It is fifty years since the window duties were repealed, and in that time many new houses have been built, some old ones demolished, and possibly a number of windows which were previously closed have been reopened in houses which are in other respects unaltered. By these and some other changes the proportion of blocked windows has, I feel certain, been greatly reduced; and could we restore this street to what it was a hundred years ago, I think we should realise much more clearly, by a mere survey of its windows, how the burden of taxation was very literally brought home to the people.

It is not necessary to go very far back in our history to find the beginning of this method of taxation. At the commencement of the reign of William III. the currency was in a shameful condition. Down to the reign of Charles II. silver money continued to be made by cutting the coins out of a strip of metal with shears, and stamping them with a die driven home by the blow of a hammer. Anyone can handle shears, and the temptation to cut a

little off the edge of the coin, before paying it away, was too strong for many people to resist. The coin went on its way, nominally no worse at the time, while the silver parings could be melted down, and by-and-by sold to the goldsmith or made into jewellery. Thus by degrees the coins were clipped down, until a great many of them were only half the weight that they were when first issued. Though the shilling was still a shilling in name and by law, it contained no more silver than a new sixpence.

It was thought at first that this state of the currency would be entirely remedied by issuing plenty of good new coin. But this was soon seen to be a mistake for many reasons. New coin could be clipped, and was even then no worse than the old money which was still in circulation. Moreover, there are always some men who decline to accept money at its nominal value, and insist upon its being weighed. No goldsmith, for instance, when in want of silver for his work, would by any chance melt down a worn shilling, for by doing so he would lose a shilling's worth of currency, and obtain only, perhaps, sixpennyworth of metal. No foreign merchant would be paid for goods in coin unless it was of full value by weight, for there would always be the contingency that it would have to be recoined in that merchant's own country before he could realise its value. Though mercantile transactions involving adjustments of currency are rarely or never so direct or plain as this, these cases will serve as illustrations of the principles which underlie all trading in money. For transactions of this kind good money of full weight must be found, or its value must be made up by a greater number of worn coins which, if they have been accepted at their nominal value, implies a loss to the payer. Men are naturally sharp in business matters, and quickly learn from one another. And when this new money was issued in the times of which we write, men hoarded it up for these special uses, and passed on the old bad coin in their daily transactions. The good money disappeared, while the bad remained in circulation and grew worse and worse.

At last it became plain to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Montague, and the Master of the Mint, Sir Isaac Newton, that the old money must be called in, and a new milled currency issued in its place. Accordingly, in 1696, all the old hammered money was called in, and mints were set up at Exeter, Bristol, Chester, York, and Norwich to assist the Tower Mint in the issuing of a new silver currency. This recoinage cost about two and a half millions, and the loss, for such it really was, was met by the imposition of a tax on windows.

The tax thus originated was levied continuously for a century and a half. It was increased from time to time, some half-dozen times altogether, especially by the Tea Commutation Act, 1784, and during the Napoleonic wars, in 1797, 1802, and 1808. In 1823, when the country was recovering from the effects of these wars, some reductions and exceptions were made. The tax was very unpopular, and repeated attempts were made to abolish it. It was complained that, in order to escape the tax, houses were built in such a way that their supply of light and fresh air was deficient. In 1850 Lord Durham moved, not for the first time, the total repeal of the window duties. The Government opposed the motion, and it was rejected by a majority of three in a house of 157 members. It is probable that property-owners did not relish the alternative of a property-tax. The repeal was, however, effected in the following year, on July 24, 1851, and a duty upon inhabited houses was imposed in its stead.

The window duties were at first administered along with a house duty. The supreme officials were the commissioners of the land tax, who, meeting early in each year, appointed assessors for each district. These, with the help of the collectors' lists of the preceding year, made out a new assessment, and at the same time named two or more collectors, of whom two were appointed by the commissioners at a second meeting, and received warrants. At a third meeting surveyors appointed by the Sovereign attended to examine the assessments, and to compare them with the windows in the houses of the district. If they discovered any omission, they surcharged the amount to the occupier, and after due notice the case was examined by the commissioners. An instance may be taken from the year 1807. The assessors of a certain district took no account of the windows of a house occupied by a blind man. The surveyor, however, surcharged him with the amount of the duty, but an appeal being made to the commissioners, they took the same sympathetic view as the assessors, and disallowed the surcharge.

The trouble of collecting the duties fell entirely upon the official collectors. They were to cause public notice of the collecting to be given in every church of their district after Divine service, and were to place notices upon the church door. They were allowed to distrain, and might, by warrant from three commissioners, commit a defaulter to the common gaol until payment was made. They were compelled to pay the amount collected to the receiver-general or his deputy within twenty days, and they were allowed threepence in the pound upon the sum paid over. The receiver-general, in his

turn, paid the money into the Exchequer quarterly, receiving two-pence in the pound for himself. Some other officials were paid in a similar way. Defaulting and fraudulent officials might be fined sums varying from 40s. to £100, and the estates of collectors might be sold, and they themselves pilloried or imprisoned. On all sides we see characteristic features of the good old times—an obnoxious tax, compulsory service, and abundant pains and penalties for failure, opposition, and fraud.

The duties themselves were by no means light. In or about 1775, for instance, a house containing eight windows would be charged 3s. yearly for inhabited house duty, and 6d. for each window. In 1805 it would be charged £1 10s. for window duties simply; and in 1838, after the reduction of 1823, the duty would be 16s. 6d. In the same way a house of twelve windows would be taxed in 1775, 3s. house tax and 1s. 2d. each window—17s. in all; in 1805, £4; in 1838, £2 4s. 9d. Similarly, the respective charges would be:

	In 1775.			In 1805.			In 1838.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
For twenty windows . . .	1	14	8	10	0	0	5	12	3
For fifty windows . . .	5	3	0	30	15	0	17	5	0
For one hundred windows .	10	3	0	52	9	0	29	8	6

This comparison brings into prominence the increase of taxation consequent upon the great war. This increase is seen again in the rates as well as in the amounts of the duty. In 1775 the highest rate was 2s. each for twenty-five windows and upwards, while in 1805 and 1838 it may be said generally that the increase was 15s. and 8s. per window respectively. There was, therefore, something to be saved by blocking up such windows as the householder felt that he could, under pressure, do without.

The revenue derived from the taxation of windows in 1838 may be put down at about 1½ million sterling. In 1850 it was £1,832,684. At the time when the tax was repealed, there were about 6,000 houses possessing fifty or more windows each, while on the other hand there were about three-quarters of a million of houses which had fewer than eight each, and thus escaped taxation, for the duty was then levied only upon houses of eight or more windows.

It may be said, generally, that every outside window, from the roof to the cellar, in the house, or in the outhouses, was charged. If a window exceeded a certain size, or lighted more than one room, or had divisions more than a foot wide, it was taxed as two or more windows. There were some exceptions in the case of old

windows, and at a later time, when reforming legislation took new vigour, the windows of shops and workshops were exempted. Places of public worship, royal houses, public offices, hospitals, charity-schools and poor-houses were exempted from the tax, with the exception of the apartments occupied as living rooms by the servants and officials. On the other hand, the Colleges and Halls of the Universities and the chambers of the Inns of Court and Chancery were taxed as so many separate houses. Many similar niceties and curiosities of administration might be culled from the household law-books of three or four generations ago, but, lest we try the reader's patience, we refrain from further illustrations.

But we may perhaps be permitted a few words respecting the closing up of windows, which will bring us round again to our starting-place. No window could be stopped up or opened, under a penalty of ten pounds, unless six days' notice in writing had been given to the surveyor. In the former case the opening had to be closed with brick or stone, or at least with materials similar to those of which the outside of the house was constructed. When these conditions were complied with, the occupier—for it was he who paid the tax—received a proportionate abatement of his assessment in the ensuing financial year.

These are a few of the technicalities of administration. Looking at the whole matter as a system of taxation, and considering also the alternatives of the tax, deficiency of light and fresh air, it is easy to understand that it was obnoxious and detested. The Governments which devised and maintained it, whether conscious of this or not, were guilty of an attack upon the public health. The progress of science has shown that sunlight and fresh air, common though they are, are health-preserving and health-restoring in the highest degree. Indeed, without an ample supply of them no cure for that most fatal and most prevalent disease, consumption, is known. When we consider the excessively long hours spent indoors by those who lived a generation or two ago, we may be excused the thought that an appreciable injury has been done to the health of the people by this reckless tax. Imposed as the penalty of fraud, increased to meet the demands of a ruinous war, and maintained long after it should have been, in order to prevent a more equitable redistribution of taxation, its whole history is mean. If to this subjective worthlessness there may be added objective injuries done to the public health, we may indeed truly say that the sins of those seventeenth-century clippers of coins have been visited upon their children for many generations.

W. A. ATKINSON.

TABLE TALK.**"A NEW BRITISH BIRD."**

RECURRING to the charges of cruelty and destructiveness I have brought against the so-called naturalist, I copy from a daily paper the following note, the bitterly satirical heading of which seems to have escaped the observation of the writer, "A new British Bird": "Yet another addition to the list of British birds! This time it is a rival to one of the most cherished of our native songsters—the nightingale. The new addition to our avifauna is also a nightingale, but differs from our bird in its larger size and slightly spotted breast. Hence it is known as the thrush-nightingale, and in Germany as the 'Sprosser' (or bastard nightingale)." So far all is well; but now follows the information "Killed at Smeeth, in Kent, toward the end of October. This is the first authenticated occurrence of the thrush-nightingale on our shores. Many years may elapse before another is recorded." Following this comes the naïve comment: "Since the thrush-nightingale is emphatically inferior as a songster compared with our bird, we have no occasion to greatly regret [*sic*] this." In commenting on this declaration I scarcely know where to begin. Of all singing birds that visit our or any other shores the nightingale is, to use the adverb favoured by the writer from whom I quote, "emphatically" the best. If, then, I accept his closing sentence with its split infinitive—the latest journalistic grace—we need not "greatly regret" if the thrushes, blackbirds, linnets, finches, robins, and other warblers all disappear. This is, at least, the logical outcome of what he says.

THRUSH-NIGHTINGALES AND FLAMINGOES.

WHERE, then, I may ask, is the addition to the list of our birds? If we kill an arriving friend or an invading foe, is he added to our population? What, again, is the difference between the gamekeeper who shoots at sight everything that must not be reserved for his master's gamebag, and the self-styled naturalist who tracks a rarity down and kills it for the purpose of adding it to his collection? Rare birds come as a rule in pairs, and, if they are

shown so much hospitality as stops short of murder, may perhaps breed—they come generally for that purpose—and may stop and people our shores. How am I benefited that the slayer has added a specimen to his collection, has vaunted himself in the local press, has perhaps had his name mentioned in a London periodical, and has even written concerning the victim something universally known in ornithological circles? So far as is known, the western limit of the habitat of the thrush-nightingale is the Rhine valley. Its song is louder than that of the real nightingale. Rumours have been current of its previous appearance in England. Such are, however, discredited by the best authorities. I will hope that the reputed visit of the bird is a mistake. My ground of quarrel with the naturalist will not be removed by the fact that he adds ignorance to rapacity, and gives an erroneous description of the bird he has slain. Other birds are said to have received treatment not less inhospitable, among them being the flamingo. What would be the fate of a flamingo, if such had the misfortune to arrive and meet the naturalist, I know not ; though I may guess. In spite of what Yarrell says, I regard with some misgiving statements concerning the appearance in England of this beautiful and interesting bird. It does not often travel so far from the basin of the Mediterranean.

AN ELIZABETHAN MS.

THE following letter, which I print *in extenso*, reaches me from Philadelphia and is self-explicatory. I have consulted afresh the Modern Script Rendering of MS. Folio 1, in the Collotype Facsimile and Type Transcripts of an Elizabethan Manuscript, issued by Messrs. Longman, and also the enlarged facsimile of part of the same folio, and am willing to concede that the marks consist of mere scribbling which may be read in various ways. I then built no theories upon them, and shall build none.

“Librarian” will not deny that, supposing its genuineness to remain inoppugned, the page in question is a very curious document. I hesitate to accept the theory that it was written with a purpose to deceive, and I have not the slightest desire to support in any fashion the Shakespeare-Bacon assumption. Conceding all that “Librarian” says, the matter is fraught with difficulties, and it is for wits keener than mine to attempt the solution :—

To the Editor of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the October number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* the Editor, in an article entitled “Table Talk,” makes a statement

as to the title-page or index of the contents of the facsimile of the Baconian MS., which I think you will be willing to correct.

“Sylvanus Urban” says: “. . . coupled with and slightly preceding the titles of Shakespeare’s two historical plays comes ‘By Mr. ffrancis William Shakespeare.’” Had the name been really written “Francis William Shakespeare” the document would have had an importance which it does not possess. It would have been an excellent find for the Bacon-Shakespeare theorists. As a matter of fact, if the page is observed with close care, it will be noticed that the scribblings are really in two columns, there being a noticeable division between the writings on the right and the writings on the left hand. Moreover, “ffrauncis” is not on a line with “William Shakespeare,” but a little lower, and is immediately over the name “Bacon,” just as “William Shakespeare” is over the titles of his two historical plays “Rychard the second” and “Rychard the third.” I read the whole as follows:—

	William Shakespeare
By Mr. ffrancis	
Bacon	Rychard the second
	Rychard the third

I think this will be apparent on further examination of the facsimile.

Yours truly,
LIBRARIAN.

Philadelphia, U.S.A. : December 5, 1904.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1905.

A QUESTION OF INHERITANCE.

BY A. WALLIE.

FOR a man just told of a fortune in prospect it was with a hang-dog feeling enough that, along with Mr. Sibbald the Writer, I turned out of the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, down Libberton's Wynd, and followed at his heels into Dowie's Tavern. But my companion had nothing in common with my mood.

"Ah, Johnnie!" he cried, as the proprietor of the hostelry encountered us, "you may well look lively like, after turning the finest folk in the town and your best customers out into the street before ever the Tron had done chapping the twelve hours last night. It was ill done in you, John, and a buffit herring, with a bottle of old ale for me, should not be outside your resources after it, though I'm earlier than common this morning."

John Dowie, a stooping, open-mouthed figure of a man, clad in knee-breeches with preposterous buckles to them as well as to his shoes, listened to this tirade with great suavity, rubbing his hands the while.

"There's aye corn in Egypt within lawful hours," he said, "for kened folk like yersel', Mr. Sibbald. And what's for this young gentleman that's wi' ye?"

"Nothing," I began, appetite being the last consideration in my mind; but my companion interrupted.

"Nothing!" he reiterated scoffingly. "Here's a pretty compliment to my advising with you that it should have left you without stomach for your meridian. You'll just fetch him the same as for

me, John, and I'll be caution he pays for it, whether he eats it or no'."

Dowie disappeared, and the lawyer settled himself in a deep leathern-covered chair beside the fire.

"See what I suffer for you, Mr. Keir," he cried. "Here am I at eating a good half-hour before my usual, and not a body forbye yourself to say a word to."

His thin lips extended to a smile that somehow fetched the lower one into close proximity to the tip of his long, straight nose; but, under the bushy brows from between which it descended his eyes twinkled not unkindly, so that I ventured on remonstrance.

"It was your own suggestion," I told him. "For myself, I was sufficiently content to talk where we were, in your chambers."

"A fine cage won't feed the bird," he grinned back at me, "and, by my faith, Mr. Keir, I am free to tell you that I know of no handsomer way to shut the mouth of a client than to fill it."

His innuendo was sufficiently dubious to permit my ignoring of it, so I put it aside, and came to the business that was burdening me.

"Do I understand from you, Mr. Sibbald," I asked him, "that I am taken bound to ask this Mademoiselle Marie-Josephine Mante, at Bolbec, near Havre, to marry me? I never heard tell, till this day, of the place, far less of the lady, and she, I take it, knows naught of me, nor of Freuchie, where I have come from, at your desire, to see you on the matter."

"As an *ex-parte* statement, so to speak," he returned drily, "you put the case accurately enough. But the thing is in no sense binding upon you, unless as a condition precedent to your entering upon the inheritance left you, subject thereto, by your late uncle, Mr. Robert Marr, merchant and portioner in the Timber Bush of Leith."

"And what can have possessed the man," I demanded, with some impatience, "to set such an errand on me?"

"I would have you understand, young sir," the Writer returned—and I noted that the amusement had gone from his face—"that what I am paid for is to carry out instructions, not to answer your questions. Your uncle's disposition is as plain a deed as was ever recorded, and it intrusted me with the business of communicating primarily with a certain Mark Keir, son of a retired naval officer, who might, or might not, be furth of Scotland, for your uncle had quarrelled with him and did not know his place of settlement. A troublesome affair enough for me," he commented.

"But not over hard of performance," I put in, "for I saw your

first advertisement in the 'Courant' at Freuchie, where the paper comes three times a week, and where I had been living since my father's death there."

"Well," he went on, "and I may be thankful for Freuchie taking the paper, since it brought you to me the sooner. Being here, there need be no dubiety about conditions—I am to see you speir the question specified at this lass within a certain time. Whether she has a 'yes' or a 'no' for you is immaterial—you succeed on due testification that you have put it ; but, if you refuse or delay doing so, then the money goes to your uncle's other nephew, Louis Marr. Where to look for him next the gude knows, except that I'm certain he's no' to be found in Freuchie."

"But why should my uncle desire me to make love—for that I presume was his intention—to this lady?"

"Man!" my companion retorted, "I have told you I am not paid to answer such questions. Moreover," he added, "I know nothing, beyond some clasherie of your uncle having at some time or another in his youth had an eye to the missie's mother, who married a Frenchman and gave Mr. Robert Marr the go-by. But that, mind you, is but mere talk—I know nothing of the truth of it. And that the will is legal," he added with intent, "you may very well be assured, for on that I have taken care to procure good opinion."

"That is not my difficulty," I broke out impulsively; "although I am ready to admit that to go through the mere form—for it is no more—of wooing a lady I have not yet seen, for filthy lucre, goes somewhat against the grain with me."

"Save us!" he exclaimed, "but there are many who, at your age, would think the lady an additional advantage. Then what, Mr. Precisian, may be your difficulty?"

"Just this," I blurted out, "that I have not, at this moment, funds sufficient to carry me back to Freuchie, far less to France"

"So that's where you stick," said he. "I had my fancy, but supposed your father had left you better furnished. And what do you propose?"

"I was thinking," I began, taking the plunge I had been dreading, "that it might be within your will and power to advance me what of money was essential, the issue being, in any case, well assured."

He shook his head in decisive negation.

"I would have you mind," he returned, pursing his lips, "that it is but an empty pocket that is full of other folks' siller. It is

beyond any power in me to advance a plack from the estate, and I tell you plainly, Mr. Keir, to save talk, that I lend no money of my own, save on bonds over heritable subjects, duly recorded in the Register."

"Then," I retorted, with some temper, for his tone angered me, "this Miss Mante is like to go without a husband, or the offer of one, for me; I am like, through you, to be none the better of my uncle's bounty, and his Majesty will be fitted with a recruit, for I'll be stepping up the street now to 'list at the Castle."

In my wrath I had risen and pulled forth my purse to settle the score ere leaving him, but he only looked at me and laughed.

"There's no foolery like falling out," he quoted, when his merriment had ended. "Sit you down for a daft lad," he ordered sharply, "and hear what I tell you."

"There is nothing in what I was saying," he went on, when, with some reluctance, I had obeyed his injunction, "to hinder me helping you, Mr. Keir; and I tell you plainly, sir, that I have a fancy to it, for I like your looks."

I bowed, and he continued.

"This Bolbec place will be, from what I understand, no great distance from Havre, and, supposing you at that port, your two legs, at the worst, might suffice for conveyance as far as the lady."

"Assuredly," said I.

"Then I can fit you," he proceeded. "The 'Bon Accord,' that belongs to a client of mine in Aberdeen, is lying by the pier of Leith, busked to sail in a tide or so for Havre, and I will take it upon me to procure you a passage from her master—a decent man he is, of the name of Mackay—Saunders Mackay."

This was a help where I had given up hope of such, and I thanked him accordingly.

"But," I said, "I hear the seas are not yet of the safest, spite of the peace. Not that I heed for myself," I went on bravely, "but supposing the lady to say 'Yes,' which I have not conceit to possess assurance of, how am I to fetch her back, as I suppose I must, without money?"

"Pshaw!" he returned, "the seas are safe enough—the pact at Amiens assures that—otherwise would the ship I speak of be bound to a French port? And you, with your dearie—if she comes to that, which I confess I shall be surprised to hear—can return by the 'Bon Accord,' which is to load wine for Leith."

"I thank you again," I told him, "though I fear such a method of travel may prove small inducement to the lady."

“Then there is just this about it, Mr. Mark Keir,” he snapped back, “that she must either thole the voyage or bide tocherless in France, for to bring her by road would, in my opinion, be both unbecoming and little short of sheer wastry. She might die, or you get a French knife in you, or—but, Lord!” he broke off, “there is a score of contingencies to be chanced, and I’ll have no risk in the thing more than I say. There is my last word to you—take it or leave it, but finish up your ale and let us be moving. There’s folk like to be waiting me.”

I had no alternative, or at least none that hit my humour. So I accepted his offer, which was, indeed, kindly intended, and, with a letter of introduction from him to Captain Mackay, took my way down by the Leith stage, along with my small belongings, to the port.

I found the “Bon Accord,” a bluff-bowed snow, lying on the outside tier at the Custom House Quay, and when I had scrambled across the intervening craft, amidst the objurgations of the seamen and porters engaged on them, I found the Captain on his own quarter-deck. He was a little squat man, possessed of a most diabolical squint and a voice that rumbled like cargo falling into his ship’s hold.

“From Mr. Sibbald, the Writer,” he repeated after me, as I handed him the letter; “there will be no six-and-eightpence paid for this, for no word of it can I read.”

I reassured him on that head, and at his desire recited to him the contents of the missive, which were, indeed, more flattering to me than the occasion called for.

“A passage,” he cried, “to Havre, and maybe two back. You’re welcome, young sir, for me, to baith, sae lang as the Writer body is bounden tae my owner for the siller—as I make no doubt he is safe to be, for there is something of a *contra* account for a bit plea the ship’s had here, and giff gaff makes good friends. But we’re on the edge of beginning to warp out. Are you ready?”

I told him my mails were on the quay, and he bawled to a couple of his men at work aloft to tumble down and fetch them aboard. And within an hour after we were stretching out for Inchkeith, with a fair wind on our quarter.

It is not my intention to give an account of the southward voyage of the “Bon Accord.” I had sufficient of sailor’s blood in me to make it agreeable enough, and I found the captain no bad companion, if one forgot his ill-seeming appearance. Moreover, the weather favoured us, so that on the eighth day from Leith we were

anchored within the pier at Havre; which I take leave to compare unfavourably with that at our point of departure, though the two lighthouses on the rugged headland to the eastwards are finer than any we have on the Forth; even the May is but a rushlight against them.

My first trouble was the lack of a passport, which, in the hurry of my departure, I had had no thought to procure. But Captain Mackay had brought some usquebagh on his own account, and, after half a dozen bottles of the whisky had been delivered at the private address of the prefect, I speedily found myself free to go where I would in France.

Thereafter I set my wits to work regarding the best course to pursue. I had come to look at the matter in a fashion remarkably indifferent to its romantic side, and my whole object, by the time I landed, was to reach Bolbec with as scant expenditure of time and money as might be, ask the question set me, and return to Leith with what speed I could accomplish.

Bolbec was, I discovered, only some seven leagues away, and I had determined to tramp the distance when, the night before I had settled to set out, my plans were forwarded in a manner I had small reason to expect. I was supping with the captain in the great cabin of the snow when a stranger rushed in upon us—a young man of my own age of three-and-twenty or so, clad in naval dress.

“Heavens!” he exclaimed in good English, spoilt by a French manner, “but this is the happy day that brings us together, *mon cousin*. At last we meet!”

There was no dubiety as to that, for as I rose from the table the man's arms went about me with a hug that bent my bones, and a flavour of garlic out of his breath that I could well have dispensed with.

“I am indeed your cousin, *mon enfant*,” he continued—“Louis Marr. I saw your name and description in the prefect's records—he is a friend of mine—and, knowing your errand——”

“Knowing my errand!” I repeated in wonderment.

“But, yes—though of that we will talk later. For the moment it is enough that we meet and that I place myself at your disposal.”

I was stupidly tongue-tied, and it was Captain Mackay who tackled our gentleman.

“You will be Maure that was captain of the ‘Reynard,’” he broke in suddenly.

My cousin's cocked hat touched the floor as its owner acknowledged this recognition with a sweeping bow.

“Just that,” he replied grandly. “Marr, or Maure, is quite the same, and during the late war I had the honour to command the craft you name, when it had the felicity to make prize of one in charge of Captain Saunders Mackay. But that is past—there is peace.”

“And but now I take it you claimed Scotch kindred with Mr. Keir here?” the sailor queried, his face darkening.

“But, certainly,” the man answered, unabashed. “I am a French citizen, who was, nevertheless, born in your very *triste* country, for which, indeed, I retain an affection the most sincere.”

I could have laughed at both the manner and the language of him, but the captain took the matter seriously.

“Then, ye renegade, ye!” he cried, shaking a fist like a sledge-hammer under the nose of our visitor, with a burst of profanity I dare not set down. “Then, ye slinking turncoat; that’s fought against the land that bore ye, will ye take your dirty carcass away out of the ‘Bon Accord,’ or will I throw you ashore?”

I began something in deprecation of this outfly, but he turned on me:

“For you, Mr. Keir,” he continued, peremptorily, “you must judge your own ways, but if you have business with this scum here it must be done elsewhere than on ship of mine, and, if you’ll take my warning, you’ll have as little truck with him as may be.”

I saw Louis grip at the hanger by his side, but a brawl would have bred useless trouble, and I laid my hand on his arm.

“Doubtless the soreness of what Captain Mackay suffered still remains,” I remarked placably; “nor will I, on the other hand, presume to doubt but that you have an answer for him. However, if we are to hold converse, let us do so ashore—a glass or so of wine between cousins, seeing we are such, should not be amiss.”

With a scowl at Mackay, which that worthy returned with interest, my relative, to my relief, adopted this suggestion, and we crossed the street from the quay, at which the ship lay, to the Hôtel de la Paix, where we found a private apartment.

“A sour dog that,” remarked my companion, when we had settled ourselves down before a flask of Burgundy for which he insisted upon paying; “but I was somewhat of a rough playmate for him when we met before, and to slit his throat now would interfere with our business, *mon brave*. So let him pass, and come to that.”

I nodded assent, and he went on, with a bold frankness that won on me:

"I know all about the will of our uncle," he said, "and why you are here. Never heed how," he added, as I would have questioned him; "the very birds carry these things, and your plans may very well come to fit into mine."

"What do you tell me?" I cried; but, with a gesture, he waved aside my surprise.

"I may assume," he went on again, easily, "that you are not in love with the lady?"

"I never set eyes on her," said I, bluntly.

"So! Then the money—that is your desire?"

"Nothing else," I told him, seeing no need to conceal what must, indeed, have been plain enough.

"Well then, cousin mine, we come to an agreement of the simplest. You want the money; I want the lady, who, besides her own attractions, which I regard as incomparable, possesses a *dot* by no means to be despised by a poor privateer whose occupation is gone through this unlucky peace."

"But," I stammered, "what of Mademoiselle Mante herself? Has she no word in the matter?"

"She has already given it," he returned, with a smirk, "by doing me the distinguished honour to accept me as her intended husband."

Doubtless my face showed my feelings, for he continued quickly:

"The thing is capable of instant proof. Give me the pleasure of your company to-morrow to Bolbec, and Mademoiselle herself will confirm what I tell you."

It was a fair challenge, and one, moreover, fitting very well into my notions, as I told him with an openness I had better have restrained. Therefore the following dawn saw us in the cabriolet of a leather-sprunged diligence—as like a hearse as anything I ever rode in—on our way to the object of my pilgrimage. The place I found was the principal town of the province of Caux, and most notable, to my mind, for the flag-like mitches worn by the women of it, who were not that ill-looking either. But our concerns lay not with them, but at the Château de Mante, to which we proceeded, after partaking of *déjeuner* at the inn.

I will not say my heart did not beat the faster at the prospect of the introduction ahead, the circumstances being sufficiently strange to justify diffidence in me; and I felt it all the more so, perhaps, that Mademoiselle, when we met, proved seemingly very much at her ease.

Along with her mother she received us in a pleasant withdrawing

room, and as I had no French for conversation I begged my cousin to act as interpreter. Therefore he, after we had saluted the ladies, explained my errand, their reception of which was such as might easily have been anticipated. Madam clasped her mittened hands in horror ; her daughter broke into downright laughter.

“*Ma foi!*” she exclaimed, the big, black eyes of her flashing and sparkling with amusement. “I know well that the English sell their wives, but until now I did not understand that they bought them.”

She was, for a Frenchwoman, not that ill put on, and it is unpleasant to be an object of mirth to a good-looking girl, whatever her nationality, so I desired my associate to assure her, for me, that, so far from desiring to purchase, I had encountered the perils of a lengthy journey in order to find means to evade any similitude of such a transaction, and that a definite negative under her hand would be the greatest favour she could grant me.

Her response to this speech was more in accordance with my wishes than flattering to my pride. She moved directly to an *escritoire*, and, quill in hand, read out as she wrote, my cousin translating as he bent over her :

“Monsieur Mark Keir having done me the honour to propose that I should marry him, I have had the felicity of saying ‘No,’ being already pledged, with all my heart, to M. Louis Maure, *lieutenant de vaisseau*, in command of the ‘Reynard.’”

If it savoured of sarcasm, it was at least as explicit as I could desire, and I believed it would satisfy even Mr. Sibbald. For its terms I had doubtless to thank my cousin in part, and he, when it was complete, procured the elder lady to sign it as witness. Then he scattered the sand over it, and passed it to Mademoiselle, who handed it to me with a ripple of laughter.

“*Voilà, Monsieur,*” she said as she did so. “I give you your charter, and trust in your gratitude.”

I made my acknowledgments with what was, I fear, but a clumsy grace, and, on a hint from Louis that he would find himself too much engaged for the rest of the day to remain in my company, I took myself off, after partaking of a glass of wine.

There was nothing to cause me to linger about Bolbee, and as I fell in with a waggon going in the Havre direction, I bargained with the driver to take me for a six sols piece as far as he was going, and so reached the port again just as dawn was setting in. I made straight for the “Bon Accord,” and encountered the captain at the gangway.

"My eyes and buttons!" he exclaimed as I met him, "but I am as pleased to see you, Mr. Keir, as though you were the Provost o' Aberdeen. I was feared we would have to clear out wanting ye."

"And what will this be now," I cried, "that you should talk of leaving?—this morning you were to be here for a fortnight."

"Just that," he answered, drawing me into the cabin, "but a heap will have happened since then. Mr. Keir," he went on briskly when we under shelter, "it's war again; Bony has refused to leave Holland alone, and it is but a matter of days before the fat will all be in the fire once more, and the Channel as full of French privateers as a cheese of maggots. I had word from a sure hand but an hour gone by, and am for sea this very night, lading or no lading."

Here was news! Not that it concerned me now as it might have done a day sooner, for my object was accomplished, and I was eager enough to return and touch mine inheritance. But if we were captured on the way, and my road to wealth lay through a French prison, my fortune would be worse than hitherto, and I started at the idea.

"Good!" said I, therefore, to the captain; "if there is anything in which I can assist so commendable a resolution, pray command me. My business is ended here to satisfaction."

"And that is hearty hearing," he returned, "for I had little liking for your companion, and I learn, moreover, that he is fitting out the 'Reynard' here, with an urgency that bodes no good. For the rest," he went on coolly, "I know no better plan than for me and you to daunder across to yon *café* over by, and just sit there drinking, or seeming to, until the moon goes down, so that folk will think that a start is the last thing in the heads of us. There is a leading wind out, and as soon as it darkens we'll let drop the head sails on her, and slip awa'. There's no orders out yet to stop us."

I could not better this programme, so for the next few hours the captain and myself hob-nobbed under the verandah of the *Hôtel de la Paix*, until to all appearance we had both had as much as we could carry. But when the last moon glint had vanished my companion nudged my elbow.

"Now!" he whispered.

He staggered handsomely out towards his ship, roaring some sea stave, and I followed in like fashion, though laughing at his antics. He had tumbled on board, and I was just about after him, when there came a rush of petticoats behind me and a girl gripped my arm so that I winced.

"Save me!" she cried in English; "for the love of Heaven take me with you!"

I heard Mackay rumble out something little complimentary to the character of the newcomer; but the tongue she used touched me nearly, so that, with an impulse I can scarce give account of, I caught her under the arms and handed her down to where the captain stood on the deck.

"Here's pretty ongoings!" he growled, as I followed; "but there's the guard out and no time to put this fly-by-night ashore. In wi' ye," he ordered, pushing her towards the cabin. "I'll talk to ye later, Mr. Keir, for bringing the like on a decent craft."

Up the quay a group of lights showed, as though searching about, but ere they reached our length the 'Bon Accord,' prepared beforehand for a hasty start, had slipped her shore cables, let fall some of her lighter canvas, and was slipping out on the ebb past the pier. As we cleared it we heard a splash of oars far astern; but the snow gathered speed as sail was piled on her in the open, so that we were quickly beyond reach of capture by anything pulled by hand. Then the captain's wrath broke upon me:

"Ma certy, Mr. Keir," he cried, "but this is a bonny ploy! I did not think it of ye. What 'll folk say when I come home wi' the scrapings o' Havre streets in my cabin?"

"Indeed," said I, earnestly, "I cannot but fancy you mistaken—the lass spoke good English; maybe Scotch."

"I hae ma doots," he responded, "but that's easy settled. Come below and we'll see the worst o't."

I moved at his heels down the companion, and entered the cabin, to find the person I had rescued seated beside the table, her head buried in her hands. She looked up as we appeared, and a glance at her pure, pale face, ringed with dark hair, once evidently decently caught back from her forehead, but now hanging disordered about it, was sufficient to convince us of the impossibility of the surmise of Captain Saunders. He, indeed, was the first to admit his error.

"Easy, missie," he said, gently interrupting the thanks with which she greeted us. "Mr. Keir here did nae mair than consorted wi' his duty, and I, maybe, did less. But what brought ye on Havre quay at midnight?"

"I have been living with an aunt in the town," the girl answered—and I could see she strove to speak concisely—"who desired I should pledge myself to marry a man I hated. He came to the house to-night, and the pair insisted upon assent from me. I made

an excuse to leave them, and fled towards the harbour, trusting to find a countryman to whom I might appeal for protection."

"A countryman," I repeated. "Are we to understand that you are Scotch?"

"My mother was," said she, simply. "Mante is my name—Marie-Joséphine Mante."

Had a thunderbolt crashed through the deck above us I could not have been more astounded.

"From where?" I gasped.

"I lived near Bolbec until my parents died," she returned, her eyes opening widely in wonderment at my manner.

"And this man," I demanded, my heart jumping. "Who was he?"

She coloured hotly, but made no hesitation in answering.

"Louis Maure," said she, "*lieutenant de vaisseau*, in command of the 'Reynard' privateer."

"I thocht that same," muttered Mackay, but as for me, I pulled out the note I had procured at Bolbec and held it before her.

"Can you solve me that, then?" I cried, "for it is signed with the name you say is yours."

"The wording of it is beyond my comprehension," she told me, with a touch of dignity, as she glanced at it; "the signatures are those of the housekeeper in charge of the Château de Mante and her daughter, lately returned *émigrés*, and friends of Monsieur Maure."

It leaped into my mind that I had been duped; but it was Saunders Mackay who unravelled the skein of the plot, for he had had from me a hint of my business in France.

"By the Brig o' Balgownie, Mr. Keir," he exclaimed, "but you lad has played false. He's gotten the jade ye saw tae set up for Missie here, so that ye wouldna' think tae seek further, and reckoning you would be for straight home, wi' the paper signed. Then, when the thing was discovered, the time allowed you would be up, and he could claim the siller."

"Well," said I, "you may have the hang of it. But here is an end."

"An end!" he repeated, with a leer and a squint I should have as regarded as little short of diabolical had I not known his true nature. "I'll lay every boddle I have on this voyage against a tot of rum, that yer cousin, wi' the 'Reynard,' is close astern of us this minute. D'ye think he would not follow this lady when he jaloused the road she had come?"

I could not but assent, and would have overwhelmed him with questions as to what was to be done in this fresh emergency, but he moved silently to the ladder, with a gesture to me to follow.

"There!" he said curtly as we reached the deck, pointing over the taffrail.

I looked as he indicated, towards where the twin gleams of Havre lighthouses stabbed the blackness. And between them and us, her sails obscuring the lights now and again as she rolled, I made out a craft, little more than a blotch in the darkness, but evidently overhauling us rapidly.

"Now, Mr. Keir," the captain went on, "if you'll play the man, I'll play the master of this ship, which is a much more difficult thing to do, and won't brook questioning."

The reproof he implied was hardly needed to put me on my mettle, for it seemed to me, sober Scot though I was, that since I had seen Marie Mante there could be no other woman in the world for me, and that I would die the death ere yielding her to Louis Marr. So I wasted no more words.

"I'm with you," I said to the captain; "give your orders."

"I've none for you," he answered as sharply as before, "save to keep by me and do as I do."

We stood near the break of the poop, and he sent his voice out into the shadows below us in a call for his crew. They clustered beneath in response, and he addressed them very briefly.

"Lads," he said, "there's a Frenchman chasing us that's ower big tae fecht wi', but ye were a' wi' me when we catched as big a yin afore, and we'll try this wi' the same ploy. Awa' wi' ye—ye ken what tae dae."

A rumble of assent, mingled with laughter, came up to us; then the group dissolved. Where they went I could not see, but I noted that the guns remained unlashd, and as I followed the captain down the companion again I saw, ere turning to descend, that the ship held no sign of life, save for a man at the tiller, standing with the head of it between his knees and his arms crossed, carelessly whistling.

Down below Mackay disappeared into the lazarette, beneath the floor of the cabin, and I commenced to talk to Mademoiselle, marvelling the while whether the man might even yet prove a coward or a rogue.

But both my conversation and my speculations were cut short by a grinding crash, and the captain sprang through the lazarette hatch.

"Smartly now!" he called to me, seizing Marie in his arms and leaping for the ladder. "Do as I do."

I needed no second telling, and we reached the poop together. It towered high above the water, and as I rushed to the rail at my leader's heels I saw, below us and alongside, the outline of a long, low schooner, from the waist of which a crowd of Frenchmen were pouring into the "Bon Accord," leaving their own craft deserted.

"That's fine!" whispered Mackay; "over wi' ye."

He lowered himself, the girl still in his arms, to the schooner's deck, where he set her on her feet and rushed forward. Meanwhile from aloft his own crew were dropping to his side, having scrambled into the top hamper of the Frenchman as the vessels came together.

"Cut, ye deevils, ye!" shouted the captain as the others joined him; "there's a match in the powder-room will mak' a bonny lowe in a minute."

The men hardly needed this to urge them in their hacking at the grappling irons holding the schooner to the snow, or in repelling the rush of the enemy when these discovered they had been outflanked. It was only a matter of seconds ere the ships drew apart, but as the gap widened I saw Marr, hanging by one hand in the fore chains of the "Bon Accord," take aim with a pistol in the other at Captain Saunders. I had snatched up a belaying pin, and this I hurled towards the weapon, which it missed, but caught the hand that held it as the trigger fell, and a bullet buried itself harmlessly in the deck close to the captain.

"That will be something I will owe you, Mr. Keir," he said, with a grin, "and I'm thinking we'll a' win free yet to pay our debts."

The schooner's topsail filled as he spoke, the breeze bellied out the great mainsail of her, and, with a bound, she put a cable's length of black water betwixt herself and the Frenchmen shouting madly on the snow. Then a sudden obelisk of flame shot up from the stern of the latter, and an ear-splitting thunder of sound with it. My hands went over my eyes; when I removed them the burning fragments of what had once been the "Bon Accord" were coming from above, hissing and splashing into the sea about the vessel on which we stood.

Ten days later, with Mademoiselle and the captain for company, I sat within Mr. Sibbald's chambers in Hyndford's Close, off the High Street of Edinburgh, reciting to the Writer the tale of our adventures.

“Well, Mr. Keir,” remarked he when I had ended, “I am of opinion that you are more than a little indebted to Captain Saunders Mackay.”

“Not only so,” I concurred, “but I am looking for you now to put me in a way to acknowledge my indebtedness with some substantiality.”

“Ay,” said he, with that odd smile of his, “I take your meaning, but it was a condition precedent to your succession that you should ask a certain question at this lady here, and I have yet to learn that you have done so.”

“But that is easily remedied,” I cried blithely. “I did it but yesterday, and am free to do it again. Mademoiselle Marie-Joséphine Mante”—here I dropped on one knee before her—“will you be my wife?”

“Yes,” said she, her cheeks gay with colour, “with all my heart.”

THE ORGAN OF MIND.

DURING the past few years mental as well as material evolution have been matter for observation and earnest study at the hands of very competent workers, and monographs and text-books upon the psychology of man and the higher animals have been poured upon us as from the four winds. I have therefore endeavoured to correlate mental states with underlying physical conditions in the light of the latest scientific investigations.

By the term "mind" I imply mental processes only, *i.e.* feelings, ideas, and will or volition; mind is used to describe the sum total of these processes during the life of the individual. I do not mean by "mind" anything immaterial, anything spiritual, behind mental processes, anything definite upon which mental processes rest, or from which they emerge. The sum total of mental processes experienced at any particular moment, such as *now*, I call consciousness. It is a psychic axiom that a continuation of the same impression is attended with unconsciousness. Consciousness is an ever-flowing stream, it is ever changing, and we know that when we are repeating aloud some poetry we are conscious of the last words uttered fading away and new words not uttered coming in. Psychological states are always coming into being and passing away, and they continually change as they pass. The sensations and the ideas of the present moment pass and give way to other mental states; but the past is capable of being recalled. The boy who recalls yesterday's caning brings back to his consciousness the peculiar and varied sensations which accompanied his sufferings, and these are to him, when thus recalled, a present and vivid state of consciousness. Strictly speaking, however, consciousness does not deal with the past or future, but with representations of past or future events. It may be asked, how and by what means are these mental states made manifest? It is an old saying that the body is the organ of the mind—the instrument through which it works, for we cannot see without eyes, hear without ears, or move without muscles. That the brain—which consists of an outer grey rind or cortex composed

mainly of cells, and an underlying white substance composed mainly of fibres highly supplied with blood-vessels—is the organ of sensation, of ideas, and volition is proved by the effects of disease and injury. There is a want of development of the brain in imbecility and weak-mindedness which is proportional to the amount of mental defect; injury of the brain produces abnormal mental effects, and acute and chronic disease produce insanity. Temporary inflammation or excitation by such poisons as narcotics or alcohol induce mental delusions, and tumours pressing upon the brain produce loss of mind. Moreover, during sleep, when the brain is at rest, all mental operations are suspended. It has been ascertained that disease destroying certain portions of the brain is accompanied by paralysis of the other side of the body, and it may be concluded that all right-handed persons use mainly the left side of their brain, and *vice versa*. Broca found that, if disease occurred on the left side of the brain, the paralysis of the right side of the body was accompanied with loss of speech. Both sides, however, do act, and after a few weeks of paralysis and loss of speech the other hemisphere, as it is called, can by special education and training take on the work, and speech to some extent is regained. It is stated that persons acquire the words most in common use first—in the case of an Englishman these are said to be “Yes,” “No,” and “Can’t afford it!” Broca located and determined the exact site of articulate speech—which is in the third left frontal convolution of the brain. Destruction of this area can and does produce absolute loss of speech without any paralysis, a condition described as motor aphasia. There is an inability to articulate or repeat words, but the person can hear well and understand, although he cannot speak. This centre is the association centre for, or the controlling area over, the motor paths leading to the nerves of the tongue, lips, and vocal organ.

Speech, as we know, is a process which involves two special sense organs—the eye and the ear. In the deaf the eye becomes the medium of speech, as may be seen by the sign language employed by deaf persons in lip reading, and the finger alphabet. With the blind, touch to a large extent replaces the loss of the sense of sight, and enables these persons by means of this sense of touch to enjoy modified reading by the feeling of raised printed characters. In explanation of these facts it has been found that destruction of another region of the brain produces “word-deafness”: *i.e.* a person *cannot* understand the meaning of words heard although he *does* hear the sounds; words are not “perceived,” but written language is comprehended. Further back in the brain there is a portion

the destruction of which is followed by "word-blindness," *i.e.* written language becomes unintelligible. A person so afflicted would be able to converse, but although not blind he would not be able to read aloud. We can write by dictation what is heard by the ear, we can read aloud from the page and repeat vocally what we hear, and we can copy what we see—as is done in drawing, all of which demonstrate the nervous connection by means of association paths from the ear to the hand, from the eye to the voice, from the ear to the voice, and from the eye to the hand. When these association areas, or the fibres leading from them, are destroyed by disease, then the passage of nerve impulses is impossible, and the functions represented by these areas are suspended.

Now physiology demonstrates that the cerebral grey matter or cortex is the seat of the intellectual functions, of intelligent sensation or consciousness, of ideation, of volition, and of memory. Experiments have been performed upon animals which tend to show that removal or destruction of the whole cerebrum or higher brain has different effects according to the position of the animal in the scale of organisation. In fishes—the lowest vertebrata—destruction (or, as it is called, experimental ablation) of the cerebral hemispheres leaves the fish free to swim in water, using its tail and fins with as great precision as before. It will avoid obstacles, but it will not nibble nor eat. The brainless frog sits still, but hops when touched; it will avoid obstacles, swim in water, and maintain its balance. In birds, when the cerebral hemispheres are removed, ordinary equilibrium is maintained, the bird can fly and regains its feet when placed on its back, and it seems to react automatically to stimulation. In mammals, when deprived of their great brain, there is the same automatic reaction. They swallow food if it is placed in their mouths. They avoid a bright flame and are disturbed by a loud sound, but there is no memory and no intelligence in such an animal; it cannot hunt for food and it ignores the presence of an enemy, its time is spent in dull sleep or lethargy, and there is no sign of understanding. The brain is thus conclusively proved to be the "organ of mind" and the seat of man's consciousness. The microscope demonstrates that the brain, like the body, consists of cells and fibres. These cells are in countless myriads in the brain, and they are composed of material called protoplasm, in which during life chemical changes of a special and complicated nature take place, associated with which are changes of energy of great delicacy and complexity. The cells can be microscopically demonstrated by the affinity they have for certain chemical reagents, and of

these the brilliant aniline dyes serve best to colour them. We can often tell the condition of nerve structures as to health or disease by the different reactions they exhibit to various chemical dyes.

The configuration of the brain varies in different animals. In mammalia only is there an attempt at a convolitional pattern, and there are types of this pattern, such as the oblique in *ungulata*, the longitudinal in *carnivora*, and the transverse in the *primates*. By an infolding of the outer cortical or grey matter of the brain a more extensive area can be got into the same space. Man is thus saved from carrying on his shoulders a head at least one fifth of a square yard in area. The average weight of the brain is about 49 oz. in man, and 44 oz. in woman, but as women are lighter in build there is no inferiority in the relative size. The proportionate weight of the human brain to the body is 1 to 36.5. On the other hand, the quality of brain is as important as quantity, for intelligence depends upon an increase in the superficial area of the mantle of the brain rather than upon an increase in its total weight. Also, the grey matter may, as stated, be compressed into greater convolitional complexity, and thus a brain may occupy greater space without increasing its value; moreover, smaller brains may be more active than large ones. The brains of many distinguished men are often several ounces heavier than is the average. Both Byron's and Cromwell's brains are said to have weighed almost 80 oz. The naturalist Cuvier's brain weighed 64 oz., and Abercrombie's, the celebrated physician, weighed 63 oz.

With the exception of some small birds and some apes, the brain of man is heavier, when compared with the weight of the body, than that of any other animal. An average European child of four years of age has a brain twice as large as an adult gorilla, whose body weight, on the other hand, is four times as great. The only animals that possess absolutely larger brains than man are the whale, which, for its 70 feet of body and enormous size, has a brain of only 80 oz., and the elephant, whose brain weighs about 130 oz.

It is found as animals rise in the zoological scale that the structure of the brain becomes more complex until in man it reaches the highest degree of complexity; and yet they are all built upon the same plan, and at one time in its development the human brain was as simple in structure as that of a bird or fish. The cells already referred to are also constructed on the same general plan, only that in man they are relatively more numerous, somewhat more varied and more complex. If a section is made through the human grey matter, it is shown to be made of millions of cells with their processes.

The little pyramids of protoplasm have each a nucleus and a nucleolus in the middle, and branches go out in all directions ; these forming a delicate network. Streaming in among these cells will be seen innumerable fibres, which are in still larger numbers lower down in the white matter. It is observed that each one of these cells has a number of processes like the branches of a tree, and it is the function of these fine fibres to collect the nervous impulses and to transmit them to the cell, thence outwards by the process which rises from the middle of the base of the cell and eventually passing into a nerve. The little fibre, soon after leaving the cell, becomes insulated by a sheath of fatty substance called *myelin*. We find that the course of molecular vibration is all in the same direction. Some nerve currents run inwards to the brain and the others outwards to the surface of the body, but in the same cell it is always in the same way. Each of these little nerve cells with its processes is called a "neurone." It is independent of the other, and has a life and activity of its own. Although there are innumerable numbers of these, their fine processes are never continuous with those of another, and, like the trees of a forest, there is contiguity but no continuity. The neurones referred to are arranged in clusters, groups, or communities, each separate system being probably associated with some definite function, as has been ably and fully described by Dr. F. W. Mott.

The whole of the central part of the surface of the brain has been found by electrical stimulation to be "tactile-motor" or sensori-motor in function. It is the part of the brain into which all sensations from the surface of the body are received, from which they rise into consciousness, and from which voluntary movements are directed and controlled. Other areas have also been investigated by a study of the brains of lower animals. It is now definitely ascertained that *sight* in man is almost entirely located on the inner or median surface of the back of the brain, a situation described technically by Bolton as occurring in the calcarine fissure. *Hearing* is at the transverse gyri of Heschl, in the upper part of the temporal lobe. *Smell* is in the hippocampal gyrus on the median surface of the brain, and also in the anterior part of the gyrus fornicatus. *Touch* is possibly on the median aspect of the hemisphere, and *taste* also probably has a definite location.

We see, therefore, that in all vertebrates there are receiving stations in the brain for the various senses, collected outwardly by appropriate sense organs—the eye, ear, nose, tongue, and skin. In the lower animals the sense of smell appears to be the first to develop, and even in fishes it reaches a high state of cultivation and has an extensive

representation in the brain, occupying indeed the greater part of it—the rhinencephalon. In the rays, such as the skate, the olfactory bulb is relatively gigantic. The part of the brain covering this arrival platform—for sensory impressions of smell—is called the *archipallium*. It is the cloak covering the earliest formed sensory area of the brain. What the actual sense of smell is in fishes is uncertain, and little is known practically among anglers and fishermen, though some have learnt the attractive powers of bait scented by essential oils, such as aniseed and rhodium. Probably the odoriferous particles are in solution in the water, as in man and non-aquatic animals they are dissolved in air; also, as in man, the receiving mucous surface lining the nostrils is moist, for we cannot smell with a dry membrane—as when suffering from a cold.

In some reptiles the sense of smell is also well developed. The shark has a special organ of complex anatomy representing this sense in the brain. In birds it is much smaller, and probably even such carrion birds as vultures do not smell their prey at all, but obtain food through the sense of sight only. In some mammals the sense of smell is most strongly and keenly developed. In the dog it is possibly the chief avenue of information. He relies upon smell more than upon sight, or even hearing. The dog can trace its master's footsteps out of a thousand, or follow them even when the master, to hide his trail, puts oil of bergamot on his boots. In some of the *ungulata*, the stag for example, the sense of smell is also exceedingly keen, and although this class of mammal has very acute vision it depends chiefly upon smell for its personal security. You can stalk a deer leeward to within twenty yards, and when the animal sees you it will stand and stare; then, walking or running to right or left until the scent reaches him, he will rapidly and eagerly bolt when smell has confirmed his worst suspicions. In those mammals which take to an aquatic life—the porpoise and dolphins, for instance—the sense of smell is absent, and the organ representing it in the brain atrophied or altogether absent.

The sense of vision is very highly developed in man, but the area of vision in the brain is relatively smaller in man than in the lower animals, for in these it occupies the greater part of the occipital lobe. In birds, *e.g.* the vulture and eagle, the sense of sight is most fully developed for distance, and this compensates for their deficient smell. Man enjoys, as do the *carnivora*, what is called binocular stereoscopic vision: he has knowledge of three dimensions. In deer, sheep, rabbits, and hares, vision is monocular and therefore not stereoscopic, for one eye takes in one part, the other the rest, and

between the two eyes these animals see on either side before and behind, giving what is called a panoramic vision. It is an anatomical fact that the area of the brain relating to the "sense appreciation" of sight—which has been termed visuo-psychic—increases as animals rise in the scale.

With regard to the sense of hearing, the human ear is as perfect a machine for the analysis of sound as exists in the whole animal kingdom. The trained ear of a musician can detect a difference of one-thirtieth of a semitone, whereas an untrained savage fails to detect a difference of less than a semitone. As an analytic apparatus the ear of man has almost unlimited capability of improving under training, so that there is hope, by patience and application, for the most dull and unmusical people.

In the *carnivora*, of which the domestic cat is a type, the sense of hearing is very acute, and there is an outside ear, like a trumpet, which informs the animal of the direction of sound and its distance, possibly a condition necessary for the survival of many *carnivora*. In the *carnivora*, *e.g.* the cat, there is also a crystalloid substance, the *tapetum* at the back of the eye, which enables it to see in the dusk, but it is the association of sight and hearing which in the main gives it the power of locating its prey, and it is this association, combined with the sense of touch and the power of springing and directing its paw, that enables it to forage so successfully. In fishes there is no hearing, but fishes can feel vibration, having ossicles in the auditory apparatus.

The organ of taste, placed at the entrance to the throat, discriminates what should pass into the body. Unlike the other special senses, it is unimportant as to exact information of the external world, as is exemplified by the readiness with which the ordinary schoolboy attacks highly coloured and injurious sweet-stuff. Tactile sensation or touch is exceedingly well developed in some mammals; in the snout of the pig, the hedgehog, and the shrew-mouse the nerves of common touch are of large relative size and are exceedingly numerous about the nose. In the otter, which with its whiskers feels the trout in the muddy stream, also in many of the *carnivora*, a type of which is the domestic cat, we know that sensory nerves go to the root-sheath of the so-called whiskers. Possibly the sense of touch, originally acute in the nose of man's ancestors, has gone to his hands and fingers, and it is not improbable that his erect position dates from the time when this change took place and when he began to use his hands for purposes other than walking.

What do we learn from these facts? It is that a knowledge of the external world through the sensory organs gives the animal the

kind of "mind" it has. It also shows that a constant change is occurring in Nature, that varieties are effected in animals through changes in their conditions of life as regards climate, food, and surroundings, and that in consequence modifications in their form, size, and habits occur—for some are swifter, some hardier in constitution, some more cunning, and some again are stronger than others. A gradual development and improvement has taken place in animals up to man; but as we are concerned only with the "organ of mind," viz. that part of the brain described as the *cerebral cortex*, we find as animals grow in complexity that this *neo-pallium* also develops and adapts itself to their increased needs; an association of the various sensory impressions takes place, even the dawn of which is absent in the whole invertebrata, only appearing as simple cells or an *epithelium* in fishes, and progressing to "nerve" cells (but apparently without nerve fibres) in the reptilia. It is much later in time, therefore, that the part corresponding to the human cortex develops. This *neo-pallium*—which is for association and memory, *i.e.* for the reception, storing, and comparison of the different senses collected from the outside of the body—is the part of the brain which is especially characteristic of the higher man.

Let us now examine more intimately and carefully a section—microscopical in size—through the cerebral cortex or the *neo-pallium*. We find it essentially the same in all mammals, the only difference being in the quality of the cell constituents and in their number. There are usually five layers of the cortex described, three of which are cell layers, in which the cells predominate but with fibres intersecting, and two of the layers are essentially fibre layers, with cells interspersed. The cell layers we shall describe according to the shape of the cell; firstly, the lowest or "polymorphic" layer, which is the first to develop and the last to fail in dementia or mental disease. It probably has to do with the essential functions of the animal economy, such as seeking for shelter and hunting for food. It is the one controlling the brutal or lower instincts. It is certainly diminished in very pronounced mental disease when the habits become defective or degraded. The next is the "granular" layer, which in sensory areas subserves the reception or the transformation of afferent or incoming impulses from the sense organs, and in other areas the reception of impressions from other association centres. That it is connected with sense organs may be inferred from the fact that it wastes in the visuo-sensory area in cases of blindness, and it is found best developed in the areas known to subservise sensory functions. The third or "pyramidal" layer is the last to develop, and the first

to go in confirmed mental disease. It is the only layer which varies appreciably in depth in normal brains. In idiots the depth varies proportionately with the mental powers, and in dementia (actual insanity) with the degree of dementia. Evidence, therefore, points to its being distinctly the "psychic" or the association area; and it is now urged by eminent physiologists and pathologists that the views advocated by Dr. G. A. Watson, in regard to the correlation of the highest mental processes with the pyramidal layer in the cerebral cortex, are supported by very substantial facts, not only from appearances present in disease, but upon grounds of comparative anatomy and development.

An attempt has been made to explain physical and mental states by suggesting that during mental activity the terminal protoplasmic buds or dendrons of sensory neurones might elongate and come into better contact with similar processes of other neurones; and that during sleep, on the other hand, retraction of these terminal twigs occurred, so that contact was broken between them and the transmission of nervous currents consequently interrupted.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,

and this theory found immediate opponents, who asserted that if the neurones are living units, which by biochemical or biophysical changes within themselves can cause a prolongation or a retraction of their protoplasmic endings, they are thus able to promote or retard the transmission of nervous currents along various systems of neurones, and when the terminal buds made contact there would be a diffusion of nerve energy, so that mental confusion and incoherence would result in response to an external stimulus, rather than normal mental action with orderly sequence. When the brain was in activity it was suggested that there was a general retraction of the dendrons, allowing contact to take place in one or a few terminal twigs, so that at these junctions a concentrated nervous current passed and a singleness of effort resulted. These are theories, however, and of more general interest than of practical certainty.

Dr. Watson has for some years closely studied in the laboratory the development of the vertebrate brain. He has worked especially among the mammalia and has examined the brain in Marsupials, Insectivora, Rodents, Ungulates, Carnivora, and Primates. The privilege he has enjoyed of microscopically examining the brains of animals dying in the Gardens of the London Zoological Society has enabled him to continue very interesting studies, and he has

been kind enough to supply me with much material assistance. He concludes that those animals which make little use of vision, for instance, have almost no "pyramidal" cell layer above the "granular" in the visual area; the shrew-mouse, the mole, and the hedgehog can make but little "psychic" use of vision. The ungulates (deer) have more "pyramidal" cells, but they investigate vision by smell, as stated. This layer is more highly developed in the *carnivora*—which have binocular stereoscopic vision—and is most so in man, in whom it is the layer of education, of self-control, and the one which has the power of inhibition, viz. of saying "No." As animals rise in the scale, so does the "pyramidal" layer increase both relatively and absolutely. It is an interesting fact that animals which are oldest in geological formation have the best type of pyramidal nerve cells, viz. those of fixed shapes, such as those we see in the larger "pyramids" of the human brain. In such animals they are furnished with perfect processes and developed to the uttermost; whilst those animals like the guinea-pig have few "fixed" cells, showing his potentiality for further improvement—and he needs it, for the guinea-pig at three days old is as intelligent as one at a year old, and at best they have poor brains—whereas the hedgehog, which, as Dr. Watson points out, is geologically more ancient, has reached its maximum development, and, as it cannot stand still, will probably in the near future retrograde. It is a comfortable fact that man has in his frontal lobes a great number of simple unfixed cells, showing his further infinite capacity for progress and improvement. The anthropoid ape has almost as good a "pyramidal" layer as man, but his cortical area is more limited when compared with man, he has fewer convolutions and a much smaller association area. The gorilla's brain is only one third the size of the brain of *homo sapiens*; that of the chimpanzee is half the size.

What is it that characterises "mind" in the lower forms of animal life? It is *instinct*, or the inherited aptitude animals possess for certain acts as means to an end; but these ends are not foreseen in animals, for the bird that has been reared in captivity has no previous experience of building its nest, yet it constructs a marvellous house. The bee will make its hexagonal comb, the beaver will fell trees and dam the brook, the rabbit will burrow, and the mole tunnel, the duck will swim immediately it is hatched, the chicken will peck, and insects will imitate the leaves and twigs upon which they rest, as demonstrated by Mr. Enoch, and all these without any previous experience or examples to copy. How are these instincts attained? If there is intelligence it is *unconscious*. These

habitual actions probably fuse together automatically, and are then directed to a useful purpose when the appropriate stimulus is imparted to the nervous system. Spalding states that these habits are directed by a previously inherited knowledge, whereas Lloyd Morgan states that they are not inherited, but learnt by experience for each individual; he states there are inherited facilities for association, but the actions themselves are acquired. Mr. Lloyd Morgan (I.) hatched some chickens in an incubator so that there was no mother's example. (a) On the second day after birth he placed a shallow tin before them of which they took no notice but ran through it. (b) By chance one pecked at its toes and at once lifted its head and drank; (c) another pecked at a bubble on the brim and drank, others drank by imitation. (II.) One chick at three days old snapped up a hive bee and ran off with it. (a) It dropped it, shook its head, wiped its bill, for it had probably tasted the poison. (b) It came and looked at it once or twice later, but made no attempt to run off with it again, showing that in a single experience it associated visual impression with an unpleasant taste and found it was not useful to its needs. (III.) The same happened in regard to some ladybirds and certain caterpillars. Sight and taste are probably the only avenues by which a chick learns how to act, for at first it picks up anything, but every minute of its early life it is forming new associations, and in a few days is a mature and experienced individual in its simple environment. (IV.) A black tray was placed at the same hour each morning before some ducklings, with a shallow tin tray full of water. (a) They ran into it, drank and washed. (b) On the sixth morning the black tray and shallow tin were placed as usual, but no water. They ran to it, scooped along the bottom of the empty tray, appeared to drink, sat in it, wagged their tails and ducked their heads, throwing imaginary water over their backs for ten minutes. (c) Next morning there was again no water, but the same performance took place. (d) The following morning, however, they just came, looked for water, and waddled off. (V.) A fox terrier was set to fetch a stick thrown over a hedge in which there was a gap, (a) He was very keen to bring the stick back, but to do this he had to pass through a bed of nettles. (b) By these he was stung; he dropped the stick and rolled in the grass. (c) The stick was fetched and again thrown; he saw the stick, but refused to touch it. (d) The owner went off, got another stick and threw it, which was fetched by the dog; he then threw the original stick, but the dog refused again to touch it. (e) He was then taken for a six-mile walk, and (f) the original stick once more thrown was eagerly fetched. These show that even instinctive

actions must be acquired; the mechanism for their acquisition is already there, and one experience fixes them. These experiences, however, are not long retained, and are easily replaced and disturbed.

Do animals reason? Dr. Alexander Hill, in a contribution to *Nature*, says in substance that an animal can undoubtedly form a "perceptual" judgment, or, as he concisely illustrates it, "put one and one together"; but he again asks, can it compare inferences or "put two and two together"? Dr. Hill gives the following experiments in explanation.

An exceptionally intelligent fox-terrier, Peter, was taught to open a carefully contrived box-cupboard, by lifting a long wooden latch with its nose. An adjustable spiral spring was connected to the door, the latch being gradually shortened and the spring-pressure increased as the dog became familiar with the trick. Peter was rewarded with food, but *not* from the box. One morning the box, with a grilled chop within it, was placed in the yard and the dog given access to it; he at once scented the bone and ran to the box, making as if to lift the latch, but desisted, and commenced sniffing around, being distracted from his usual habit of opening by the pleasant sense of smelling the chop. The dog revisited the box several times, *but did not attempt to lift the latch*. The dog formerly opened the box as a "trick," which he always remembered, but he could not think of opening the box to get out the chop. He could put "one and one" together, but not "two and two"—he could not reason. Peter was then taken for a twelve-mile run, and upon his return he went straight for the box, lifted the latch, and took out the grilled chop without hesitation! He was too tired to give his attention to the new sensation, and at once remembered opening the box as a trick, which was the old sensation. These instinctive actions are possibly due to a special quality of nervous matter, viz. the tendency that nervous matter has organically to retain impressions upon itself—a condition we call *memory*; facts may drop out of the mind but not out of the brain cortex, for nervous tissue carries with it from the start all the possibilities it has since achieved and will achieve. Flechsig has described certain areas in the brain which are called by him "association areas" or "association centres," where all the visual, auditory, sensory, and other sensations are stored, retained, and compared. It is here that they meet to form "concepts." An animal probably has no "concepts" or ideas, at most only elementary ones; but it has "percepts," and these can be fused into "recepts." These association areas form in fact the

anatomical substratum of mind, *i.e.* of human experience, knowledge, language, sentiments and emotions, and it is from these association centres that nerve currents pass to direct and control all the lower centres of sensation and movement. What the actual relationship between mind and body may be we do not know, but we live in hope that some great discovery may show us what actually occurs at the so-called "synapses," or the terminal twigs of the dendrons ; and we hope that some light may yet be thrown upon the association and dissociation of the neurones, whether radio-active or chemical or any other action, which will give us further insight into the functions of the brain as "an organ of mind."

ROBERT JONES.

NOTES BY A VICAR'S WIFE.

OUR parish lies up hill and down dale : a cotton-mill in the valley ; rows upon rows of stone cottages stretching away from it at all angles ; and above them the wind-swept moors, with here and there a white farmhouse, backed by a few gaunt trees. The main street of the village climbs steeply up towards the church, where the vicar has been vicar so long that the babies he christens might well be the grandchildren of the boys and girls he knew when he first came. But courtship is a lengthy business here, and couples often "walk out" together ten or twelve years before coming shyly to have their banns put up. So that in many cases bride and bridegroom are well on in their thirties, and only the second generation has grown to manhood in all these long years. The young people are very reticent about their love-making—a girl speaks of the young man as her "friend," until the wedding day is close at hand.

In Ireland it is considered hardly decent for a couple to exchange a kiss before they are actually married. Perhaps the strain of Puritan blood in our northern villages is responsible for a somewhat similar feeling.

I was talking to an old woman the other day about a friend and contemporary of hers, Martha B——. "Martha," she assured me earnestly, "has never even had an offer. She's kept herself that respectable !"

Weddings, unlike funerals, which are great functions, take place quietly, at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, to give the bride and bridegroom the chance of a full day's holiday before going to work again.

My husband remembers one bridegroom who read up the baptismal service by mistake, and when asked "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife," &c., answered promptly, "That is my desire."

At one wedding a disturbance was caused by a woman rushing into church to stop the marriage. The vicar suggested that the

bride should go with her into the vestry to discuss the matter while he postponed the service for a few minutes.

"You had better go too," he told the prospective bridegroom, a phlegmatic looking individual, with a geranium in his button-hole. "Not I!" was the calm reply, "an if they doan't coom back i' five minutes, I'll go whoam and marry nayther of 'em." Happily, the bride settled things to her satisfaction, and rejoined him at the altar-rails before he had time to carry out his threat.

Plain speaking is a feature of our parish, and woe betide any sensitive south-country weakling who objects to it! We had a diffident young curate whose first parochial visits covered him with confusion, although he afterwards grew to like the people very much.

"It's all verra weel," growled an old man to him one day, "but I'd liever (rather) the vicar came."

"Na, John! Why should th' master keep a dog and bark hisself?" retorted his wife, with great sharpness. This same old man assured me once, in a tone implying that he knew the value of the compliment he was paying, "I tell 'ee now, and I've said the same mony a time, th' vicar's the best hand at burying a corpse i' all the country-side."

By this he meant that the service was conducted with the reverence and solemnity which means so much to the mourners at the graveside. Weddings are looked upon with indifference; funerals, if the deceased is not a near and dear relative, seem to offer a more solid amount of satisfaction. One day my parlourmaid let the tea-tray fall as she was carrying it out of the drawing-room, breaking six of my best china cups. Her excuse was that she had been to see a woman who had died in a cottage close by, and it had upset her.

"But, Mary, was it wise to go? You know you are naturally nervous."

"Perhaps it wasn't, ma'am. But Grace (the housemaid) had been, *and she quite enjoyed herself.*"

A friend of ours told me that not long ago a woman from a neighbouring parish came to beg from her.

"Why don't you go to Mrs. Winkley?" she asked her, naming the vicar's wife, who was well known for her kindness to the poor.

"Well, things hasn't been the same betwixt me and her lately," was the gloomy response.

"But how is that?"

"I don't know so how it is, unless it's i' this way. I got an

invite to Sarah Bowles's funeral, and I'd a black bonnet put by as good as new, and my best black cashmere; and I med mysel' as nice as nice to walk in the procession. Well, there I was, sixth couple behind th' hearse, when who should be coming down the road but Mrs. Winkley."

A dramatic pause.

"I looked and smiled, and she tuk no notice—no notice at all. Then I looked again, and nodded, but she walked past as if she'd never seen me afore. And I thowt, and thowt, and couldna mek it out at all. But it came to me all of a sudden like, as we turned in at church gate."

Another pause.

"Corpse wur a dissenter."

Perhaps it is rather a gruesome idea for the parish hearse to pay expenses for repairs, &c., by being hired out for funerals at a distance, but such is the case. A few years ago our sexton insisted on having the wooden sides replaced by plate glass.

"She" (for some reason or other he regards the hearse as feminine) "can't get no custom at all as it is."

So the black panels representing David playing before Saul were changed for shining glass, and "she" became a public favourite once more. On summer Sunday afternoons the churchyard is a great resort for fathers, mothers, and children, during the interval between Sunday-school and tea.

We have no very interesting epitaphs. There is an old one in a churchyard not far from here, to the memory of a man buried with his three wives.

ONE BED
ONE GRAVE
THREE WIVES
I HAVE

"Had" being printed "have" for the sake of the rhyme, I suppose.

I met a labourer the other day who had just become a widower for the third time, and told him I was sorry to hear he had lost his wife.

"Aye, aye, mum," he answered, in quite an apologetic tone, "they keep going!" Our people have a touching faith—especially the women—in doctors, but not always a correct understanding of what the doctor means. At least this is the only way I can account for the surprising statements he is said sometimes to make.

"He says he knows me as well as if he'd gone through me with a lighted candle," one old lady told me.

Our grocer took his wife to the nearest large town to see a specialist.

"Well, John, was his report favourable?" my husband asked him.

"He said, as she grew stronger, she'd be better of herself. That's what *he* said. I think it's most favourable myself," was the reply.

I was asking a member of my Bible-class why her mother had not gone to Blackpool, as she intended.

"Why, mother asked the doctor, and he said if she went she'd come back i' a box (coffin), for sure."

Needless to say, with so dire a fate hanging over her, the patient elected to get better at home. Blackpool is the paradise of the mill-workers in the north of England, although Morecambe is almost as popular with Yorkshire people. The great holiday of the year takes place at the "wakes," held at a different time in each village; here it is the beginning of August. The wake was originally the village fair, held on the day of the patron saint of the church, and for which relatives and friends came pouring into the village, necessitating double supplies at the butcher's shop, gigantic bakings of bread and plum cake, and slaughter of pigs and poultry.

Now all is changed.

The fair day is expanded into a week's holiday; everyone who can afford it rushes off to the sea-side; the place is deserted except for the old folks, and children who are considered too young to travel. Two or three ginger-bread stalls and a merry-go-round are all that is left to remind us of the gaiety of former days, when lads and lasses held their merry-making at home.

But there is a bright side to the picture, in the fact that at the end of the week they come back rosy and sunburnt, invigorated for their winter's work.

And heartily they set themselves to do it.

In a month or so afterwards everything is in full swing—technical classes, choral society, band practice, social evenings—all the organisations of a vigorous north-country parish.

There is nothing dreamy or non-progressive about our people; they like to have their evenings as fully occupied as their days.

Up-hill and down-hill they go to the mill every day, clattering over the cobble-stones in their wooden clogs, and climbing home-wards up the rough narrow streets.

Up-hill and down-hill they go through life, taking such bad times as they have lately known with a cheerful patience, and good ones with an enjoyment not less sincere because they cannot express it in graceful, rounded phrases.

Slow to like, but sincere in their liking ; quick to learn, anxious above all to be up and doing, they have in addition some of the qualities of their own north-country air, as it blows keen, and fresh, and wholesome, over the moors which God has made and man has left unspoiled.

OLD-TIME TRAVEL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WHO does not cherish that far-off, exquisite sensation of "going abroad" for the first time? No romance, no first play-going even, comes up to it; its memory clings to us even after a stretch of some fifty years, and gilds and colours all between. I never can forget the travel up by night to the wonderful London—little known to us youngsters—the long sultry day spent in the City, fluttering between railway-stations and waiting for the night, the sun raging, and the whole gipsy-like existence of that day. Then, at eight, the going down to Folkestone, which took then nearly three hours, the calm crossing, which was nearly three more, and the coming into the Port of Boulogne of a star-light night at 3 A.M.

In those days—fifty years ago, alas!—you landed on the other side of the Port—the present Casino side. Shall I ever forget the entrancing novelty of that spectacle, the moon, the lights, the crowd, the soldiers, the custom-house men in their green and blue uniforms, all new to us, the huge white building into which we passed—*Chambre de Commerce* it had written on it—and the wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten incursion of fishwomen in huge caps, who seized on the baggage, their perquisite, and carried it ashore on their shoulders! No Saratoga trunks then, or mountains of boxes with steam cranes to swing them ashore in a trice, as we have now.

In these olden days of Boulogne and Calais they were regular hotel ports and resting-places for the weary traveller. The journey was long, the boats small, entailing much tossing and fatigue and length of passage. So everyone was put ashore much battered and worn, and was enchanted to drive to the friendly hotel and welcome bed. Hence these two towns were half-way houses, and had their stately and most comfortable hostelries always filled. Now, no one stops, all is completed within seven or eight hours. The traveller flies by, and whirls away to Paris or Brussels. The good old hotels are mostly shut up.

This coming in at midnight, as I said, has ever an inexhaustible charm. So at Dieppe, very lately, only the other day, or night. It was a tremendously crowded boat, with no room to sit down, but a calm summer's night. Three o'clock in the morning came, and from the deck I saw the lights of Dieppe at hand. We came up slowly alongside. Everyone streamed out and passed through the covered building. I was going to stay, so I found myself alone in the dark streets with not a soul abroad, not a cab, and quite ignorant of the road to the Hôtel des Bains whither I wished to go.

On this delightful night of the old times, however, the great hotels were in "full swing." It was the year of the great French Exhibition, and everybody that could get the cash together was converging on the *Ville Lumière*. Our parent was an intrepid, managing woman, well accustomed to travel and business generally. I remember, when a small child in '40, one of her expeditions, which, it has often since occurred to me, showed that travelling in those remote times was not after all so different and so arduous. She had got news in Ireland that her mother was dying in France, and at once started. She crossed by a steamer that night to Liverpool, went up to London by coach, took the boat to Boulogne, and then the *diligence* to Paris. It was winter, the roads bound in ice, the great Normandy horses, when not engaged in biting one another, tumbling down, and being lashed to their feet again by a coachman as wild as they were. The whole journey took about four or five days and was thought nothing of.

Now, I had never been out of the Three Kingdoms, so everything must be new to me. So when, at three in the morning, the vessel was at Boulogne, we were not a little astonished at the un-British state of things that presented itself. What particularly excited me was to see ourselves marched ashore like criminals, between a file of dreary, desolate-looking soldiers, as it seemed to me, but who on inquiry turned out to be the gentry known as *douaniers*. Their figures were very picturesque as they stood at intervals, some wrapped in long graceful cloaks. Then the hurly-burly of the luggage opening—a regular burglarious proceeding, as it seemed to me. Then the droll commissionaire, with his ragged macaw face, like the Frenchmen in Hogarth, and his grandiloquent language and rounded sentences. Good what he said later when we were all calling for the commissionaire of the Hôtel de Londres: "Non, il n'est pas ici (untrue): ma-a-a-ais il est mon ami particulier." Then, in the Hôtel de Bruxelles, so droll the perpetual recurrence of the panegyrics from him and the *femme-de-chambre* about

the "jolie petite chambre pour Monsieur." All sorts of descriptions and phrases ended, *et à côté une jolie, &c. &c.* I laughed loud and long at his explanation in English for our weak minds "noomber-hood eleph" (for number eleven). "Et puis, voyez-vous, Madame, dere bin en haut, une chambre numero doo, et puis, dere bin, noomber-hood eleph, et à côté une jolie petite chambre pour Monsieur." I was glad enough to get into the *jolie petite chambre*. For we had not been in bed for I don't know how long.

Well, of this night—or morning—I see her now taking the command, busy with one of those now forgotten beings, this commissionaire, a necessary evil, supposed to get your things through the Custom House. This was speedily accomplished, but he was in the service of an hotel, that of Brussels, to which he insisted on carrying us off. Our dear mother was too independent to brook this. She had fixed on her own hostelry, that of the Nord, or the Bains, and great was the contest, he vociferating by all his gods that all were full. She was, however, peremptory, and off we drove, our commissionaire on the box.

Oh that enchanting drive through the town! The mysterious streets, the many turns, the entirely new shape of the houses and windows, quite scenic, and so different from what was at home, the clatter on the stones, the dim morning light now breaking. Here was a grand, stately range of windows, a grim palace, *Hôtel du Nord* in gold letters across. It seemed invested with a grand solemnity and silence. As he drew near, our coachman cracked his whip in fine style, the commissionaire jumped down and rang. Instantly a voice from within: "No room! *pas de place!*" The poor wretch slept next the door and had to make this answer often. The "Nord" was full to the roof of nobles and people of the first quality and state. So we turned away, commissionaire triumphant. Now for the "Brussels." No. We should surely get in at the "Engs." More clattering through the night, more cracking of a whip as we drove. Again, "No room; *pas de place.*" On which our parent at last struck her flag, and joyfully the commissionaire turned the horses to *Rue du Pot d'Etain*, "Tin Pot Street," a long, gamboge-colored house, with a great gateway and fine courtyard.

It seemed a palace. All were up, and all windows were alight. The mirrors, furniture, clocks, how welcome, and how different! A deft companion brought us a bottle of good red wine, and by a yard of bread shaped like a club, both as delicious as the wine. And the beds and bedrooms novel, as seen on the stage.

So vividly is the image of that night before me after fifty years that I have not forgotten a single incident or touch.

Not many weeks ago, coming to Boulogne, I was recommended to a snug, ancient and old-fashioned hotel in the present Rue Victor Hugo. Beshrew their changes! for was it not erst the bright, glittering Rue de la Paix?—all which brightness and glitter it seems to have lost by the new name. I liked the look of old fashion—the heavy, massive windows, the ponderous dormers, the scooped roof, the yellow colour, and the fine courtyard of this house. It dated from the days of the Louis's, a fine, old structure. I found to my satisfaction that the back actually “gave” on Tin Pot Street. This roused some memories, some questionings, and presently I found that this was my old friend of fifty years back, still stout and hearty, in short, the old Hôtel de Bruxelles of that first happy night of landing. I was delighted, and lingered on for some days. But in the same street I found the rather mournful relics of the old Hôtel du Nord that so impressed me on that night; long since shut up and left forlorn; its stately porch all grimed; its long rows of windows. I could not but think of the old Napoleonic days of glory, when it overflowed with grand company. A sad spectacle now! I would not part with these old memories for any money, cash down: they are always company, pleasant, interesting company.

Next morning was bright and scenic, and how delightful to awake in a new world in a French hotel, red velvet sofas, gay paper, long mirrors; most cheerful it all seemed. For these were in the days of the *old* hotel, a different thing from the modernised one. Even now it somewhat revives the old feeling, and I always love to sit in some antique courtyard, and have breakfast or *café au lait* surrounded by the orange trees in their tubs, and watching the perpetual crossings and flyings past of the servants. These are cheap pleasures enough, but they are welcome.

Decidedly everything French in those times was highly French, as shown in the old dramas and novels. I have a little minute diary, kept carefully, which shows how enthusiastic was the diarist.

Boulogne.—After all, the interest and veracity of a description do not depend upon an accumulation of details. A few rapid and familiar touches will have more effect than whole pages of vapid, auctioneer-catalogue description, and, mind you, it does not require more skill or talents for what seems the more difficult. It is on this principle then that I shall jot down anything that strikes me.

Before the close of our first day in Boulogne I had come to one

or two general propositions ; first, that the town is swarming with soldiers, that we eat, drink, and inhale soldiers ; and second, that there is an everlasting stewing always going on, stewing here, stewing there. At every corner I was met by a hot, *stewy* blast, till I got quite ill.

On *Sunday* I heard there was to be a grand Military Mass at the camp, and so got up early, and set off to walk, not knowing an inch of the road. A pleasant walk it was, up *such* steep hills though, but all with that Frenchified look that reminded me so of Havre, that whitened, freestone look of the houses with their green jalousies too. After a long, weary walk, I came by the *Column of Napoleon*, and observed on some of the telegraph posts little placards to this effect :

Limite de la 68 ^{me} Reg. de la Ligne.
--

a good military arrangement. Observed, too, many cafés, one with an inscription to this effect : "A LA RENAISSANCE DES ENFANS DE LA CAMP." Further on, I came to the *Café de la Baltique*, a superior sort of place, where was a blazing announcement of a grand "Bal" to take place that same Sunday evening at five o'clock, and again at nine, whither all the soldiers repaired, and there was such dancing. "Oui, Monsieur" (as Caroline, *fille de chambre*, afterwards informed me), "La polka, la valse et la *belle musique*, O la *belle musique ! et le schottische !*" So I inwardly determined I would be present at the said ball and see a little of the French *vie intime*. They have them three times a week.

Presently the camp came in sight, that is, a few mud-huts scattered here and there on the outskirts, and then I got a full view. A most wonderful sight, considering it all, made by the men, instead of, as in England, by costly Government contracts. But I will keep all description of it till I have seen and examined it in detail. Now for the Mass.

Just as I came on the ground, there were crowds of carriages rolling in, in all directions, from the town, filled with ladies, and, of course, the perpetual English, all out at that early hour. At this moment, too, the General of Division and his *aide-de-camp* came out of their *huts* in full dress and in those elegant little cocked hats which they wear so much. He was a stout, puffy man, yet not short, with the *round, dried* face so well shaved that they all have. They are all wonderfully shaved, those soldiers ; it is a puzzle to me how they

do it. He was in green and gold, a very pretty dress, with the Cross of the Legion of Honour round his neck. Such a sight as it was! All the troops were drawn up. Fancy a sandy shore, extending miles away, and on the cliff, at the edge, with its back to the sea, a sort of open chapel towering high into the air, made in arbour fashion, with stakes, &c., with the bark on; with *such* taste, too! Then, on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, soldiers, soldiers! At each side of the altar a band was already drawn up, and huge crowds of the faithful, and unfaithful also, assembled.

As I came up I found the General had mounted his horse and taken his place in the middle, and almost immediately I was startled by hearing him roar in a stentorian voice that could be heard half a mile off: *Por-r-riez vos ar-r-rumes*, the tone and pronunciation of which I shall not soon forget. Instantly a most fearful babel of drumming and trumpeting struck up, which seemed as if it would never stop, everyone drumming and trumpeting away *ad libitum*. After wondering what could all this be for, I chanced to look round and found it was intended as a polite salute to the priest who had just arrived at the altar. The spectators seemed very pious—the ladies especially, who knelt on the sand, the men (except the English) with their hats off. And then the band next commenced most softly and deliciously the overture to the “*Sémiramide*”: “Ah! c’est ‘*La Sémiramide*’” came from enthusiastic Frenchmen near me, who straightway composed themselves to listen for the rest of the service.

The whole thing was certainly grand, a grand *spectacle*—“*C’est un messe champêtre*” as a soldier afterwards said to me. Such a variety of colours, green, red (not your fiery *English scarlet*), blue, yellow, and all *grouped* so well. Every kind of uniform, cavalry and all. The row of splendid fellows who stood at intervals in front of the altar, the *Sapeurs*—I never saw their like—such enormous black fellows with such beards! Four soldiers assisted in serving the Mass, and gave signs to the General as to when it would be time to give an order. Presently, at the elevation (by which time the overture had just finished), again came the stentorian accents *Porriez vos arrumes!* and the drums began the strange din they had done before, and all the men went down on one knee except the General and his aides. Then after that was over more stentorian *Deb-o-o-o-o!* and everyone was up again. Towards the end a large body was marched up and formed in squares, who presently commenced singing a hymn. In short, the whole thing was a fine sight. At the end there was a review, all the soldiers marching past the General. This seemed such an interminable business that I came away before it was done.

Going home, I fell in with a soldier, who took me by way into the town, and with whom I had a long conversation on military matters in general. He said they were obliged twenty-five years—made many inquiries too about the English. His indignation was great when he heard of the commission given away by purchase *en traffique*.

Set off in the evening for the Café de la Baltique, determined on a regular spree. Before, however, I had got half a mile from the sea-shore (cabs and people going in crowds) it began to rain. However, I pushed on and got to the camp when it was but to get a little dark. Strange, bleak, and desolate, those long, long plains began to look. Curious fellows on the road, many with "seas over," and all so good-humoured in their cups; a sort of drunkenness, one fellow insisting on mimicking to the General of the morning, standing in the middle of the road, roaring: "Por—r—rtez vos arrum—es!" and then burst out in a laugh at himself. Singing was the favourite mode of "influence" was manifested. Parties of five and six, arm in arm, chanted vociferously about "la gloire" and "la victoire," "encore, mes braves," and it would be over again.

I asked for the Café de la Baltique and was directed, but how I missed my way and could not find it. Besides, the rain began to pour down and it had grown as dark as pitch, so I was now some way from the camp, wandering along desolate, meeting now and again dark shadows and figures, so I took my course. I saw there was no chance of getting to the Café de la Baltique in anything like decent time, so I gave that up, it was quite enough if I could find the way and keep dry. I proceeded to come to two roads. Which of these? One, *I know*, led to the town, but by a huge round, over hills and fields, and the Napoleon Column, it would take hours, the other led anywhere all I knew. But at this moment a soldier came by. I asked his case; nothing could be more good-natured or obliging. He directed me to Road No. 1, but then as I did not know it well I was forced to ask. Then, as it would be a *dommage* for monsieur to be obliged to go longer, he would go himself and show me. This was said in an indescribable kindness and politeness of manner.

Then I struck across the country and found myself on a barren moor. Pitch dark all the while, not able to see the ground and the rain working away, an everlasting shower-bath, thick like the "Macbeth" blasted heath. An uncomfortable pro-

But at last hope dawned in the shape of a hut, a dim outline. I was back at the camp once more among the *monde militaire*. Had a long drenching walk by the sea-shore—was nearly run over in the dark by a mounted lancer riding at full speed—heard a party of soldiers discussing the respective merits of the “Huitième” and the “Trente-Sixième,” which must have been getting a little warm, as I soon heard words to this effect : “Si un soldat m’insulte je l’insulte aussi.” I passed another party, where a grizzly warrior was describing some fencing bout, or perhaps single combat, to a breathless audience. “Tiens—et puis—il me touche !” (pause) “il me touche,” &c.

Monday.—This morning was awakened by a drumming in the streets. Ran down to see, and found it was infantry in swarms going through the town to the camp. So pretty as it looked in the narrow stone-paved streets, and the high, old-fashioned houses ; and these bronzed warriors seeming so picturesque, so intensely military, the regular type.

In those days I was in time to catch the old French traditions and methods of life—now altogether gone out. Thus, starting from Boulogne, how strange a thing for me to find myself in a real live *diligence*, with bells jingling and a mountain of baggage on the top ; an everlasting stopping at public-houses, first that the driver might have his coffee, with a “petit verre” emptied into it (those funny “petits verres” holding about three thimblefuls !), and that every half-hour or so, not forgetting the half-way house, the “Cor d’Argent.” An old Englishman and his family had secured all the outside in order to enjoy the fineness of the ride, but it soon began to rain heavily, to the great enjoyment of the Frenchmen inside. Opposite me was an old woman with the finest head imaginable for a painting ; for ugliness she might have walked out of a Dutch picture, she and her dog. There were telegraph posts along the roadside the whole way ; no doubt wires would be cut and stolen in England.

Calais is a little town with narrow streets, and I did not like it at all, especially as I had to linger there from one o’clock till 8 P.M. It was like being in a prison. It had, however, its “Grande Place” and crumbling hotel. One thing has struck me particularly as exemplified by this place, that all buildings look so utterly different on paper, they are so improved. Thus I was passing through the square and observed an old, broken-down looking building with a steeple, like an old church, and so passed on without a thought. But when lazily lounging about that same evening

I began to study it. I saw what it was, and what the design, if drawn on paper, would be. It was now the beautiful Flemish Town Hall.

How sad was I on that weary day, all through worried and excited by an Old Man of the Sea in the shape of a commissionaire, who spoke broken English, whose own head I wished was broken too, who kept to me in spite of the modest rebuffs.

In consequence of the *awful* language of Bradshaw touching passports in the Prussian territory, I determined after many misgivings to get a regular passport for myself, and lucky it was. I did so, as will be seen. Even the Consul said he thought it was unnecessary, and I was decided by the weight of a feather, though all the journey after I was angry with myself for what seemed an unnecessary expense. But this little extra outlay really saved me about eight times as much, and a weary journey of 190 miles, of which more anon.

I went into a notary's to ask the way. He got up from his law papers to describe it, which was complicated, as I was first to go "à droit," then "encore un peu à gauche," and so on. "Ah, tiens!" said he at last, and set to work and got a card on which he most ingeniously and cleverly sketched a plan of all the various streets and their names so that it was impossible to miss it! The town seemed to me full of a *bad* style of English exiles who had an enforced residence. I solaced myself by way of refreshment with two *petits verres* of *noyau*, for which I paid only two sous each; while for my drive in the *diligence*—about twenty-four miles—I had paid only one franc and a half, both instances of great cheapness.

At last came 8 o'clock, and I went to the little wooden station, which stood at the port close by the landing-place until this year. Our carriage in the train quite full, but very different from the same species of people in England. With one exception all were of a rather refined stamp. My *vis-à-vis* was a Zouave, just come from the East. (Only fancy my sitting opposite a Zouave!) Here is something like our aspect:

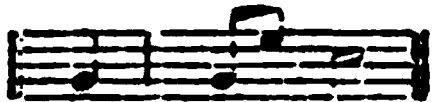
1. Voyageur qui dort.
2. Autre voyageur qui dort aussi.
3. Un monsieur qui fume pour s'amuser.
4. Un Zouave.

The curious part of it was, every one of the party the instant we started produced cigars or pipes, so in a short time the whole place was a cloud of smoke. Everyone, I remarked, almost without

exception, had one of those courier bags under his coat, not ostentatiously displayed as our English snob wears it.

The first thing that caused me any astonishment on our journey was seeing through the cloud the conductor among us, going about and saying: "Vos billyay, messieurs!" I suppose he must have come by the door, but I can only say this train was flying at fifty miles an hour. This was the way all through; on the Belgian railways there was a brass rail and footboard outside for the conductor, so that he could walk the whole length of the train; and we always started to the sound of trumpets or bugles.

About half-past twelve we came rolling into Quievran, the frontier place for feeding and for intersection (bifurcation as they call it) of trains, very like Chester, at dead of night, and here as at Chester I had to wait about two hours for the next train to come. And we were given over here to the brave Belgians. Indeed, nothing was so curious all this night as the different nations into whose hands we passed, each represented in the person of the guard of the railway. Thus on leaving Quievran it was curious to hear the signal for start-

ing, given by two horns in this fashion:  which lent a very cheerful tone to the whole business. The guards had their horns slung round them.

We went ahead now at a very slow pace, going through Malines, Liège, Brussels, etc. At Malines we took in a party of five nuns, very jolly persons, who made themselves at home with everyone in the carriage (a long saloon, mind you); one of them engaged in a very warm discussion with an old German gentleman, whose wife, being a Catholic, backed up the nun. Two German young men made themselves very polite; one who had just come from London distributing a sort of portfolio of prints of the buildings of that city among the nuns. Such laughing and giggling! But one little nun kept devoutly reading her office, never lifting her eyes the whole time. At going away they said good morning to everyone, who all took off their caps in one unanimous salute.

At some of the stations dark-looking priests were standing about in such hats—long things reminding one of "Figaro" and Molière. These we do not see now. Talking of hats, I saw, passing through Brussels, a soldier on guard at the railway station—one of the "Braves Belges." He was just what might be imagined—the most humiliating figure imaginable—like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton at Sheffield, he was "ill-fed, ill-dressed, and as bad as bad could be;" he was arrayed in green, and in a cap with a plume of green feathers

like the Sardinian *bersaglieri*. But talking of hats once it was it to what I saw when first introduced to the *Douaniers* at Quievran at 3 A.M., when we had to deliver up our pass that unearthly hour, and have our names called? The poor creature was an emblem of soup diet—skinny à l'extrémité. It was a thing with two points, "enough to make a cow laugh."

At last, late in the evening, we arrived on the frontier where the men in authority came round to collect pass. A *chef de police* officiating in person. And here I may say I dreaded individuals that, though they were fat, sleek-looking and very obliging, yet there was a sharp twinkle in their eyes, and which gave quite the idea of their being the kind we read of in the French books. I had "interviews" with them and so can speak from experience.

I was a little uncomfortable, for though I had my two old passes yet the new one (that of Calais) had not been viséd by the Consul, and so was said to be no good—at least, not so good as the other. So I determined to present that. The personality came to our carriage. It was a dramatic scene altogether, to see the train stopped on a lonely part of the line and taken by force and boarded by a party of commissaries of police and Prussians who might be seen ascending the steps and poking in and out of the carriages, rifling them, as it were.

My passport was the very last he took. He glanced over it, turned it over, read it again, and then came the awful announcement: "Monsieur, il faut descendre, votre passeport n'est pas valide." The door was thrown open, and I had ignominiously to descend and was straightway led up to the *chef*, a man in a white coat who had about a hundred in his hand. He read it, turned it over, and said: "Vous êtes sujet Britannique. Et bien, votre passeport n'est pas valide. Il faut retourner à Bruxelles et là vous trouverez un consul." (Brussels, I may remark *en parenthèse*, was only 190 miles from Calais.) "Mais, monsieur, s'il y a un autre?"

"Tant pis pour vous," said he, and, making a sign with his hand, disappeared. I was aghast. A Prussian soldier had now taken my place, a fellow in a helmet with a fixed bayonet, under whose care I was placed. Good heavens, this would never do if the train getting ready to start! I espied the white coat of the *chef* on the steps of a carriage, and made after him, but was instantly stopped up by a significant tap from the soldier. Fancy *me* with a Prussian, firelock and all, on guard over me! I was not, in the least excited. I knew, when the other passports I

sorted, and the *chef* was at liberty, that I should be able to explain my case if there was time. The difficulty was having *two* passports, which the Consul said was always dangerous and suspicious. I spoke to the soldier, but he only muttered some German. I produced my passport number two, and the effect was electrical. A constant nodding of head, "Ja ! ja !" and I was led off again. The *chef* now listened. "Deux passeports," says another *chef* behind. "Ach ! c'était un plan !" A long council was held, in which I gave a full and true account of the whole transaction. A deal of shrugging and evident commiseration. "Mais le visa, monsieur ; c'est impossible. Il faut retourner." "Mais, monsieur le chef, je veux m'expliquer." And then I showed how the office would be shut up, &c., and what a dreadful thing it would be for me, and that I could not afford it. Consultation number two was now held, with violent gesticulations, one man, the *chef*, evidently on my side. At last : "Eh bien, monsieur, vous pouvez continuer votre route." Safe at last aboard the lugger ! But I have no doubt that during my stay in Aix I was the particular object of his attention. I met him once or twice in my walks, when he looked very hard at me.

Aachen, Sunday.

Have now been a couple of days in this place and begin to like it. It was very lonely at first—desolate—like my going back to school after the holidays. This feeling takes me in the morning when I awake after some pleasant dream of home and find myself in this strange place.

It is certainly a pleasant town, full of amusement, though now near the end of the season. This morning at breakfast, in the Hôtel Frank, met an old Irish Major with a grizzly grey moustache and a young Englishman, a very decent fellow. But the Major perfectly astonished me with his oaths. I was in the Cathedral this morning and heard the ending of the Grande Messe, standing, myself, on the flag-stone that covers the remains of Charlemagne. Nothing but "CAROLO MAGNO" in brass letters. But the Great Dome over it made it the tomb. It is impossible to describe the delight with which I witnessed the ceremony and the whole scene : a splendid orchestra trumpeting out Haydn No. 3 ; and the drums rolling and booming out afar off. And then the gorgeous ceremonial, seen through a framework of black ; figures moving through the incense. And such a richly-toned organ ! Few things have delighted me more than that Cathedral and whole scene, especially hearing the stirring, flashing chorus of the "Dona Nobis" trumpeted out. The "Ite, Missa" given out by a deacon with a noble voice, accompanied with wonder-

ful harmonies by the organ. The people very devout; no chairs, all standing, and kneeling down occasionally. It seemed so strange to me when I would look down and see under my foot the brass letters "CAROLO MAGNO" on the slab over his body.

On Saturday night was at a ball at the Redoute, in a magnificent room all snowy white, with an oak floor all laid out in patterns, white statues and figures supporting cornices. It struck me wonderfully when first I saw it. It commenced at the sensible hour of eight, and was over at eleven. The attendance was rather scant considering the size of the room, not more than a hundred, of which about thirty were ladies. The men a most extraordinary lot—nearly all with their collars turned down—some in a tail coat and white trousers, others with white beaver hats under their arms. There were little short, very short Frenchmen, with piercing little eyes and huge bushy beards *à la Judas*, and humpy shoulders; one made himself very conspicuous—to me at least—by the extraordinary style in which he danced the polka mazurka with an enormous fat German frau. Such kicking and bounding and springing never was!

Every man in the room without exception had his coat buttoned, perhaps to hide the condition of things within. There was a sort of springiness in their movements which seemed very odd. All the quadrilles were gone through on this principle, with a swinging motion, graceful curves and poses as if performing the minuet. The ladies too, in "setting," drew their dresses to one side. The girls were in general plain, and a good many with their hair *à l'Eugénie*, the plainest, of course. One or two were decidedly pretty, a tallish "book of beautyish" girl, fair as a china plate, with the blackest hair possible in long ringlets of the narrowest calibre down and round her neck, and a rich satin dress with tulle. There were also one or two nice little girls, good dancers too. I should add that they always danced six figures in the quadrille, which they called a *contre-danse*, at the grand "round" of the last figure. They all went round to right and left, which gave a very brilliant effect with all the colours. But what shall I say of the orchestra, which all the night long discoursed most eloquent music, though rather dismal strains? Nearly thirty were they, with drums and cymbals all complete.

As usual, our own countrymen exhibited. A little shrivelled old man of the name of L——, slightly lame, danced all night with 'milady S——,' a plump and portly dame of thirty, arrayed in blue silk, wife of Sir J. S——, K.C.B., who was very properly at home in bed, being somewhere near eighty. The little shrivelled old man evidently thought he was a killing personage and carried on a

desperate flirtation. And to see the look he gave as he wished her good night ! Yet there was a youngish manner and look about him too. The French and Germans were mightily amused at him as he went limping and skipping through the quadrille. Their *vis à vis* was the old profane Major, who really looked very imposing with his grey moustache, gilt buttons, and bit of red ribbon. So it was, as I said to my neighbour, “un véritable quadrille des vieillards.”

I soon saw it was the fashion to ask everyone to dance, and more particularly in this fashion. Whenever a pair stopped to rest during a waltz another would come up, first bow to the gentleman and ask his permission : he then turned to the lady and off they went. He took exactly one turn round the room, and resigned her to her original partner, who waited at the same spot. It is impossible to describe the politeness with which this was done ; instead of looking fierce or perhaps contemptuous, as they do in our country when another approaches, here all is smiles and graciousness. And I heard one very handsome man, when his partner, who seemed French and did not seem to understand the custom, turned to him as if in doubt, say, with a smile, “N'est-ce pas que mademoiselle veut danser avec monsieur ?”—Monsieur being a little dwarf of a black Frenchman, with such a bushy beard. It was a long time before I could make up my mind, or screw my courage to the sticking-point—perhaps I was doubtful of my French. Ball-room French, or *young ladies'* French, I should infallibly be wrecked on *that* ; my stock in trade being perhaps adapted to the capacities of waiters and the wants of life. However, the thing *was* to be done, and had best be done quickly. I inwardly marked for my prey the young creature the polite Frenchman had been “keeping company with,” more especially as I saw she danced *our* deux temps, for here they have quite a different step, beautiful I think, consisting of a spring from one foot to the other. So accordingly, at the first pause, I made my way over and made a profound *salaam* to “monsieur,” drawing my feet together in the true style ; muttering in the same note something about “permission, monsieur.” Then turning to mademoiselle, I repeated the *salaam*, but, before I had time to bring out my handsome phrase, she had put her arm into mine and we were off. But just as we started I found she was doing *their* waltz, and so we were all astray. “Ach !” says she in the peculiar guttural way the Germans have of saying “ah”—“c'est le galop double” and changed at once. Danced capitally, she did. This was all encouraging enough for a beginner, and so I am determined next Saturday to “fire away” right and left, and secure partners. I was quite pleased

with my night. The look of the glittering room and its orchestra was enough; like a room in one of Louis Quatorze's palaces.

How curious here the mixture of German and French! Everyone speaks the two languages, except the lower orders. I remark, too, if a German speaks to you in a public place, as in the reading-room, he always speaks in French.

Have been looking from the ball-room window down into the gardens and listening to the music. Pretty sight enough, all seated at tables taking coffee, the band under an alcove of trees, &c. Lady S—— there too, the shrivelled old man working away in an unmistakable manner, she full of smiles and sweetness and so devoted to him, he grimacing and thinking himself an Adonis. As I am looking out, up comes the old Major. "By Gad, sir," says he, as I show him the pair. "I must go down and have a look at that woman—never seen her by day, sir, never, by Gad," and off he goes. Just now the band are going to play the finale to the "Nachtlager in Granada," the overture to which was played the first morning I came, and which was performed at the theatre the same night.

I have just heard that the divinity with the curls is the daughter of an *eminent tanner* in the neighbourhood! They are all, I suppose, of the same stamp. I am now sitting in the great reading-room of the Kurhaus, and have just been reading "Westward Ho!" An English lady beside me is deep in "The Heiress of Houghton," and opposite her a fat German is chuckling over the last German *Punch*.

There is someone in the next room working away vigorously on the piano, in really fine style, to an audience: anyone walks in and sits down. Last night, we had a perfect soirée, a young lady performed in first-rate style, and about fifty people were present. Then a gentleman with a very fair voice volunteered a lot of songs, to loud applause at the end. Funny place, funny state of things altogether.

Was accosted on leaving to-night by the "gardien," who smelt strongly of brandy and insisted, like the Ancient Mariner, on being communicative. However, he told me some lively particulars about the glorious days (only last year) when "le jeu" reigned triumphant in the hall we were now standing in. He grew quite pathetic as he dwelt on this splendour, how the bank last year gained 120,000 thalers. Two or three days ago he said a young "Noble Russe" had treated himself to a *coup de pistolet*, having lost everything at the table at Ems, even to his watch and jewels. Rumours, he said, of the King of Prussia being at the ball next Saturday, but I don't believe them.

Every morning the Major and F—— and I breakfast together about 9 A.M. and have a smoke immediately after breakfast. This kills an hour very pleasantly. Major at times a little prosy about his *one* campaign, when he was wounded. But still amusing. He said this morning Nicholas of Russia deserved to be in Hell. F——, member of Carlton Club, seems to know all the English here; he is bringing home £80 worth of Dresden china.

There is a fine establishment for cigars next Nuellen's Hotel. Best cigars only $\frac{1}{2}$ groschen, about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each! The woman and I great friends, so much so that she has got me admitted an honorary member of a *club*, by speaking to one of the members. It is a nice lounge—billiards, smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, and dances given occasionally by the "Société." These dances are *not in full dress*. Most good-natured people. Said she knew some of my name—among others Captain F——. Find myself getting on most "swimmingly" in every way, and have a tolerable acquaintance among the English.

Some little things here astonish me. For instance, the apothecary sent me home a bottle of stuff with the bottle and neck all enveloped in the richest *gold* paper, a long strip of deep-blue paper hanging from it, on which my name was written in *white ink*. Again all the men have their forefinger covered with great rings.

This morning, at 7, at the fountain, where I heard such an *overture* by Lindpainter, "Der Bürgen König"—fine original solid stuff, a new idea every second. Again and again I say there is nothing like the German music. It is the *only* music. At the end went up to the Director (a wonderfully handsome man) and in decent French told him I was a stranger and had the greatest "envie" to hear some of Wagner's music, never having heard it in my country—so he good-naturedly promised to play the "Tannhäuser" at first opportunity.

Last evening, about 8 o'clock, was lounging on a red velvet sofa in the ball-room, when I thought I observed a larger crowd than usual present—women more smartly dressed—and young bucks of the town walking about. Presently a piano is wheeled in, and after a decent interval a man comes and strikes up. This was a little impromptu soirée. Presently in comes my lady, very smart in white gloves, but all alone. She roamed a long time about very uneasily, searching every room and at last sits down by herself quite disconsolate. At last a certain Major C., a tall (very tall) young man (*beau monsieur* too), is also seen roaming about very uneasily, searching every room too; at last he spies her and bounds over to

her. Such confidential communication never was ! The poor old man all this time safely tucked up in bed ! I saw him yesterday, a picture of helpless senile imbecility, with watery eyes and paralytic accompaniments—poor man ! His wife only two and twenty ! I now near—daughter of a barmaid in London !

There was a concert that night for charitable objects, voices without any accompaniment—at *my* club, the “ Erholung ” as it is called—so that prevents a good many from being present at the soirée. It was a long time before anyone would make a start ; so much so that milady and her cavalier strutted out of the room with a great air, so did the tanner’s daughter. She looked very nice indeed in her bonnet ; she might have been a song *à la* Tennyson called “ The Tanner’s Daughter.” At last they got off with a good start, not more than five couples ; but how the women did work ! One bouncing fresh-coloured nymph literally never stopped, was ready for everyone that asked her. I was thinking of taking a turn with her too, when I descried unmistakable signs upon her face of the effect of her great exertions—she was flaming ! So I retired—besides they did not seem of a select description at all. But it shows what a jolly sort of people these are.

When I was wandering through the town, rather wildly, knowing nothing about anybody or anything, and looking in vain for a money-changer, a stern-featured priest passed. I ran up and asked him if he could speak French. He stared and muttered some German. When I saw this I turned and took off my hat with I suppose a very hopeless look. For on looking round I saw him looking after me with some interest. He beckoned and began to talk *very* slowly in German, as if slowness could help me ! I began to talk about ‘changeur de monnaies,’ saying those words *also very slowly*. “ O, ya, ya,” says he. Then I took out a piece of five francs. “ Ya ! ya, ya ” (with great affirmatory shaking of head) “ das will thun, ya ! ” Then I showed him more pieces. “ Oh, ah ! gut, sehr gut ” (more shaking). Good man, he was *so* interested and seemed *so* to wish to have the gift of tongues to be of use to me. I felt grateful to him in my present desolation, and, invoking a blessing on him, I departed with many profound salaams on both sides. I wonder what he thought I was *showing* him money for. The difficulty could have been got over by a little Latin.

Heard at breakfast this morning that the English residents are going to have a grand dinner to-morrow to celebrate the Sebastopol business ; they want everyone to join—shall have nothing to do with it—for *many* reasons—most likely, too, a row. Besides the authori-

ties are all Russian here, and somehow I don't feel that wonderful enthusiasm at all! By the way, yesterday a piece of paper was put into my hand with a notification; it was from the Prefect of Police. A little startled at first, found it was only a "*permit* of residence."

I find Balfe's music very popular; in four days his name is down three times; once in "Pot-Pourri" of his own works and again to-day in a thing without a name. The leader of the band is one Wenigmann, Maître de Chapelle de l'Archevêque de la ville. A fine fellow in his trade. This must be he who leads the orchestra every Sunday in the cathedral.

Was at the theatre last night for the first time to hear "Zampa;" paid ten groschen (about one shilling or elevenpence) for the parterre. A magnificent building *outside*, a Grecian temple, of great size with pillars and basreliefs, standing in a square by itself, all white or yellowish. But when you got in, a very miserable place compared with the outside.

Not above eighty or a hundred people present. It was for the benefit of the principal actress, Fr. Tettelbach, who, as the curtain drew up, received two bouquets, thrown by her father I daresay, whom I used to see walking about with her in the mornings at the fountain—different from us, when the battery is opened at the *end* of the play. She did not take much by *that* benefit, I guess. Prussian soldiers on duty in the pit. A grand conductor wielded and brandished his bâton *with effect*, with *real* visible mastery over his forces. Could see that they could not help obeying motions of his arm, not mere inanimate time-beating.

Went to the theatre to see "Lohengrin" for the first time. The performance commenced a little after seven and was over before half-past nine—sensible people this. The overture was given splendidly—such wonderful *esprit* and galloping of fiddles never was heard, and such precision, no fumbling over passages. The tenor was a certain Chrudimsky from the Grand Opera at Amsterdam (*vide* bill). He was the lover of the piece, but such a fat ponderous lover—especially in the bridal scene, when his manly proportions were developed by web silk drawers and "continuations"—expected to see a seam go every minute—but he had decidedly a good voice. The music very pretty and in parts capitally executed by all, even the lowest. A deal of German dialogue interspersed, and, strange to say, I made out the story perfectly, both from the incidents and from hearing a stray German word that I knew. All, as I remarked, spoke wonderfully fast—the women pronouncing "nicht" nishte, just as it is spelt. There was a "comic countryman" who brought out *mild*

laughter now and then from the audience ; indeed, they never were excited beyond a mild clap, and no encores. There was the everlasting soubrette, as in every German opera, enacted by a Betty Müller, and Betty (whom I found out at the end was a star) pleased me more than any of them ; she acted and sang capitally. The story a good one : a "bloody" old corsair in a drunken fit has betrothed himself to a statue, a sort of bleeding nun, and puts a ring on her finger. All this scene was good, the drinking-songs and chousing of him and his bandit companions were very fine music. But he also wished to ally *hisself* to the young lady of the piece who has *her* lover ; and in the end the bleeding nun comes and carries him off just as the *surmony* is going to take place, and the lovers are happily united. So much for the theatre.

This day (Donnerstag) a great musical feast for me. My friend the conductor I see has put down in the "Program," as he promised to do, "Tannhäuser," also Mendelssohn's "Isles of Fingal." So I bid fair altogether to be well-nigh drenched and surfeited with music before I go. This is part of the *treatment* here as well as drinking the waters—two draughts of water per diem. Item : two draughts of music, *quant. suff.* I shall feel all the better for the one as well as for the other.

Now for a chapter on *cookery*, a veritable extract from the "Almanach des Gourmands." Within the last few days I have been wonderfully entertained with the extraordinary variety exhibited in our dinners. Dishes of unknown quality and ingredients appear and puzzle me—but still they are comprehensible and good. I decidedly like, or rather admire, the German cookery ; our chef must be a man of genius. *Imprimis* we have all sorts of soups ; about every second day a sort of venison of the country called "chevreuil" or some name like it, which makes its appearance with the hair on the shank, and the deer's black hoof sticking over the side of the dish. Yesterday there was a most ingenious little dish of pig's feet or little "trotters" (very little) all stuffed with some savoury ingredients like sausages ; then the most wonderful fish rolls, almost like meat, fricassees of pigeons, and game. Then as to sweets and puddings, certain *yellow* puddings of eminence with singular egg-flip sauces. Talking of sauces, I must not forget the rich thick sauce of a deep reddish-brown tinge served with the *bouilli*. But what I give them the palm for is their *judicious* treatment of vegetables. What the vegetables are and where they come from I leave to botanists and agriculturists—sufficient for me the eating thereof in silent admiration. There were potatoes grilled and fried, or else done in a sort

of "buttery" style ; carrots cut in infinitesimal shavings and transmogrified into something as unlike carrots as possible, a very *small* salad ; turnips cut also very small and tasting "buttery" and rich ; and, above all, a little vegetable sliced infinitesimally, like French beans, only of a much paler colour—not to forget, too, the *sauerkraut*. The cheese, like Gruyère, with melons and pears in discretion.

Not that I partake of this dainty fare ; I generally wait for the *pièce de résistance*. I and F—— are the only two generally that dine, sometimes we have an addition. Yesterday we had three young Frenchmen, *voyageurs à pied* evidently, all bearded like pards, and who dined with courier bags slung about them. One of them, the ugliest of the party, told a long story, seemingly of blighted love, in which one Julie took a prominent part and he another—with some interference on the part of M. le Curé—to the great indignation of the listeners. Another day had two young Queen's Messengers or what answered to them, with us, who carried despatches between London and Berlin.

At nine this morning found a German drinking Barclay and Perkins's porter—in a large quart too. The quantity these people drink and smoke is inconceivable. Two of them will come into the coffee-room, sit down and begin to talk of some business, accounts perhaps to settle &c. That done a bottle of wine is called for, cigars lit. Presently a significant nod at the empty bottle and another is brought—and so on for a couple of hours. This, mind, only in the middle of the day as a sort of "snack." But when I come in at night from the Kurhaus about ten o'clock, I find (regularly) the long table lined down its whole length on each side. Everyone has a cigar and wine. Mine host Fränk, at the end, presides and joins *his* cloud to the rest. The smoking is terrific : not a soul do I meet without a cigar or pipe, the common people with their china pipe. The cigars are first-rate—Fränk never has one out of his mouth. I meet him walking about his halls and rooms, upstairs, downstairs, always with the same in his mouth. But a very good fellow is Fränk. May his shadow never be less ! nor that of his nice hotel, Hôtel à la Belle Vue. Nice name, isn't it ? He is a very jolly fellow ; comes up every day with his cigar and seats himself on the corner of a table, while we are at breakfast, talks of politics and things in general. A thorough democrat and against aristocracy—gave me some lights as to the state of Prussia. Takes care always there are no Germans by. F—— the other day, when someone was speaking of the King of Prussia, said : "Oh, I suppose he must have been getting drunk last night," when a German

whispered to him in English that he should mind what he was saying, as everything is reported. I, myself, once happened to talk of him and used this sobriquet, King *Clicquot*, but saw the waiters whispering and looking at me very oddly.

At night in Ye Kurhaus.

Odd how all the women turn out in the cool of the evening to walk on the boulevards—that is, if these *are* Boulevards—I mean those two stunted rows of shrub-trees in the middle of the road. All alone, too, without a single man with them, walking in twos and fours—men very scarce I should say. In the same way at the coffee-drinking in the garden, so few have men with them. They dress in great style. All those with any pretence to good looks have their hair à *l'Eugénie* or with a *souffçon* of that style. Then such smart bonnets, half off, of course, and blue and brown velvet capes, some of them nice little women enough, though all slightly Dutch-built. But Sunday is the great day for a general turn-out on those same boulevards, the whole city walking there just after everyone has come from vespers.

Took a pleasant walk myself outside the town and explored some of the old suburbs. Wonderfully picturesque, *some especially of the old corner houses*; such bits for a picture. Would like to draw them, but ashamed of the crowd. Came upon a large hole in the ground with a low wall round it, out of which clouds of white steam were rolling and fuming, below a black eddy and roaring of water. These are the hot wells. It was like the crater of Vesuvius. Saw on a hill above me a wonderful old church with an enormous bell roof with four or five storeys of windows in it. Positively must draw that.

Dined to-day, *solus cum solo*. More wonderful vegetables, one a sort of diminutive asparagus *without* the *black* part—waiter says it is called *Schwarzwurz*, or something like it—a singular sort of dish for second course. At the top a layer of things like *paganinis*, under that *rice*, under that again apples, and among the apples I detected an *onion*!—queer companionship! Perhaps got in by accident. Yet the whole compound good. The *result* good whatever the ingredients. Hear the chef is French.

Another impromptu dance to-night. Verily these Philistines are children of St. Vitus. Sitting reading on the sofa in the ball-room when of a sudden in is wheeled the piano; but a different thing from last impromptu! Really vigorous dancing—some nice-looking girls, too—the English as usual. A party here of the name of Young—with a brother in the Bombay Army, and one leg in the grave. They have succeeded in “hooking” an unfortunate man, and

the two daughters "laides à faire peur." They drag the poor man about from place to place, while the marriage is in "suspension." "Regardez ces drôles Anglais," says a Frenchman next me, and I cordially agreed with him. To see the shuffling, coarse, clumsy, *Vauxhall* style of their dancing. Compared with these was another pair of fiancés (this the Frenchman informed me) belonging to the town—such a different pair—she an elegant-looking girl in black with a nice figure, and he a handsome dark fellow. Their dancing of this valse was *perfection*, especially in contrast with *Les Bulls*. But what struck my eye was the dress. All were in high dresses—but the English girls such *dowds*—all choked in and stifled about the throat—regular nurserymaids—whereas on this night (I never saw them before) was a regular flood of French girls, such *elegantly dressed* people, yet in high dresses too. Four or five came in one party, and enjoyed themselves so, and danced so well, as I found by experience. The French I saw following the strangers with respectful and *wondering* eyes. They all seem mad here after the schottische and polka mazurka, scarcely ever a galop. Must get up my schottische.

Friday.—*Les Bulls fiancés* walking about this morning, as awkward as ever. Another woman there, an old maid, evidently with a *prim front*, in an enormous hat down to her waist with ribbons and a bunch of *pink feathers*. What fools we do find in this world! The same everywhere! I see another device of the ladies is to have grand glass cups, gilt and chased, for drinking the waters. These are carried ostentatiously in the hand, and swung up and down carelessly as they walk up and down. Some really very pretty, of pale turquoise blue. It does, I suppose, like the fan, which we all know has other uses besides fanning oneself.

The war dinner, yesterday, went off very well, but expensive. Cost the Major more than a nap for himself and wife. A Russian prince, I see by the *Fremdenblatt*, had arrived at the same hotel that morning. How disgusted he must have been at the feasting below. At Huber's Hotel, a Russian lady, when the news from Sebastopol came, took to her bed, and has not been seen since. It is so droll this meeting with Russians; it seems so strange compared with England. Speaking to a Frenchman last night (or to a German who spoke French), he asked me about this dinner and what it was for. So I said to celebrate the *grande victoire*. I cannot describe the unmistakable shrug and contemptuous laugh or snort he gave as he hissed: "Victoire! hein! ce n'est pas encore une victoire—attendez un peu—hein!" then another scornful laugh.

9 P.M.—I am now in the reading-room amid the blaze of many lights. I have been roaming from the ball-room (blazing too !) into this room, from that again into the news-room, for they both are off the ball-room. All well crowded too. Some lounging on the velvet sofas in the hall—others walking up and down its polished oak floor, looking like pigmies under its vast proportions, while in the distance someone is working away at the piano. F—— just found his way up to me to tell me with great glee, “*There's a new man at the hotel,*” just as if he had discovered a fox's lair—something to be hunted. This will be an addition to our daily duet. F—— is something of a character.

Went and had a bath to-day at Dremel's Hotel ; Mme. Dremel the presiding goddess. A grand institution. Fancy a little room, then a large tank in the floor of stone, into which you descend by steps, with the water bubbling up and steaming out of the earth itself. Stayed in half-an-hour. This *must* do good, if anything will. Then the dodge for drying—a hot linen sheet made like a dressing-gown *with sleeves*—nothing like it. Verily, I say again, this is a practical people. All for a franc and a half.

In the evening strolled out into the Kurhaus garden, just as it was beginning to grow dark. Looked up at the grand white palatial building with its fine windows all lit up—the windows of the ball-room, figures and shadows moving on the muslin blinds—like a scene at the theatre—not a soul in the gardens but myself. As I walked, found myself getting a craving for something—on reflection discovered it was for a cup of coffee—straightway it was served to me under the colonnade, a little tray with a cup of pure white china, a diminutive little milk jug, and three lumps of sugar on a diminutive little saucer, all for the sum of two silver groschen (twopence-half-penny exactly) ; had a cigar, too, at the same time (the cigar standing me less than a halfpenny). And so I sat and smoked and sipped, and at that moment was as contented as a king. Afterwards came up to these blazing rooms and the “busy hum of men.”

Heard of the handsome *fiancés* of last night, the graceful couple. She is the daughter of a leading “Apotheker” of the town. O ye gods ! Turning into bed now—so good-night to myself.

Sunday.—Now for the *soirée* of last night, a very pleasant affair—crammed to suffocation. The great room with an orchestra fitted up and filled with myriads of little tables carried up from the gardens. The whole town there, I believe. It began at seven : everybody as they came in sitting down at one of the little tables, and ordering

something, and there it went on the whole night, eating and drinking—waiters making their way through the crowd carrying steaming little dishes of *cotelettes* done on potatoes and other devices—ices, and of course, wine in abundance. The music really very fine—"The Isles of Fingal" and at the end of all the finale from Wagner's "Lohengrin," which is truly grand and sublime. I am turned regular *Wagnerite* and swear by him now. The papers abuse him, but he is worth just fifty of their old fellows, poor creatures with their stock of hackneyed ideas—a great freshness and daring about this man. The opera itself, I was delighted to see, is to be played next Wednesday. The waiter came up to me this morning to show its announcement in the newspaper, with the greatest triumph, as if it were a public event for the town. Fancy John or Tom at an hotel at home doing such a thing or knowing anything about operas! "Ah, Wagner! C'est un grand homme," says he. His fellow waiter amused us at breakfast, abusing the Major's wife, who, besides giving them plenty of trouble, insisted every morning that there is always someone ringing bells in the room next hers. Just as he was going on with this, came a violent ringing—the Major's breakfast to be brought up *instantly* to Madame's room. Then with a look of fury our waiter says to us: "Si l'on y avait *dix* comme ça, on deviendrait fou!"

On looking over the morning paper I find several fêtes and dancing parties for to-day, but all out of the town, six miles off. At first determined to go and see the "fun," but am lazy—not up to a twelve-mile walk. Besides, I don't know the way, though described to me. After my adventure going to the Café de la Baltique, am afraid of losing my way. However, the waiter tells me there's a thing of the same sort *in* the town to-morrow or next day, to which shall go—I am so glad to find, having talked to a good many people now, the universal feeling of the people is against the Prussian Government. The town is to a man *French*. Curious how mankind is, in its weaknesses the same everywhere. Here I see the officers strutting about and looking as contemptuously as do our fellows at home. The railway guards here have a very ingenious device on their caps, a wheel with wings.

9 P.M.—A pleasant little dinner to-day—just us three—the *new man*, "un nommé L——," very good sort of fellow—going away though in a couple of days. As we were dining, saw a crowd in the street—ran to the window—found it was a procession, walking two and two and singing hymns. It was a *pilgrimage*, the pilgrims returning from

Cologne, after seeing the reliques, which is done every year by the Aix-la-Chapellistes (this by the way is the correct appellation for the inhabitants of the town). Very pretty it looked.

Another waiter comes up to-night with the newspaper, asks me if I had seen about "Lohengrin," and that it was to be on Wednesday. "O la belle musique de Wagner!" But had I seen the "Tannhäuser!"—*that* was the thing. Then a detail of the whole plot and description of the music. Strange people this—very. Must take a walk to Cologne some day. Those people did it—women too—why shouldn't I? I am getting dreadfully ennuyéd with the long days—must devise something to kill time. The nights are well enough.

Yet it is curious how one begins to take everything as a matter of course—force of habit, I suppose. Here am I quite at home among these people as if I had known them a year—know everyone's face, accustomed to their language, nay, even the other day was stopped by an old woman in the street, "Ich kann nicht" &c., says I. "Ah," says she, showing her toothless gums like an old witch, "du kennst nicht, mein Herr." "Nein, Frau," says I.

Time to turn in. Good-night, my boy!

Tuesday.—F—— has this morning gone off to Maestricht in Holland and will not be back before the evening. Had no idea we were within an hour of Holland. We are just close also to the Forest of Ardennes; saw it as I came along. By the way made a curious mistake about the pilgrimage. Cologne is about forty miles off, but the place where I want to go is called *Colnmunster*—and only six miles. Beginning to like the waters. The woman who dispenses now always gives me a handsome *private* red goblet instead of the common sort which everyone drinks out of. So I am as well off as those who invested sundry francs in the purchase of one. Saw a sporting print yesterday of a pointer; underneath an English translation, "Settling Partridges," for "Setting." Under another written "The well-dressed dog," meant as a translation of "bon chien."

Here is a pleasant little restaurant under the Kurhaus where I often give myself a regale of an evening. The said regale consisting of a glass of curaçoa and a cigar—which stands me altogether two groschen and a half. Was greatly amused to-night. A poor wizened Frenchman came in. I saw by his look that he had not dined—he called for a cup of coffee and some cheese. The coffee arrived, he proceeded to pour half of it into his saucer, thus economising it, the remainder he filled up with milk. He thus managed to get two cups

instead of one. Still there was something wanting, he was looking anxiously at me and never beginning. I was reading the evening paper, the *Indépendance*, that was what was wanting to complete his happiness. So I took compassion on the poor creature and let him have it. He then flattened it down before him and began. What a mixture, cheese and coffee and newspaper! Yet such enjoyment of it! Every minute he would stop to rub his hands *under* the table. Then the waiter left the room for a moment, and up starts my Frenchman to the sideboard and brings over another roll. All he had to pay was three groschen, about twopence-halfpenny.

The Major was off to-day—taken himself away and his oaths. He was beginning to get tiresome. He was not liked in the hotel, as I said, perhaps from the trouble he and Madame gave. *That* waiter who hated him—wanted him to buy some little views of Aix for about a franc. Major scouted him out of the room with an oath. That was the reason, I think. Saw this morning a lot of loose cards and papers lying on the table. “What’s all this?” says the Major, pulling out a sort of railway card (the Major was rather blind). “Oui, oui,” says the waiter, running forward and holding it up to him, “Oui, cinq francs.” “What?” says the Major. “Oui, oui, cinq francs seulement,” and off goes the waiter in a roar, making faces at him, behind him of course, and chattering and pointing at him to us. Funny fellow that waiter—very. I could hardly look at the Major during the breakfast from laughing.

To-night a lot of hoydenish girls came bursting into the ballroom and began skipping about the floor and presently took off their bonnets. They were nearly all “Eugénies.” But there was no music, when lo! they begin without any; such a pack I never saw—wild with spirits; only about three couples, and exhibiting themselves for the benefit of the room. No notion of time or tune—dancing a schottische to the music of a waltz; as queer a lot as ever I saw; the men evidently shop-boys. I felt *contaminated*, and moved off in disgust.

Wednesday.—A great musical day this to be! At 3, band plays Beethoven’s “Coriolan,” a “Lieder” of Mendelssohn’s, and a piece of Wagner’s “Lohengrin.” But to-night we are to have *that* opera in its *entirety*; am in great curiosity about it. I like what I have heard of it—such wonderfully inspiring music. . . . Was dragged off this morning immediately after breakfast by F—— to his boot-maker, Schleisser. Boots wonderfully cheap, of fine strength and workmanship, Russia leather too. Cheap tailors here also.

11 P.M.—Just come from that most extraordinary and miraculous

performance of Wagnerian music—parts of it *positively divine*—music of the spheres indeed. Those parts the sweetest unearthliest bits I ever heard. No more to-night, as I am dead tired.

Thursday.—Now for *my* impressions of this strange music. In the first place it must be considered always in connection with the style of his librettos, which I have remarked are all precisely of the same *genre*. All of a wild and extremely simple character. This, of course, imparts a similar character to the music and gives it a peculiar style. Thus the “Tannhäuser” is a fairy story like the Gisellen : “Friddin” is another “wild huntsman” Black Forest story. The “Nibelungenlied,” which he has also done, is of course of the same character, and finally “Lohengrin” is precisely our own legend of “O’Donohoe of the Lakes.” From this I conclude that he finds his music only adapted to these kind of stories, and such wild music ! As well as I could make it out, the story was this : This elf-king “Lohengrin” falls in love with one of Earth’s loveliest daughters, done by the “first woman,” Fr. Tettelbach, who sings really very well (and there’s another thing—such awful music to sing, so difficult) (she always opened her mouth a foot wide) ; and he might stay on earth as long as he liked, provided he did not kill anyone—well, there’s a brother, or some man who is against the match—and in some unguarded moment the elf-king puts his cold iron through him—and so he must return to his watery kingdom. *Voilà tout.*

Now for the music generally. In the first place there are no distinct airs. With perhaps one or two exceptions, it is all *one* piece of music, which begins at the beginning of the play and ends at the end. Then I should say his great aim was contrast. Thus the chief body of the music consists, nearly three-quarters of it, in what might be called a recitative, only of a most elaborate kind—rather a set of wild phrases coming one after the other and going on *ad infinitum*—principally accompanied by tremolos and a deal of brass. Then by force of contrast would come in the most exquisite swelling choric bits—so sweet and flowing that I *never* heard their like—made really doubly welcome by the stern, dry music that had gone before, like water to the weary traveller in the desert. This other music, quite a new language in music, with new phrases too, the voice often singing wildly away in the clouds and the orchestra racing about and everywhere, out of all rule, time, and established canons ; seemingly so, at least. No “rapport” between them, each “gaeing his ain gait.” At first it seemed all chaos, but gradually the ear got accustomed to it. I should say one should be trained to it. It must be like the pre-Raphaelite school in painting. After all, I don’t

see why it should be considered as fixed as fate that for all time music should consist in short airs with accompaniment of orchestra, or why it should have the same form. The problem is this: the ear, it is found, has a faculty of being delighted with sweet sounds. Is it not possible that there may be many other forms for these sounds to assume besides the traditional one of airs—that is, phrases always tending to a conclusion? Another point struck me also. The orchestra was as prominent as the voices, no subservience, all one mass.

So much for the music in general. The overture was grand. There is one theme worked up in ever so many inconceivable ways. It is a wild chant where Lohengrin sings to his swan which draws his water-car, both when he first comes and when he is finally wafted away. As I say, it is worked up in chorus and every way, even in recitative when the voice sings something totally different; then it is disguised in other places—you hear it forcing its way in here and there, and such a beautiful theme! I remember a fragment of it. (Here some bars written down from memory.) The overture started with this strain, treated with two of the violins *so* high and in tremolo fashion, very like the beginning of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and then some other reed instrument begins to get entangled with the same thing, and so on till the bass arrives; all then working and crossing each other in the most magical, full, and noble style. They did not join on in the *regular* way so that you could *predicate* the exact moment, as is generally the way. They stole in. Commend me to that overture. I wonder how the English critics could so abuse him. He must be a man of genius, whatever his music be. I shall never forget that strain when it would come in with the chorus. Also a beautiful duet in the second act for two trebles. I am thoroughly Wagnerised!

Saw a funeral this morning, hearse first, then the priests in their robes and a cross, then the people two and two. Remarked everyone without exception took off their hats as it passed and *until* it had passed. In every available place here, I find two boxes, one for the poor, another for the Cathedral. This, in hotels &c. Bought a pipe yesterday with the picture of Lorelei on it. Thought of Mendelssohn as I paid for it.

A night with the "Concordia."—Last night I had a real treat. There are certain splendid fêtes coming off next week at Brussels, meant to celebrate the great national independence. These go on for a week. Great shooting matches, open to all Belgium and

Germany. Also what is called a "Concours" for the singing societies of Belgium and Germany, for large prizes too—and all Belgium and Germany will be rushing up by special train to hear and see as well. Last night the Aix-la-Chapellistes' society, the "Concordia" (which is going to compete), gave a public rehearsal of their music in the room behind the "Erholung." Such a pretty room, not too large, meant for a ball-room, as could be seen by the ubiquitous oak floor.

Well, for the music ; when I strolled in about 9 o'clock, I found the whole town assembled, a pretty sight, and at the end of the room the chorus. But the music ! Most wonderful and astonishing ! Such precision and breadth ; the only idea it gave me was, this is *not singing* at all. It was a new sensation. It was more ^{like} instruments, bassoons, &c. It had none of the *hissing* vert^{ition} and the choruses have with us. It was as one voice, and that voice as broad and perfect as an instrument. Then the lights and shades *perfectly* marvellous—at times swelling out in a wild strain with the expression of a solo singer, and then sinking down to the depths. The gem of the evening was a solo, "Lebewohl," accompanied as it were by instruments ; the effect was as if a rich, full, swelling brass band was accompanying it. Finely sung by the solo too. Another wonderful feature was Weber's mermaid song, sung by a solo singer, with (as it were an orchestral accompaniment) a recitative, where they imitated the short sharp chords of the stringed instrument. And note no vulgar idea of imitation suggested by this, but something very grand and noble ; it was all so rich. Then at times they had a combination of accompaniment, chorus and solo. Then a difficult fugue, ~~and the most complex perplexed music, the most violent discords,~~ but all true in tone. On the whole I spent a most delightful ^{of} two hours. It was a new sensation.

Yesterday evening, the man at the Kursaal comes up to tell me that he has left a new English book on the table—the "Auzledtvert." He said this over and over again, and I could not make out *what* it was until he brought it. It was *Household Words* he meant. Saw this ~~me~~ bringing an ox or heifer, nicely harnessed between the shafts, drawing a market cart, and lowing in a manner most musical and most melancholy. . . Intend some night taking an expedition to one of the Bierhäuser, of which there are a good number of the true Teutonic stamp.

Was at the ball last night, the *very* last one of the season. The twelfth they had given. Lighting, floor, and music good. Liked it

even more than the last. One very pretty girl in blue with whom I danced twice—danced like a sylph. When we were going to start off she said: "Le deux temps, M'sieur, s'il vous plait." Now this was precisely the dance we were going to dance, so I thought the remark superfluous; but on reflection found it was in contradistinction to the other queer dance called the Troistemps in which I should have been quite at sea. Wonderfully nice dancer she was. The grand expanse of that room and its smooth black oak floor—I could have gone on all night. Indeed, one time I found we had been performing a *pas seul* to the admiration of the room. During the pauses I furbished up my French. Rather astonished her by informing her that "dans mon pays on dansa toujours jusqu'à cinq heures du matin." "Vraiment? M'sieur?" (She always called every "M'sieur," why I don't know.) "Je pense que cela serait bien charmant, M'sieur," she says very quietly. "La danse ennuyante, Made-moiselle pas du tout."

I was beginning in a tone of virtuous expostulation, when I found that an individual with a great beard was in the act of performing a profound salaam to *me*, with his face nearly into mine. I returned it promptly, though a little taken aback. Another salaam and I found my partner had been carried away! She was brought back though in a moment, and another man with a red face and a raw throat with his collar down had her off again, before I could look about me. By the way, when I was asking her to dance, I saw she was sitting with her chaperon. Two other fellows came up at the same moment.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

*AN ENGLISH VILLAGE:
THE OLD AND THE NEW.*

IT is one of the shrewd observations of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that the most beautiful scenery always lies in the transition between mountains and champaign country. Visitors to the Tyrol will endorse the truth of the observation, but it may receive illustration without leaving our own country. It cannot be more than sixty years ago that the railway between Hereford and Shrewsbury opened to travellers one of the fairest tracts of country in England. The line roughly indicates the ancient Welsh Marches. To the west are broken ranges of hills, the southernmost point of which is Brecon Beacon, the central group is that of the Church Stretton Hills. There is but one conspicuous height to the east of the railway—Titterstone, whose volcanic crest tops the low range of the Clee Hills. Midway between Hereford and Shrewsbury is Ludlow, the frontier fortress of the Welsh Marches, described by the Merry Monarch as the most beautiful city of his kingdom. From Ludlow eastwards lies a wide and fertile valley watered by the Teme, until the skyline is broken by the gentle slopes of the Malverns. The change from coaches to the railway system has had the effect of making this tract of country, where the three counties of Salop, Hereford, and Worcestershire meet, less known than it was fifty years ago; and beyond the general excellence of the roads, metalled by the Dhu stone of the Clee Hills, there is not much that will attract cyclist or motorist. To appreciate its characteristic beauties of stream, woodland, and pasture, one must live there, or better still, claim it as one's native place. So far this may be said to be all written in the chronicles of the guide-book; but the object of this paper is not to re-write Murray, but to take up the memories of more than forty years ago, and to observe the extraordinary changes which have taken place within living memory in a typical South Shropshire village, which shall be called Hopeton. Unchanged, unchanging in its natural features, its social life and conditions are not so much

transformed as extinct. But there are certain external alterations, brought about now by climatic changes, now by the inroad of a civilisation doubtfully so called, which would be noted by a sexagenarian who had not visited Hopeton since the days of his youth. He would find less timber, less water, fewer cottages, fewer footpaths. The timber has gone with the ancient race of squires, or disappeared with their successors in the desire to make something out of a bargain discovered to be imprudent. That stream which crossed the road at the entrance of the village surely challenged his boyish stride, but now the stepping-stones mock the brook which the Parish Council will soon enclose in a drain-pipe. The over-drainage which began in the fifties and went on through the sixties of the last century has served to rush the rainfall in a wasteful hurry from ditch and drain to brook and river. The very earth has no chance to drink. Again, the returning native will miss many a cottage roof, and many a broad path, bridle and foot, which he was wont to use without dread of trespass or barbed wire. The disappearance of cottage and pathway is closely linked, as cause and effect. Into the question of the depopulation of Arcady the present writer is not inquiring, but it is clear that those cottages went first which were outlying, reached only by the roughest cart-roads, and practically impassable in the winter months. With their demolition or disuse went first the road and then the pathway. Few sights are more pathetic than the ruins of some of these eighteenth-century cottages—the black oak beams and the plaster screened by a mass of untrimmed foliage, the garden plot still discernible in outline with its flotsam and jetsam of the past, a raspberry or gooseberry tree with diminutive fruitage—a laburnum flouting the desolation with its bright golden chains, a pansy here and there reverting to its mountain type.

With scarce less regret will he also note that the old hedgerows are largely of the past. They have gone down before an economical spirit of questionable wisdom. Something of space has been gained thereby for arable land, but the cattle in the fields have lost a desirable shelter, and bird life is threatened, for woodland is not the natural habitat of some of the farmer's best friends.

But such external changes are as nothing in significance compared with the revolution which fifty years have brought about in the social life of the village. It was then dominated, for better or for worse, by two personages ruling respectively in the secular and ecclesiastical spheres, the Squire and the Parson. Their rule, which to-day is sometimes harshly described as a tyranny, was often too autocratic to be wholesome, especially where one was a kinsman of the other, and

private jealousies were unexpressed because of joint selfish interests. As types, both have largely disappeared. The old Squire, with his long pedigree, choleric, susceptible as to his own rights, jealous of any form of intrusion, at times and seasons self-indulgent, was rarely without a sense of responsibility towards his little realm. He had those simple and true ideas about sport without which sport is indefensible. He would clean his own muzzle-loader, and tie his own flies. No weather would prevent his attendance at Sessions, or at the Board of Guardians, of which he was Chairman. He read his "Times," looked after his garden and stables, went to church of a Sunday morning, could quote a little Latin on occasions, mistrusted young Gladstone, regarded his annual visit to London as a *supplice*, would tolerate no smoking in the house, nor swearing before ladies ; was an early riser, and got to bed after three glasses of port when the clock struck eleven.

Such as he, living on from generation to generation in lands which were often called after their own names, became first conscious in the middle of the last century that landed property, which they fondly declared could never run away, had become as insecure as other possessions. The crash came somewhat later, and for the avoidance of bankruptcy, three courses were open to the luckless Squire : to cut down stables and gardens and to live in half or the quarter of his house ; to sell outright ; or to let the Court and live in a farmhouse, or in some seaside place where he would feel as much at home as a fish on a gravel path. Thus anyhow the place that knew him and his would know him no more. The estate at Hopeton was under four thousand acres, hence it did not attract the South African or American millionaire. It passed by sale to a stockbroker at the flood tide of his financial success. Entering into possession, he cleared out as rubbish everything in the Court except the tapestries and family pictures. The old Squire's ancestors looked down upon the lavish entertainments of the stockjobber and his London friends. Wholly ignorant of the country and its life, he made his way by sheer expenditure of money, received the Commission of the Peace, and finally was returned in triumph as Conservative Member for the Division of his county. But he never could be, and is not, the head man of the village.

There was about his predecessor a sense of responsibility towards his dependents, crude and inadequate, but hardly selfish, unless the realisation that he himself was a part of them could be so regarded. The *nouveau riche*, on the other hand, from the nature of things is like a foreign substance in the flesh. Generations must pass before

the sympathy can be restored not only between landlord and tenants, great and small, but between landlord and the land.

A correspondent change has been wrought in the ecclesiastical sphere. The tithe rent-charge reached its high-water mark in the early sixties. Hence the benefices under lay patronage offered a secure if not ample provision for the landowner's younger son or for the chaplain of some greater house. The picture of the Parson as spending all his time in the hunting field or in sharing the bacchanal orgies of the Court is for the most part ludicrously off the mark for the period.

As every squire was not a Sir Roger de Coverley, so every rector was not as he of Bemerton. It is a matter of grave doubt whether the country parson of to-day is more spiritually minded than he of fifty years ago, although he may be more religiously occupied. The withdrawal of the incentive of a "good" living may be so much to the good in regard to the candidature for Holy Orders, but the type of candidate has undoubtedly suffered in other directions from the same cause. There is a loss, if one may use a much abused term, of culture. The Rector of Hopeton, while he took a day occasionally with the hounds, was well read in English literature, and had never forgotten his French since he took the Grand Tour with his pupil, and Patron's son, the Duke of Bridgnorth. Of his three nearest neighbours, one, a recluse, was a botanist and geologist of repute, another a skilful musician, a third a scholar, lately a public schoolmaster, who employed much of his leisure in editing the *Georgics*, a commentary not yet to be neglected by the student.

The modern country parson, often without private means, marking from year to year a family increasing in inverse proportion to his professional income, has not the heart of grace to preserve such culture as may have been his. Often he is injudiciously transplanted from city life and so presents a parallel to him of the Court.

His past experiences are only of slight value in the new sphere. The parochial organisation which is a necessity in dealing with a population of eight thousand people is worse than superfluous in a country parish of three hundred souls. Often the only *rapproch* betwixt him and the country folk is the outcome of a common dislike to the occupants of the Court. The Parson's power is crippled at the schools, and his influence in the Parish Council is not rarely a negligible quantity. Fifty years ago the church never lacked a congregation, and the sermon was an opportunity, for it was the one and only avenue of religious teaching. Now, despite a surpliced

choir with pretentious performances distressing to a true musician, the building is only half filled, and five-sixths of the congregation are women. The situation is not much more hopeful for the cause of religion if one turns to Nonconformity. Fifty years ago, dissent in the village was more virile, more earnest. The tiny whitewashed building, as innocent of decoration within as without, drew together a little eager group of worshippers content to be led by the genuine enthusiasm of the local preacher. The secret of the success of Wesleyan Methodism was the measure of persecution which was, it must be confessed, sometimes its lot. The little chapel is gone, the building and its name. The services tend to be more and more a feeble imitation of those in the Parish Church, and the staring new red building holds less and less enthusiastic adherents than the old Chapel in the days when dissent was frowned upon or crushed.

One is inclined to think that the most significant change that has taken place in the social order of the village is seen in the Farmer. Fifty years ago money was made by farming in Hopeton, now it has first to be made, and then to be lost over it. Into the thorny question of the effect of Free Trade upon the agricultural interest the present writer is incompetent to enter. But it is an important factor in this issue to recollect the type of farmer by which modest fortunes were then made. In education, tastes, and sentiment he was then much nearer the labourer.

In his constant share with them of all but the roughest of their work, he appeared more as a friendly foreman or ganger. His sons passed their apprenticeship to agriculture under his eye, and no department of farm labour was unknown to them. His wife and daughters kept the house, made the butter and cheese, and looked after the remunerative department of the poultry yard. The weekly holiday was market day. A rough cart, not always with springs, conveyed the farmer and his wife to Ludlow, or one of the neighbouring towns. It was not beneath her dignity to take her place with butter and eggs under the shelter of the Poultry Cross and to do her bargaining *coram populo*. His day was more one of pleasure than of business, except on fair days, and it must be admitted that the coarser specimens of his class seldom drove home quite as straightly as on the outward journey. They were not drunk, however, at the end of the day, but only "market peart," a distinction sometimes too fine for acceptance at the Petty Sessions. This kind of farmer, with his simplicity and *bonhomie*, his occasional coarseness and brutality, is no more. A few of the fittest survive, farming out of love for the

pursuit rather than from any profit to be got out of it, living mainly upon a capital made by their forebears in more prosperous times. But for the most part the smaller farms have been thrown into larger holdings, and the farmer in Hopeton is no longer an independent person, but merely the agent or bailiff of the landowner. This brings about a complete change in his own position; he no longer pays rent to his landlord, but is his salaried servant, and while the extent of acreage which he superintends is doubled or trebled, his relation to the labourers has ceased to be a personal one. He will not, as his predecessor, work with them, he was not engaged for that; but he has to see that they work, and hence, in so far as its social life is concerned, "*Latifundia perdidere Arcadium.*"

Those unacquainted with village life fifty years ago would probably think that Squire, Parson, and labourer made an exhaustive classification of its little society. The error is excusable enough because there has disappeared from such a village as Hopeton a characteristic element difficult to classify. Socially it mediated between farmer and agricultural labourer. Its constituent personalities were:—

The Village Publican;
The Blacksmith;
The Wheelwright;
The Shoemaker;
The Tailor.

Add to these a small but significant group earning higher wages than the unskilled labourer, at least for parts of the year. These were specialists, and so distinctive was their peculiar craft that surnames were commonly dropped out when they were referred to, as, John the Hedger, William the Thatcher, Thomas the Mole and Rat-catcher, Ben the Sawyer. The services of such men would often be enlisted by the day in an area far wider than that of Hopeton. Given that they were sober and industrious, these looked to taking later in life some small holding of a hundred acres, and so passed upwards into the farming class.

The village inn at Hopeton, remote as it was from the coach-road between Worcester and Ludlow, could never have paid its way through any profits from the casual traveller. Late in the old Squire's day, when he looked this way and that to avert the imminent disaster to his fortunes, the attempt was made to turn the public-house into a fishing resort, but the accommodation was rough, and the fishing, good as it was, only availed for two-and-a-half miles of water, and the experiment failed. But the publican worked in

with his house a small holding of some sixty acres, and if he did not make money, yet was saved from the degradation of entire concentration of interest upon the bar parlour. Thither, of course, resorted the baser sort, of evenings. But the submerged of Hopeton was rather a fortieth than a tenth, and the inn was saved from disrepute not so much by the vigilance of the village constable, himself no infrequent customer, but by an occasional remonstrance from the Court.

The village shop disappeared about a quarter of a century ago. The nominal owner was also the Constable. Hanging up at the entrance, "wisely kept for show," were his badges of office, truncheon and a glittering pair of handcuffs, for, fifty years ago, such a personage was as innocent of uniform as the village postman. The actual manager was his wife, whose bland ways, combined with an ever open eye to the main chance, helped to lay the foundation of that modest fortune which is still increasing in her grandson's business as a grocer in Ludlow. Since village shops still flourish elsewhere they need no further description. But improved communication with adjacent towns, increased postal facilities, the bicycle, and hereafter the motor-car, are everywhere sealing the fate of the village Whiteley. His curious little emporium is now rarely met with except at a distance of six or seven miles from the nearest town. In Hopeton the smithy and the wheelwright's shop were of purpose set side by side. Each craft supplemented the other, and if each mechanic was skilful their joint trade would extend to other villages. But, normally, each village was self-sufficing for the purpose of both trades. Now, since there is less and less arable land, fewer horses are kept and shoeing has dwindled to a vanishing point. The like causes have diminished the wheelwright's business. The few orders that the farmer has to place for cart or plough are now given to some distant implement maker, and the two most characteristic trades of the village are rapidly disappearing.

Still earlier, quite fifty years ago, vanished the business alike of tailor, shoemaker, and village dressmaker. The villagers were content with the clothes and boots supplied, for what was lacking in fashion was made up in serviceable wear. Every year a not inconsiderable account for repairs was delivered to the Court and the Rectory. But the vast increase and use of ready-made goods in these trades was the prelude to their disappearance in the village, and, if one may hazard the prophecy, promises their extinction within measurable distance in the neighbouring towns.

The loss of such trades to the village is not to be measured by

finance; it is a loss of energy and of life. The very sights and sounds which such trades presented and made were symbols of vitality. The ringing of the anvil, the not less musical sound of the saw, the low thud from the shoemaker's shop, even the pale tailor's face "through his low window seen," struck ear and eye as expressive of life. And the life was largely corporate. One need not be a student of Sir Henry Maine to perceive in the conditions of that now distant past a real village community, its features now and again obliterated by petty tyrannies and selfishness, yet preserving a sense of mutual obligations and responsibilities. The personal element was strenuous; each knew, if he did not always regard, his duty to his neighbour. The social life of the village, from its apex in the Squire to its base in the labouring class, was coherent, and mainly strong.

But it may be asked, Is not this picture idyllic? And the graver challenge may be put, Was not this social structure, after all, rotten at the base? Certainly the example and teaching of Kingsley and Girdlestone, and the more truculent denunciations of Joseph Arch, could not have won so many disciples if the position of the rural labourer fifty years ago was all that could be desired. When the rule of the Squire was a harsh despotism, the farmer often followed suit, and the face of the poor man was ground down, and he suffered here and there in a piteous silence from low wages, insanitary conditions of living, and deficient education. The present writer trusts, however, that he is not an indiscriminate *laudator temporis acti* if he regards the nemesis which has fallen upon the landowners as ill deserved by the larger proportion of their class.

The stars in their courses have fought against them, and the storm has beaten upon the just as upon the unjust, upon those who lived and cared for their people, upon those who lived and cared only for sport and self-indulgence. So, if the mission of Joseph Arch had extended to South Shropshire, one village might have given him an eager attention, in another his denunciations would have passed unheeded. All would depend upon the twin ruling powers, the Squire and the Parson, in a less degree upon the Farmer; all would depend upon the personal influence which had been brought to bear upon the labourer and his condition by those responsible for him and for it.

That which has gone from the village is social life. Those who brought into being County Councils and Parish Councils no doubt intended its restoration by such means. They desired to galvanise

these communities into a fresh and conscious existence. But the batteries are now too weak and now unsuitable. You cannot do by committees the work that can often be accomplished by personal sympathy and private effort. If you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament, still less can you make them mutually considerate, kindly helpful each to the other. If the crux of the present distress lies in the position of the agricultural labourer, he too is disappearing. In Hopeton he is as one to six fifty years ago. Unskilled, past middle life, indifferent, apathetic, he is not even a Radical. His sons will have none of his life, or its conditions. They will not be recalled to the country by technical schools, still less by the artificial introduction of recreations and amusements. Slowly but surely the exodus goes on, not to the neighbouring towns—where, however, a cheap bicycle has introduced them to something of life and its movement—but to the great and nowhere inaccessible centres of trade and manufacture, so that the place that knew them as boys knows them no more.

Is there any chance for the restoration of the life of the village, upon which still largely rests the well-being of the nation? The answer may seem academical, and the solution visionary, but there seems no other remedy than the impress of high and noble character upon the common life of the village. Money is of course a factor in any possible change for the better, but this is not wanting where new men have entered into the possession of old acres. If a sixth part of the sum spent annually at Goodwood and Epsom, at Cowes and Monte Carlo, were set apart deliberately for restoration and advancement of the social life of the village; if the patronage of the benefice should be so exercised that the Parson should be a man as well as a priest; if tenants were chosen with a consideration for character as well as for solvency—then, but not without the long process of the years, the life of the village might quicken again, and the cry of “back to the land” find a responsive echo in the heart of many a worn toiler in the city. But it is character, and character alone, in the powers that be, that can bring about a consummation for which every true lover of our country ardently yearns.

B. WHITEFOORD

CHARING CROSS AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART IV.

CRAVEN STREET.

THE Rate-books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields reveal the fact of Craven Street having been known, until 1742, as Spur Alley. The old "Globe" tavern, a favourite meeting-place for the parishioners and vestries of the parishes of Westminster for the regulation of parish affairs, appears to have stood at the corner of Craven Street, Strand, part of the site being now occupied by the Craven Hotel, 44 and 46 Craven Street.¹ It was evidently next door to this "Globe" that a Mr. Campbell established the banking business which was afterwards known by the style of Campbell and Coutts. This was in 1692; but when the New Exchange was pulled down in 1737 the business appears to have been removed to the premises so long occupied in the Strand up to the year 1904; the house on the south side of the Strand was erected by Mr. Middleton, who also, I believe, became a partner in the earlier history of the firm of Coutts & Co.

The "Globe" was not behind the other Charing Cross taverns in being a recognised "show" resort. A most remarkable character exhibited his prowess here. This was the "Lithophagus," or Stone-eater, an eccentric being who actually cracked flints between his teeth like nuts, and then gnawed, crunched, and reduced them to the smallest pieces. By striking him on the stomach, the stones would resound as in a sack. Such stones as marbles, pebbles, &c., which he was able to reduce to powder, he made up into a paste which was to him a most agreeable food. This is, perhaps, the less surprising part of his performance, since earth or clay-eating is known to be a depraved taste among the Javanese, Sumatrans, and the Indians of Venezuela. The gullet of the "Globe" lithophagus was very large, his teeth extremely strong, his saliva very corrosive,

¹ See *Lysons's Collectanea*.

and his stomach lower than the ordinary human stomach. This was an accomplishment which appears to have been, beyond doubt, a scientific fact. It is described by Father Paulin in the "Dictionnaire Physique," and Mr. Charles Boyle speaks of a private soldier very famous for digesting stones.¹ J. O'Keefe, the Irish dramatist, wrote "The Stone-eater's Song":

Make room for a jolly Stone-eater,
 For stones of all kinds I can crunch,
 A nice bit of Marble is sweeter
 To me than a Turtle or Haunch.
 A street that's well-paved is my larder—
 A Stone you will say is hard meat,
 But, neighbours, I think 'tis much harder,
 Where I can get nothing to eat!
Chorus:—With my crackledy mash, ha! ha!
 And a jolly Stone-eater am I.

London Bridge shall serve for a luncheon—
 Don't fear—I won't make it a job:
 The Monument next I will munch on,
 For fear it should fall on my nob;
 Ye Strand folks, as I am a sinner,
 Two nuisances I will eat up;
 Temple Bar will make me a good dinner,
 And then on St. Clement's I'll sup.

I think, if my mind does not alter,
 The Spaniards some trouble I'll save:
 I'll eat up the Rock of Gibraltar,
 And still if my stomach should crave,
 I'll eat up Pitt's diamond at Paris,
 I'm told 'tis the rarest of stones—
 If Monsieur inclin'd then for war is,
 At Cherbourg I'll eat up the Cones.

The Ostrich, Sir, I can beat hollow,
 Though smartly he gobbles horse shoes!
 So, cut out in stone, and I'll swallow
 An Ostrich for Michaelmas Goose!
 Though with Stones I came here to be treated,
 Whilst Liberty Britons enjoy,
 The Rock where the Goddess is seated
 May no Stone-eater ever destroy.

With my crackledy mash, ha! ha!
 And a jolly Stone-eater am I.²

In 1767 a number of subalterns of the army and mariners on half-pay assembled at the "Globe" tavern in the Strand, and deputed

¹ See the *London Evening Post*, March 27, 1788, and print by Hollar, 1641.

² *The Morning Herald*, Aug. 7, 1788.

Lieutenant Carroll to wait on the Marquis of Granby and General Conway to return thanks for their gracious reception of the application for an augmentation of their allowances.¹

A Mr. Eaton, a Leicestershire gentleman staying at the "Globe" on the business of the Ashby-de-la-Zouch canal, was attacked by a gang of ruffians in Panton Street, Haymarket, and robbed, and beaten so terribly that he died before he could be conveyed to his lodging.²

The only mention of a landlord connected with the "Globe" that I have encountered is that of George Pack, the actor. He appeared on the stage when very young, as a singer, having received his instruction from Richard Leveridge. He left in the meridian of life to keep the "Globe" tavern at Charing Cross.³

In Craven Street lived Mr. Denis O'Brien, who wrote in the "Morning Post" the impassioned appeal in behalf of his distressed friend, Sheridan, then upon his death-bed, ending with "Life and succour against Westminster Abbey and a splendid funeral." O'Brien held a colonial appointment, and was employed in secret political service; but fell into the common fate of secret service men, and was, at length, deserted by the party whom he had actively served he died in great distress.⁴

An incident associated with Craven Street was a remarkable marriage which Horace Walpole mentions in a letter to George Montague, of the 3rd of September, 1748. A handsome fellow named Tracy was walking in the park and overtook three girls. Having some of his acquaintance with him, they followed them. The girls, however, ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed them to Whitehall Gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him: and after much disputing went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, that of a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the park; but before night he wrote four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a year to her, and a hundred a year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 18, 1767.

² *Ibid.* May 15, 1793.

³ *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vol. v. p. 235.

⁴ *The Romance of London*, by John Timbs, F.S.A.

her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Ay," says she, "but if I should, and should lose him by it." However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing, she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when with a chosen committee the faithful pair waited on the minister of Mayfair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king, but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did. "The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace."¹

When the "Globe" became the "Craven," it shared with the "Standard," in Leicester Fields, the distinction of being the only tavern remaining in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields which could boast of a large room capacious enough for parochial and election feasts. This was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Duke of Northumberland was accustomed annually to entertain munificently at the "Craven" his fellow parishioners—the fat bucks of Chevy forming, no doubt, part of the feast, since venison was the chief article in the *menu*. "Buck" was a cant name for a club or society about the period alluded to. Hence the "Craven" was perhaps somewhat appropriately a meeting-place for the festivities held there by the "Senior Bucks' Lodge," whatever that might have been.² Such Lodges are described as spurious offshoots of the freemasons. Ten years later we read that "the famous and noble Order of Bucks held its meetings at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, but formerly they were held at the

¹ Jesse's *Memorials of London*, Nimmo, 1901.

² A "buck" was also a cant name for a "cuckold." See Bailey's *English Dialect Words of the 18th Century*. "BUCKS. To be sold a compleat Regalia, and other useful and ornamental Appendages of a Bucks' Lodge, in perfect Condition, which may be viewed from the Hours of Ten till One on Tuesday next, the 7th inst., by applying at the Pewter Platter, in Charles Street, Hatton Garden, where any Person wishing to become a Purchaser is requested to leave a Proposal in Writing, with Name and Address, and the Committee appointed to dispose thereof will send an Answer thereto."—*Daily Advertiser*, Jan. 4, 1794.

' Sun ' in Monkwell Street." Increasing, however, in numbers and respectability, the order removed nearer the court, "for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry of which it is composed."¹

The "Craven Arms," No. 3 Craven Court, Craven Street, Strand, was formerly the "Ship and Shovel," a change to be regretted, since the latter sign was, without doubt, reminiscent of the thirsty stevedores who took out the ballast, coal, or corn from the barges at the wharves in this part of the Thames, which received sea-borne coal, before the introduction of railways. We find the baker's "Peel" employed as a sign in a similar way.

No. 7 Craven Street has a mural tablet outside, informing the passer-by that the great Benjamin Franklin lived there, when he represented the American colonists. The house is further remarkable for having been the place of meeting for the "Society for the Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts." This charitable effort had its origin in the well-meant endeavours of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, who, himself, was hanged at Charing Cross for a forgery by which he hoped to escape the responsibility for *large* debts.

Grinling Gibbons, the producer of so many exquisite examples of the wood-carver's art, is said to have been born in this street about the middle of the 17th century, when the thoroughfare was known as Spur Alley ; but if a statement of his sister's, among the Ashmole MSS., be more worthy of acceptance, he was born at Rotterdam. Here also dwelt the Rev. Mr. Hackman, the infatuated lover who shot Miss Reay. The story is, perhaps, not so well known as to be unworthy of repetition. "It was on the evening of the 7th of April, 1779, that a handsome well-dressed woman was seen to be about to enter her coach on emerging from Covent Garden Theatre. As she was doing so a young man in the garb of a clergyman moved abruptly towards her, fired a pistol at her head, so receiving the bullet that she fell dead on the spot. Another report showed that he had turned another on himself with suicidal intent, but without fatal effect, upon which he proceeded to beat his brains out with the butt-end, as if eager to deprive himself of life. But he was secured, and, bespattered with his own blood and with that of his victim, he was immediately carried before a magistrate. The dead body was taken to a neighbouring tavern to await a coroner's inquest.

"No more romantic story broke the dull tenor of English aristocratic life in the eighteenth century. The lady was Miss Reay, well known as the mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, an elderly statesman of great ability, who conducted the whole of the naval

¹ *Tavern Anecdotes*, by Christopher Brown, 1825, p. 109.

affairs of England during the war with the American colonies. Miss Reay was of humble origin, but possessed beauty, intelligence, and an amiable character. She had borne four children to the Earl, who treated her with the greatest tenderness and affection.

“ Rather more than three years before the above date, a young military officer named Hackman, in quarters at Huntingdon, was, in the course of an ordinary hospitality, invited by Lord Sandwich to Hitchinbroke, his lordship's country residence. Though the time was little more than a century before our own, it was different in some of the essentials of good taste, if not of morals; and we learn with some little surprise that this distinguished statesman had Miss Reay established as the mistress of his house, for the reception of such society as visited him. The young man, who was of an enthusiastic temperament, fell violently in love with Miss Reay, and sought to win her affections with a view to matrimony. The poor girl, who had the grace to wish she was not what she was, opened her heart to his addresses. They corresponded, they met; the young man was permitted to believe that the most cherished hope of his heart would be realised. To fit himself the better to maintain her as his wife, he studied for holy orders, and actually entered upon a curacy (Wiveton, in Norfolk). Miss Reay's situation became always more and more embarrassing, as the number of her children increased. Well disposed to Hackman, she was yet bound by strong ties of gratitude to Lord Sandwich. In short, she could not summon sufficient moral courage to break through her bondage. She seems to have striven to temper the violent transports of her lover, but his was not a constitution to bear with such a disappointment. His letters, afterwards published, fully show how his love for this unfortunate woman fixed itself as a morbid idea in his mind. For some weeks before the fatal day, he dwells in his letters on suicide, and cases of madmen who murdered the objects of their affections. The story of Chatterton seems to have had a fascination for him. He tells a friend, on March 20, that he did not believe he could exist without Miss Reay. He then, and for some time further, appears to have contemplated only his own death as the inevitable consequence of his blighted passion. On the morning of April 7 he was employed in reading Blair's ‘Sermons,’ but afterwards, having traced Miss Reay to the theatre, he went back to his lodging for a brace of pistols, which he employed in the manner described.

“ The wretchedness of the unhappy man during the few days left to him on earth was extreme. He woke to a just view of his

atrocious act, but only to condemn himself, and the more eagerly to long for death. After his condemnation, the following note reached him :

“ April 17, 1779.

“ ‘To Mr. Hackman, in Newgate.—If the murderer of Miss Hackman wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.’

“ His answer was :

“ ‘Condemned Cell, Newgate, April 17, 1779.

“ ‘The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred to life, suspects the hand from which he has such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has : could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured? Oh, my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear infants !

J. H.’

“ Two days after this date Hackman expiated his offence at Tyburn.

“ The surviving children of Miss Reay were well educated by their father ; and the fourth, under the name of Basil Montagu, attained the rank of Queen’s Counsel, and distinguished himself by a ‘*Life of Bacon*,’ and other works.”¹

At No. 27 Craven Street, now, I think, a private hotel, lived and died James Smith, Solicitor to the Ordnance, and one of the authors of the “*Rejected Addresses*.” Not that he lived here always, however, for he was born in the house of his father in Basinghall Street, No. 26, and afterwards lived at No. 18 Broad Street, Austin Friars, where an amusing incident happened in which he was concerned. A second James Smith came to the place after he had been for many years a resident, producing so much confusion to both that the last comer waited on the author and suggested, to prevent future inconvenience, that one or other had better leave, hinting at the same time that he should like to stay. “No,” said the wit, “I am James the First ; you are James the Second ; you must abdicate.” And as James the First he was

¹ “The correspondence of Hackman with Miss Reay was published by Mr. Herbert Croft, under the appropriate title of *Love and Madness*. The book has become extremely rare, but the bulk of the letters are reprinted in a collection of *Criminal Trials*, 6 vols., Knight and Lacy, 1829.” *Chambers’s Book of Days*, i. 486-7.

appropriately buried in the royal parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, having died at his Craven Street residence in 1839, on December 24, The part-author of the "Rejected Addresses" was not the only lawyer who dwelt in this street, for many others found it conveniently in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall, before the new Palace of Justice was built at Temple Bar, a circumstance which provoked the following *jeux d'esprit* :

" In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base ;
Fly, Honesty, fly ! seek some safer retreat,
For there's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street." ¹

which elicited :

" Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges, 'od rot 'em ?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom." ²

Sir Joshua Reynolds enters in his "Note Book," January 22, 1761, an engagement with "Akenside, Craven Street." ³

During the rage for mineral waters, those of the West Ashton Mineral Well, near Trowbridge in Wilts, discovered in the year 1731, were to be had of the sole vendor in London, Daniel Gach, druggist, at the "King's Arms" against Craven Street in the Strand : "By drinking and washing with this Water, more than 100 persons have been already cured of Wounds, from one to upwards of twenty years standing, of Scorbutical Eruptions, of sore Eyes, sore Breasts, the Leprosy, and the King's Evil.

" N.B.—Lodgings may be had at the same Place, and in the town of Trowbridge, within one Mile and a half Distance.

" The water is also sold in Bristol by Mr. Grip, Printer ; in Salisbury, by Mr. Carent and Mr. Light ; in Bath, by Mr. Horton, Apothecary, near the Abbey. No other correspondence is yet settled." ⁴

VILLIERS STREET.

It is well known that George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley (about four houses down Villiers Street, on the left, going from the Strand), and Buckingham Street, preserve every word in the name and title of George Villiers, the second and last Duke of Buckingham, whose death is recorded in a brief entry in the

¹ James Smith, *Comic Miscellanies*, 1841, vol. ii. p. 171.

² Sir George Rose.

³ Wheatley's *Cunningham*.

⁴ *London Evening Post*, May 10, 1733.

parish register of Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, as having occurred on April 17, 1687: "George Vilaus, lord dooke of bookingham." If this be correct, Cunningham is wrong in giving the year in the index to his "London" as 1688. James I. conferred a part of the lordship of Kirby Moorside upon his favourite "Steenie," the first Duke. These streets occupy the site of York House, a palace of the Archbishop of York, of which a relic survives in Inigo Jones's beautiful Water-gate at the bottom of Buckingham Street,¹ and in the street name of York Buildings. Elmes, in his "Topographical Dictionary of London," is in error when he says that it was *John*, Duke of Buckingham, who gave its name to John Street, Adelphi, for this street was named after John, one of the Adelphi or "brothers" Adam, the eminent architects, a fact, one would have thought, of which a fellow architect would have been cognisant. Evelyn notes in his "Memoirs" how he "took a house in Villiers Streete, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concernes to dispatch, and for the Education of my daughters."² The street was built about the year 1674. Sir Richard Steele lived here from 1721 to 1724. "In 1725," says Cunningham, "I find, in the rate-books of St. Martin's, the word 'gone' against his name." He died in Wales in 1729.³ One of Steele's unfortunate enterprises was associated with this part of London. Here, in York Buildings, he fitted up a sort of nursery for the stage. On one occasion he gave to some two hundred guests a sumptuous entertainment, with dramatic recitations. Addison assisted, and wrote an epilogue for the occasion, in which occur these lines of quiet humour:

"The sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, but not his own."

And here Steele was outwitted by his stage-carpenter refusing to drive another nail until he was paid; when the essayist said his friend's elocution was perfect, though he didn't like his subject much.⁴ In St. Martin's Library is a water-colour drawing of the shops of Richardson, the celebrated printseller, then at the N.W. corner of Villiers Street, No. 31 Strand, now part of the forecourt of Charing Cross Railway Station.

There seems to have been a street between Villiers Street and Buckingham Street, known as Charles Court, which Elmes, in his

¹ The motto of the Villierses, *Fidei cotricula Crux*, which is still that, I believe, of the Earls of Jersey and Clarendon, could be seen, and possibly can still be seen, on the side of the gate which faces the street.

² Vol. i. p. 530 (November 17, 1683). ³ *London Past and Present*, 1850.

⁴ Timbs's *Romance of London*.

"Topographical Dictionary," describes as being the fifth turning from Charing Cross, counting apparently from Northumberland Street. It is mentioned in the "General Evening Post" as the "next turning to Villiers Street,"¹ and in the "Stranger's Guide to London" it is said to be "by Hungerford Market. Heere is a Plying place for Watermen."² The latter gives a Brewer's Yard in the Strand. Perhaps this is identical with a narrow entrance-way on the west side of the railway forecourt, which is now known as Brewer's Lane. This Brewer's Lane as well as Green's Lane, "near Hungerford Market," may have derived their names from the circumstance of John *Green*, of Westminster, *brewer*, having been with three others the purchasers of York House, the site of which they, about the year 1672, converted into the present George, Duke, Villiers, and Buckingham Streets.³ There was a "Clark's Coffee-house" in Villiers Street, in York Buildings.⁴

The Music Room in Villiers Street, perhaps the same with the "Great Room" and the "Duke's Theatre" mentioned further as in York Buildings, was almost as celebrated in its day as the Hanover Square Rooms at a later period. Among Aaron Hill's "Miscellanies,"⁵ is "A Prologue for the third night of *Zara*, when first played at the Great Musick Room in Villars Street, York Buildings," 1735. About three years previous to Mr. Garrick's appearing at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, he performed Chamont in the "Tragedy of the Orphan," at a small house called the Duke's Theatre in Villars Street, which was situated within a few doors of the bottom of the street, on the right-hand side. The play was got up by the scholars of Eton College. The ladies who were present at Garrick's professional *début* were so fascinated by his splendid powers that they offered him their purses and trinkets from the boxes.⁶

Edmund Kean, the tragedian, was uncertain in his temper, and the associates of his lower carousals were always doubtful whether he would be offended or pleased with their familiarity. Higman, a bass-singer and an acquaintance of Kean's, took a public-house in Villiers Street, Strand, and changed the sign to "Richard the Third." This house was much frequented at one time by the tragedian, who on several occasions noticed the presence of one Fuller, a ventriloquist and mimic. Kean was told that Fuller imitated him, among others, admirably, but the mimic—bearing in mind probably the story of Henderson and Garrick—always omitted the actor's portraiture when he saw the great original present. One

¹ September, 1796.² 1721.³ Cunningham's *London*.⁴ *Daily Post*, February, 1726.⁵ Vol. iv. p. 106.⁶ Wheatley's *London*.

evening, however, Kean came into the room after Fuller had begun his imitations, which were announced in a sort of concert-bill, to be of Matthews, Emery, Knight, Bannister, Young, Kemble and Kean ! The tragedian took his seat, and Fuller proceeded ; Kean tapping the table ever and anon in token of approbation. Fuller paused before he attempted the last imitation, but Kean looked approval, and he essayed. Before, however, Fuller had enunciated five lines, Kean threw a glass of wine in his face, and a scuffle ensued, in the course of which Kean said that if he thought he was such a wretch as Fuller depicted he would hang himself.¹

Judging by the position of the famous Water-gate at the bottom, Buckingham Street may be said to occupy the centre of the site of York House where Lord Chancellor Bacon, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, was born in 1560-1.² Being in the garden one day watching the peter-boat men casting their net, as they did often very successfully in those days, he asked them what they would take for their draught. "They answered so much : his Lordship would offer them no more but so much. They drew up their nett, and in it were only two or three little fishes ; his Lordship then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught, but, said his Lordship, ' Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.'"³ Samuel Pepys, the diarist, lived in this street, though the house has since been rebuilt, and is now numbered 14, the last on the west side, overlooking both the Thames and "the most perfect gem of architecture in London." Opposite Pepys's house, "in a large house at the bottom of York Buildings," lodged Peter the Great, during his famous sojourn in this country, and here he used to spend his evenings with his *cicerone* Lord Carmarthen, drinking undiluted (so it is said) hot brandy with pepper in it. Hence, too, the Czar, in accordance with his aquatic instincts, was fond of travelling by the river. Readers of Smollett's "Roderick Random" will be interested to know that the Water-Gate Lodge was tenanted by the Hugh Hewson who was the original of Hugh Strap, the simple, generous, and faithful friend of the ingrate hero, Random. Hewson, for forty years, kept a hair-dresser's shop in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was fond of pointing out to his customers and acquaintances scenes in "Roderick Random" which had their origin, not in the author's fancy, but in actual truth.

¹ Diprose's *Book of the Stage*.

² A fragment of the old palace is said to be still standing at No. 15, the lower portion of which is the office of the Charity Organisation Society.

³ *Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 224.

Hewson left an undated copy of "Roderick Random," showing how far he was indebted to the genius of the Doctor, and to what extent the incidents are founded in reality. Hewson died in 1809. In Gilchrist's "Life of Etty" the painter, we are told that the artist's rooms looked on to a terrace (Etty's house having been No. 14 in Buckingham Street, formerly Pepys's), with a small cottage at one end, and that the keeper was a man named Hewson, supposed to be the original Strap of "Roderick Random." At No. 14 Etty dwelt from 1824 till within a few months of his death in 1849. He first took the ground floor (afterwards occupied by Mr. Stanfield), then the top floor: the special object of his ambition being to watch sunsets over the river, which he loved with a love like Turner's, who frequently said, "There is finer scenery on its banks than on those of any river in Italy." Its ebb and flow, Etty used to say, was like life, and "the view from Lambeth to the Abbey not unlike Venice." In those riverside rooms artists of two generations have assembled, Fuseli, Flaxman, Holland, Constable, and Hilton—then Turner, Maclise, Dyce, Herbert, and all the newer men.¹

It was also for the sake of chambers commanding a view of the river that David Copperfield and his aunt came and dwelt in this street. They were at the top of the house, "very near the fire-escape, with a half-blind entry, and a stone-blind pantry." Two of the most interesting features in the street are the two doorways forming the entrances to two houses now numbered 17 and 18, on the east side, near the lower or river end. No. 17 is said to have been a house built for one of the Duchesses of Newcastle. On the first floor is a good deal of panelling, a carved fireplace in the front room, and a boudoir or closet leading out of the smaller room at the back. No. 18 used to be and perhaps is still—as is the case with most houses in this street—used as offices, and has a much more elaborate doorway, with a flat coffered hood, supported on two carved brackets of excellent design. Many of the mouldings and some of the carving have been destroyed and obliterated by successive coats of paint. There is some bold ironwork on each side of the doorway, and good cast terminals to the railings. No. 19, next door, has a lamp bracket, but is not otherwise noteworthy.²

No. 22 Buckingham Street was the house of Power, the publisher of the "Irish Melodies," to whom Moore wrote so many letters.³

¹ Gilchrist's *Life of Etty*, vol. i. p. 221. See also Thornbury's *Haunted London*.

² Roland Paul's *Vanishing London*, plate vii.

³ Wheatley's *London*.

Humphrey Wanley, who formed a catalogue of Saxon manuscripts for Dr. Hickes's "Thesaurus of the Northern Languages," wrote from his lodgings over against the "Blew Posts" in Duke Street, York Buildings, to Sir Hans Sloane, May 6, 1707.

It is not generally known that the great Napoleon Bonaparte lodged in a house in George Street, a thoroughfare preserving the Duke's Christian name, which extends from Duke Street to the Embankment. Old Mr. Matthews the bookseller, of the Strand, used to relate that he remembered the Corsican ogre residing here for five weeks in 1791 or 1792, and that he occasionally took his cup of chocolate at the Northumberland Coffee-house, opposite Northumberland House; that he there read much, and preserved a provoking taciturnity towards the frequenters of the coffee-room; though his manner was stern, his deportment was that of a gentleman. Near his lodgings in the Adelphi was a place much resorted to by another ruler of France, Louis Philippe, who, between 1848 and 1850, was a frequent visitor at the Lowther Bazaar in the Strand.¹

We are left in uncertainty as to where the Long Room in York Buildings was, since "York Buildings" was a general name for the streets and houses erected on the site of York House, but it was perhaps identical with what was known as the Duke's Theatre in Villiers Street, York Buildings (see "Villiers Street"). A benefit was given at the "Great Room," as it was then called, in York Buildings for "Mr. Gordon"—probably the professor of music at Gresham College of that name, who died in 1739. "On Monday next will be perform'd, a Consort [*sic*] of Vocal and Instrumental Music. The first Violin by Mr. Dubourg, who will likewise perform several Solo's and Sonato's. Tickets to be had at the British and Smirna Coffee-houses, and at the door, at half-a-guinea each."² Matthew Dubourg, the violinist and soloist referred to, was an eminent pupil of Geminiani, having led the violins for Handel when in Dublin. One night, having a solo part in a song, and a close to make *ad libitum*, he wandered about a great while, and seemed a little bewildered and uncertain of his *original* key; but at length coming to the shake which was to terminate this long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience and augmentation of applause, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote part of the theatre, "Won't you come home, Mr. Dubourg?" or rather, to give the exact

¹ *The Romance of London.*

² This was in 1721. See a collection of material relating to the Signs of London and the Home Counties, in the Library of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, No. 132.

been pointed to of a cross—a wooden cross, it is said—having stood here before that erected to the memory of Queen Eleanor, and it is reasonable to assume that the tavern depicted in early engravings was, from its associations, distinguished by the sign of the Golden Cross. The old inn figures prominently in Canaletti's well-known view of Charing Cross in the Northumberland Collection; but it was pulled down when the Trafalgar Square improvements took place in 1830. The purchase of the inn at the time of these improvements was by far the largest that the Commissioners had to make. It was concluded on December 28, 1827, when the extensive premises, with three houses in St. Martin's Lane and two houses and workshops in Frontier Court, were bought of George Howard and others for the sum of £30,000. The "Golden Cross" was the "Bull and Mouth" of the west, and one of the most extensive coaching centres in England, whose fame, as a writer in the year 1815 remarks, had spread from the Pillars of Hercules to the Ganges, from Nova Zembla to New Zealand, and from Siam to California.¹ It may, of course, have escaped one's notice, but in the course of a comprehensive study of the mid-eighteenth century news-sheets I do not remember having encountered an advertisement that related to coaches *regularly* departing from the "Golden Cross." A Chaise and Pair for Portsmouth is announced which "will set out on Monday next, or *if requir'd*, a Coach and four Horses, either on Monday or Tuesday next."² In cases where they were needed only occasionally, notice was probably given to the drivers of coaches that started from the older-established coaching centres citywards.

Mr. G. Boulton of Leatherhead, described as a man of powerful understanding and considerable acquirements, and of a very kindly, hospitable disposition, was proprietor of the "Golden Cross" at the beginning of the last century. His advertisements are of interest as showing the time occupied in the journey, and the rates to which travellers were subject. The proprietors, Messrs. Tilt, Hicks, Baulcomb, Boulton, and Co., of the Coach from Lewes to London and from London to Lewes, "respectfully inform the public that their fares, either way, are : inside 13s. 0d., outside 8s. 6d. And that they set out from the Star and White Hart Inns, Lewes, every Morning, precisely at half-past eight, and arrive at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, at six in the evening; which is to the full as early

¹ *The Epicure's Almanack*, 1815, a curious and valuable guide to the hostels of that time.

² *Daily Advertiser*, March 27, 1742.

King Charles, I think, must sorrow sore,
E'en were he made of stone,
When left by all his friends of yore
(Like Tom Moore's rose) alone.

O ! London won't be London long,
For 'twill be all pulled down ;
And I shall sing a funeral song
O'er that time-honoured town.

In the days when this breathing-space for Londoners had to cater for the appetites of those whom an enthusiasm for "taking the air" had brought so far west, the tavern-keepers in the neighbourhood were, no doubt, alive to the opportunity afforded for *victualling* as well as drinking. And although the Malt Duty may have been, as indeed Ned Ward says it was, nowhere better promoted than in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, yet the taverners were actually licensed victuallers in those days, and it is not impossible that the Carrier, in "King Henry IV.," had the "Golden Cross" in his mind's eye when he recalled a certain duty he had to perform of delivering "a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger at Charing Cross."¹ And, like the other surrounding pleasure resorts, it was at a later time an attractive spot for those who were bitten with the "Monster" and curiosity mania. In January 1742 was to be seen at the "Golden Cross" an exhibition testifying to the influence of Dean Swift's works upon the popular imagination. Dr. Johnson thought that, in "Gulliver's Travels," "that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhnms,"² but fifteen years after that strange production's appearance, visitors to the "Golden Cross" were delighting in "the Houyhnhnm, or the most beautiful Harlequin Mare, foal'd on the Mountains in Wales, whose spots by far exceeded the Leopard, and, for its excellency in Make and Shape, is the greatest Curiosity of its Kind in the whole World."³

"To be Seen at the Sign of the Golden Cross. The Great Rhinoceros or real Unicorn, that was taken in the Great Mogul's Dominions, after a Journey of a thousand Leagues by Land to Patna, was shipp'd on board the Lyell, Capt. Acton, and brought to London in June 1740. To be seen at 1s. each.

"This extraordinary Animal is but four Years old ; his Body is covered with Folds like a Coat of Mail, and scaled all over ; so as to defend itself from the Injuries of all other Animals ; besides a large Horn on its Nose, with which he attacks the Elephant, his

¹ Part I. Act II. sc. 1.

² *Lives of the Poets.*

³ *Daily Advertiser*, Jan. 2, 1742.

sworn Enemy. Before he enters into Engagement with the Elephant he whets his Horn on a Stone, and then aims at the Elephant's Belly, knowing it to be the tenderest Part, and in this Manner destroys the Elephant. There has never been one in England since the Memory of Man. He is next in growth to the Elephant.

"A great Number of the Nobility and Gentry daily resort to see him."¹

The proprietor's repertory exhibits a remarkable *penchant* for zoological curiosities. Here he produced "The largest Horse in England (to be Sold cheap), being nineteen Hands an Inch and a half high, and every way proportionable, which has been shewn at the Golden Cross for some time past, to the general Satisfaction of the Nobility, Gentry, and others, that have had the Curiosity of beholding such a Prodigy in Nature."²

Another *rara avis* reputed to be seen at the "Golden Cross," but of a more phantom character, was the "Pretender." Many a Tony Lumpkin arrived fresh and raw in London, hoaxed with a letter of recommendation to Charles Stuart at the "Golden Cross," only, of course, to find his quest of an even less encouraging nature than the "Devil's Lontun" of his own "sheer." This joke probably occupied the same shelf in the brain of the perpetrator with that of sending a poor boy to the chemist for a penn'orth of pigeon's milk, to the cobbler for strap-oil, to the bookseller's for the "Life of Eve's Grandmother," or to the Tower to see the lions washed,³ fools' errands all sacred to the hoary custom of the First of April.

In November 1742 there was shown at the "Golden Cross" "a Wonderfull Young Man, Aged 22, who never had the use of Hands, Arms, Legs, or Feet, 4 st. 2 lbs. in weight, and 2 ft. long; as comely in the face as most men. He was received by Sir Hans Sloane, writes with his mouth much better than others pretend to with their hands. . . . He has neither Stump, nor any other instrument to perform with, and is justly esteemed the Wonder of the World. He does everything with his Mouth."⁴

It was to the "Golden Cross" that the notorious gambler and card-sharper "Captain" England was accustomed to resort. Here he was constantly on the watch for the unplucked who came to town by coach. His nefarious operations were so successful that he was able to support an "elegant" house in St. Alban's Street, where he

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 22, 1742.

² *Ibid.* April 3.

³ See Peter Lombard in the *Church Times*, 1893.

⁴ *Daily Advertiser*, Nov. 13, 1742.

engaged various masters to teach him the polite arts, and gained a slight knowledge of the French language. In the years 1779 to 1783 he was probably at the height of his prosperity, for he then kept a good house and table, and would give eighty or ninety guineas for a horse, a price supposed to be equal to 200 guineas at the present time. His conduct among men of rank and family, with whom he happened to associate in the way of his profession, was so polite and guarded, that he gained general respect; but he was resolute in enforcing payment of sums he had won. One evening he met a young tradesman at a house in Leicester Fields, to have an hour's diversion at "the babes in the wood,"¹ where he contrived to lose a few score pounds, for which he gave a draft upon Haulrey's; but requested to have his revenge in a few more throws, when he soon regained what he had lost, and as much in addition. Upon which, being late, he proposed for both to retire, being then past three in the morning; but the tradesman, conceiving himself tricked, refused payment of what he had lost. England then tripped up his heels, rolled him in the carpet, took a case-knife from the sideboard, which he flourished over him, and, using menacing language, at last cut the young citizen's long hair off close to his scalp. Dreading worse proceedings, the youth, on being allowed to regain an erect posture, gave a cheque for the amount, wished the captain a civil good morning, and although he frequently saw England subsequently he never spoke of the circumstance. At Newmarket England quarrelled with a "gentleman blackleg," whom he accused of having loaded dice always with him, and received the answer that "if he had, he knew who made them for England." England fought a duel at Cranford Bridge, June 18, 1784, with a Mr. Le Rowles, a brewer at Kingston, from whom he had won a large sum, for which a bond had been given; and not being paid, he arrested his late friend. A duel ensued, which proved fatal to Mr. Le Rowles. England fled to Paris and was outlawed. It is said that in the early period of the Revolution he furnished some useful intelligence to our army in the campaign in Flanders, for which he was remunerated by the British Cabinet. Another of England's favourite resorts was Munday's Coffee-house in New Round Court, close by, but removed later to Maiden Lane.

In Duncannon Street, which extends from No. 449 West Strand to Trafalgar Square, may be seen the old archway through which the Pickwick coach trundled to the inn, the site of which is now partially occupied by a railway office. It was in front of the hotel or inn that

¹ Dice.

before Lord Mayor Norman took to going by water, interesting accounts will be found in J. G. Nichols's "London Pageants." It seems to have been the fashion to leave the erection of these "pageants" or "triumphs," as the arches were called, to the alien merchants. At the marriage of the Prince of Brazil in Lisbon in 1729, of the twenty-four triumphal arches erected by foreigners "the English arch will be the finest, and will cost at least 20,000 crusadoes; the Hamburgers' about 15,000."¹

Cunningham, in his invaluable "London," does not mention New Round Court; but New Round Court, although it was connected with Round Court by a passage-way, was quite distinct from the latter, and there was even another distinct place at the back of both, called the "Back of Round Court," as may be seen in Strype's Stow.² One has seen it stated somewhere that New Round Court was so named to distinguish it from the old Round Court in St. Martin's-le-Grand, but this hardly seems to have been the case. In a useful little topographical work on London by W. Stow, dated 1721, *Round Court* in the Strand is described as "noted for mercers," and there is no mention of a *New Round Court* at that time, which seems to have come into existence, in name if not in fact, soon after the taking down of the New Exchange (which had itself taken the place of the Old Exchange in the City) in 1737. New Round Court has long surrendered its site to Charing Cross Hospital. It was partly in the Bermudas and partly in Porridge Island, and was opposite York Buildings, extending back to the present short thoroughfare known as King William Street; but it was effaced during the improvements which were carried out under the Strand Improvement Act of 1829. It had little right to be called "Round," however, for it had more corners than any "court" in London. But it is remarkable for having billeted quite an assemblage of mid-eighteenth century booksellers, as well as dealers in fashionable fripperies, fans, gloves, toilet wares, millinery, &c., an association to be accounted for probably in the pulling down of the New Exchange opposite and the consequent removal of its stall-keepers.

At the "Cicero's Head," in Round Court, the sign of Charles Marsh, bookseller, was published "A Poetical Epistle: Humbly inscribed to any Body."

¹ *Whitchall Evening Post*, Feb. 22, 1728-9. A crusado was a coin stamped with a cross: value, three shillings.

"Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes."—*Othello*, iii. 4.

See the "Pageant," *Beaufoy's Tokens*, No. 304, and *Boyne's Tokens*, p. 207.

² 1755. Plan of St. Martin's Parish.

May none but Patriots in the Senate meet ;
 No servile Wretch, with base, unhallow'd Feet,
 Who hangs upon a Statesman for support,
 Presume to tread St. Stephen's sacred Court ;
 Yet have we left, as with the Jews of old,
 Numbers that bow not to that Baal, Gold :
 Souls full of Honour, who, like Curtius brave,
 Tho' Self devoted, would their Country save. (P. 15.)

“The Author humbly hopes the Transition of the Measure from Lyric to Heroic, at this Line (*Rome saw, indeed, her Consuls War for Fame*) will be pardoned ; for though these Verses were begun in a joking Humour, yet he could not help growing grave, when he consider'd that Corruption was lately grown to such an height, it might in Time have destroyed the Liberties of his Country.”¹ Marsh also advertises a “Catalogue of the Libraries of Mr. Mackay, Mathematician, and the Lady Kincaid, both being lately deceased,” &c.²

The “Horace's Head” in Round Court, Strand, was the sign of Oliver Payne, brother of “honest Tom Payne,” who was one of the first second-hand booksellers to issue catalogues, and succeeded his brother Oliver at this sign. He advertises the catalogue of a small but curious collection of books, “in most Faculties, Lately purchas'd, in Greek, Latin, and English, French, and Italian . . . in excellent condition. Among which are the following :

“ FOLIO.

Buxtorfi Bib. Hebraica, 2 tom.
 —do— Concordantiæ Heb.
 Dict. de Bayle, 3 tom. Rot. 1702.
 Athenæus, Gr. Lat. a Casauboni.
 Dryden's Works, 4 vols.
 Burnet's Own Time, 2 v.
 Rushworth's Collect. 8 v. best Edit.
 Tillotson's Works, 3 v.
 Hook's Micrographia
 Bib. Frat. Polon. 8 tom.
 Atlas Maritimus
 Scapulæ Lex. Elz.

QUARTO.

Addison's Works, 4 vols. l.p.
 Diog. Laertius a Meibomius, 2 tom.
 Poetae Lat. Minores a Burmanni, 2 v.

Cellarii Geog. Edit. opt. 2 tom.
 Aulus Gellius a Gronovius.
 Philosoph. Transact. abridged, 7 v.
 Corpus Juris Civilis, 2 tom. 1735.
 Le Pois sur les Medailles Antiq.
 Pomel of Drugs, best.
 Virgilius Delph.
 Terentius Delph.

OCTAVO AND TWELVES.

Virgilio Opera varior. 3 tom.
 Polybius a Gronovii, 3 tom.
 Livii varior. Edit. opt. 3 tom.
 Ovidii Opera varior. 3 tom.
 Plutarch's Lives, 5 vol.
 Gordon's Tacitus, 4 v.
 Jones's Synopsis Pal.
 Tanner's Notitia Monast.

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, July 14, 1742.

² *Ibid.* March 15, 1742. See other catalogue advertisements, *Ibid.* July 15 and December 18, 1741.

Vies de Plutarque, par Dacier, 9 tom.	Seneca, 4 tom. Elz. 1 l.
Horace de Dacier, 10 tom.	Livius, 3 tom. Elz.
Horatius, Elz.	Opere di Redi, 6 tom." 1

"STANDING ARMIES.

This Day is Published

"A Short History of Standing Armies in England, written by that eminent Patriot, Tho. Trenchard, Esq.

Captique Dolis Donisque coacti,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non Anni domuere decem non mille Carinæ. — *Virg. Æn. II.*

"What are we to expect if in a future Age an ambitious Prince should arise with a dissolute and debauch'd Army, a flattering Clergy, prostitute Ministry, a Bankrupt House of L——s, a Pensioner House of C——ns, and a slavish and corrupted Nation? Vide Page 24.

"N.B. This is the Book so particularly recommended by the two last Craftsmen, wherein he wishes the whole People of England would read it at this Juncture.

"Sold by Oliver Payne, Bookseller, in Round Court in the Strand, and the Booksellers and Pamphlet Shops in London and Westminster. (Price One Shilling)." 2

Oliver Payne also published the "Memoirs of Count Bonneval; Or a complete History of the late War in Italy; containing a particular Account of all the Battles, Sieges &c. Likewise a true Relation of the most secret Intrigues and Negotiations of the courts of France, Spain, Germany and Savoy. Interspersed with Variety of entertaining Amours and Original Letters of the several princes concerned. Also the political Intrigues of the late King of Sardinia, containing an Account of the ill Treatment of Mr. Phelippeaux the French Ambassador at the Court of Turin. Translated from the French, by J. Sparrow, Gent. With a new Map, explaining the Seat of the last and present War in Italy. Price, neatly bound, gilt and letter'd, five Shillings." 3 This was dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough. Johnson's "Lives of the Highwaymen," a once very popular book, was printed for and sold by Oliver Payne in Round Court. 4 There is a portrait of Thomas Payne in Dibdin's

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Dec. 18, 1741. In 1742 the style was W. and T. Payne, *Ibid.*, July 17.

² *Craftsman*, Jan. 6, 1732.

³ *Grub Street Journal*, Feb. 13, 1735, and *St. James's Evening Post*, June 11, 1734.

⁴ Wheatley's *London*, and *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 2nd series, by Austin Dobson, 1894, p. 192.

"*Deception*," 1757, vol. vii. p. 435. From 1750 to 1790 he was in "a house near the Upper News Gate, near St. Martin's Church," at the corner says Mr. Danson, of what is now Charing Cross Road.

Next door to the "Herace's Head" was the "Camden's Head," or "Camden's Head," the sign of T. Woodman¹ in New Round Court, who advertised Sir Isaac Newton's "Treatise of the Method of Fluxions and Infinite Series, with its Application to the Geometry of Curve Lines. Translated from the Latin Original not yet published. Designed by the Author for the Use of Learners."

Also Crawford's "Lives and Characters of the Crown and State of Scotland. Collected from the Original Charters, &c., and the most approved Histories."

"The Deposing and Death of Queen Gin, with the Ruin of the Duke of Pium, Marquis of Nantz, Lord Sugar-Cane, &c. Price 6d. As it was acted on Monday last at the New Theatre in the Haymarket."

"Thomson's 'Four Seasons,' with curious Copper-Plates. Quarto and Octavo."²

Another long announcement relates to the publication, "This Day," of "The Law and Lawyers laid open. In Twelve VISIONS, setting forth the Grievances of the Law, and the Remedies proposed, &c., &c."

"'Corruptissima in Respublica [*sic*], plurimae leges.'—Tac. Ann. III. c. 27."

This was also printed for J. Chrichley, at the London Gazette, Charing Cross.³

At the "Plato's Head," near Round Court, in the Strand, Dr. William Smellie's "Treatise on the Theory and Practise of Midwifery" first saw the light. Dr. Smellie's numerous improvements in the art that he professed gave him a permanent claim to the gratitude of posterity. He states in one of his publications that he had educated nearly one thousand students, who had, while attending his lectures, afforded assistance to eleven hundred and fifty poor women, such patients being supported during their confinement by a subscription raised among the pupils.⁴

In the same year, 1751, "Peregrine Pickle" was "Printed for the Author at Plato's Head, near Round Court, in the Strand."

"Plato's Head" was on the north side of the Strand, nearly opposite Buckingham Street.⁵

¹ In 1722 the lower part of Will's Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, was occupied by a bookseller, "James Woodman, at Camden's Head."

² *St. James's Evening Post*, Sept. 14, 1736. ³ *Ibid.*, Feb. 24, 1737.

⁴ Hutchinson's *Biog. Med. and Lond. Daily Post*, July 24, 1751.

⁵ L. Hutton's *Literary Landmarks*, 1888.

It was in Round Court, in the centre of the key shops, herb shops, and furniture warehouses of Bedfordbury, that, in 1836, Robson the actor was apprenticed to a Mr. Smellie, a copper-plate engraver, and the printer of the humorous caricatures by Mr. George Cruikshank,¹ who was a little too late to ridicule the exacting absurdities of the Stamp Act. In 1798 one Williams, the keeper of a reading-room in Round Court, was convicted of lending a newspaper to read, and taking a penny for the use of it, for which, by 29 George III. c. ix., he was fined £5.²

In the eighteenth century, when no woman was complete without a fan at her girdle, J. Pinchbeck, at the "Fan and Crown" in New Round Court, "publish'd" on a fan-mount "A Curious and correct perspective View of the South Front of the new grand Amphitheatre at Chelsea, as also of Chelsea-College, and the Parts adjacent, as the same was taken from a commodious Situation near the Thames."³ Pinchbeck must have been established here for at least nine years, for in 1732 he was advertising; "The Ladies' Historical and Political Fan; or, the European Race. Curiously done on a Fan-mount, which is executed in a new and beautiful Taste by Encouragement from several polite Ladies. To be had at Pinchbeck's Fan Warehouse in New Round Court. . . ."

"N.B.—Although this Fan had no Meaning annex'd to it, yet the Oddness of the Figures makes so beautiful a Picture that nothing of the Kind hath ever been done in this Way so entertaining to the Publick."⁴ Silks consisting of Brocades, Tissues, Damasks, "strip'd" and plain corded Tabbies, flowered and plain Sattin Tobines, "strip'd," flowered, and plain Mantuas, &c., with great choice of black Silk Crapes, and Bombazeens were "selling off considerably under Prime Cost at Benj. Willmot's, at the Seven Stars in Round Court, Chandois Street."⁵ And at the "Two Golden Sugar-Loaves" in the same fashionable court might be obtained the following:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Scarlet Cloaks	0	10	6	Half-Ell Black			
Mantelets trim'd	0	14	0	Callimanco Coats }	1	1	0
Velvet Hoods		4	6	Black Russel ditto	1	8	0
Long ditto		13	0	Callimanco Gowns	0	18	0
Velvet Manteels	1	1	0	Scotch Plaid ditto	1	4	0
Silk Quilted Coats	1	4	0	Stuff Damask ditto	1	7	0

¹ *Robson: a Sketch* (Hotten), quoted in *Haunted London*, 1880, p. 236.

² Timbs's *Walks and Talks about London*, 1865, p. 249.

³ *Daily Advertiser*, May 20-25, 1742.

⁴ *London Evening Post*, Nov. 2, 1732.

⁵ *Public Advertiser*, March 18, 1768.

“Note, Rich brocaded Silk Gowns, Damasks, Turkey Silk, Floretta’s, Thread Sattins, Tukytees, Velvet Caps, and Women’s Silk Hats; likewise Banjans of all Sorts, at as reasonable rates as above.”¹ A house with a unique sign, that of the “Turkey-Cock,” stood “over against New Round Court in the Strand,” where inquiries were to be made concerning a “Good House to be Lett, at a reasonable Rent, with an Oven and other Conveniences, fit for an Eating House.”²

Munday’s Coffee House, a favourite resort of that clever scoundrel Dick England, but removed later to Maiden Lane, was in New Round Court, where five pounds reward was to be had for the recovery—stolen from a linen-draper’s in the Strand—of a “Piece of spotted Lawn and a Piece of flower’d Lawn, . . . no Questions ask’d; if pawn’d or sold, your Money again with Thanks. No greater reward will be offer’d, and if cut, the Reward in Proportion.”³

A curious side-light upon the life in Round Court is afforded by a communication of Steele’s to the “Spectator,” purporting to be “the humble petition of Bartholomew Ladylove in the parish of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, on behalf of himself and neighbours:

“That your petitioners have, with great industry and application, arrived at the most exact art of invitation or entreaty: that by a beseeching air and persuasive address, they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that softness of behaviour, have arrived, among tradesmen, at the gentle appellation of ‘The Fawners.’

“That there have of late set up amongst us certain persons from Monmouth-street and Long-lane, who by the strength of their arms, and loudness of their throats, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said petitioners; from which violence they are distinguished by the name of ‘The Worriers.’

“That while your petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, ‘Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;’ the Worriers reach out their hands at pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arm’s length.

“That while the Fawners strain and relax the muscles of their faces in making distinction between a spinster in a coloured scarf, and an husband in a straw hat, the Worriers use the same roughness

¹ *London Evening Post*, Nov. 4–7, 1738.

² *Daily Advertiser*, March 15, 1742. The sign also occurs among the Banks Bills (1765).

³ *Daily Advertiser*, July 13, 1742.

to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers, to the impoverishment of your petitioners.

"Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer parts of the town; and that Round-court may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

"And your petitioners, &c."¹

Heathcock Court, Strand, is comparatively too far removed from what we should now perhaps consider the "immediate neighbourhood" of Charing Cross, and would consequently be outside our notice but for the fact that the "Heathcock" tavern, after which the court is named, was always spoken of as the "Heathcock, Charing Cross," in accordance with the usual latitude allowed in such descriptive directions, before the abolition of house-signs. The idea seems to have been to get people to come as far as some well-known spot in London, when further inquiries would make the rest of the journey easy. We can imagine the men waiting round the "Horse" for employment being glad to direct the anxious sight-seer the way to the "Heathcock," where he wished to see "a surprising young mermaid taken on the coast of Aquapulca . . . allowed to be the greatest curiosity ever exposed to public view."² This "Heathcock" is one of the many London signs which must have necessarily been found to be outside the scope of such a comprehensive work as Larwood and Hotten's "History of Signboards." The tavern, however certainly existed as late, at least, as 1787.³ A heathcock with wings expanded, and holding in his beak a flower, is the crest of the Coopers' Company,⁴ whence probably the sign, which appears to have survived over the entrance to the court as late as 1844. In July of that year it was removed, in spite of the remonstrance of Mr. Peter Cunningham, and lost sight of. Mr. Philip Norman, with his ever keen eye for the antique and picturesque in domestic architecture, calls attention to two picturesque old houses fronting Heathcock Court, which were remaining in 1893.⁵

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

¹ *Spectator*, No. 304.

² Frost's *London Showmen*.

³ The Banks "Collection of Admission Tickets," portfolio I.

⁴ There is an heraldic illustration of the heathcock in Berry's *Encyclopædia Heraldica*, plate xi. (or ? xl.), 9.

⁵ *London Signs and Inscriptions*.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.**I.**

IN a nameless land,
 On the shiv'ring sand,
 I watched by the sea,
 And it sang to me.
 I watched its ever changing hue
 And whispered, "O Sea! how old are you?"
 And it whirled, and it danced, and it answered me,
 It bridled and foamed and tossed with glee,
 And it rocked and it swayed as it sang to me:—

II.

"I am older than the earth and sky;
 My soul, my soul, it knows not rest;
 My love is great as the sun on high
 For mankind cursed and mankind blest;
 I stretch my arms o'er many lands
 And draw the world unto my sands.
 They lay their heads upon my breast,
 The mankind cursed, the mankind blest,
 The human hearts that know not rest.

III.

"And they dream of the snow of my radiant pearls
 And the bright red blood in my coral veins.
 My heart! They heed not the pool that whirls.
 Sleep! dream and forget your pains.
 Dream of amber and silver-fish
 And dead-sea fruit on a golden dish.
 Such love as mine can do no wrong!"
 Oh! hear you, hear!
 The Siren's song!
 "Who loves me best will love me long!"

IV.

In an unknown land
On the shifting sand
I sleep in the sea,
And it sings to me.
With amber and fish, in the grey-green light,
I sleep in the sea through an endless night ;
How it croons, and fondles and kisses me,
And surges, and whispers meaningly,
"Sleep well, beloved, whiles I sing to thee."

LILIAN MOUBREY.

TABLE TALK.

FANNY BURNEY.

WITH some humiliation I confess that it is only in late years that I have obtained more than a bowing acquaintance with Fanny Burney, the author of *Evelina*. To be strictly accurate, I am only at this moment acquiring her intimacy and friendship. To my friend Mr. Austin Dobson I owe such knowledge as I up to now possess. He is sending me, as they appear, the successive volumes of his new edition of the *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly* [otherwise *Frances Burney*], 1778–1840,¹ now in course of publication in a delightfully illustrated and annotated form. As yet but two volumes out of six have seen the light, and I have before me a prospect of continuous delight. It is needless to say that Mr. Dobson, with his enviable and almost unparalleled knowledge of our eighteenth-century literature and art, is an exemplary guide, companion, and cicerone, and his edition of the diary is in most respects ideal.

Though a third only of the task of perusal is accomplished, it is, I feel bold enough to think, the best portion. Fanny is still in her bright youth, caressed and caressing. Her worship of her great friend and admirer, Dr. Johnson, and the sense that she must live and write up to the estimate of her formed by the literary world of her day, has not vitiated her style, and she is still a bright, radiant, exuberant girl whose many faults constituted a portion of her charm, and whose gladness communicates itself to her readers.

HER DIARY.

Fanny Burney's diary, unique in its way, is a simple record of her conquests. These are not amorous; though the influence of sexual imaginings and promptings is just assertive and naïve enough to impart added enjoyment to the reader. It is literary homage on which she prides herself, and this she receives in abundance. Never, surely, was a book so frankly egoistical and at the same time so delightful.

¹ Macmillan & Co.

Personally I decline to be taken in by her *simagrées*, her affectations of being shocked at the indelicacy of those who congratulate her upon or talk to her of her accomplishment in letters. If people do not talk to her of herself and her doings, she passes them by; if they do, she rushes to enter into her diary what they have to say. Yet, strange to tell, she is never offensive and never dull. Her delight in her own triumphs rises, as well it might, to ecstasy. Homage such as she received—from men like Johnson, Reynolds, Sheridan, and Burke—was enough to turn the head of any girl. Entries of conversations such as this are constant: "Burke sat up all night to finish it [*Evelina*]; and Sir Joshua Reynolds is mad about it, and said he would give fifty pounds to know the author." No less rapturous was Johnson, who, though now old, put something of quasi-sexual warmth into his recognition, and found an unconcealed delight in the species of caresses which his age, his intimacy with the Thrales, and his intellectual position privileged him to bestow. Perhaps the best-known passage in the early portion of the diary is that in which Fanny speaks of Johnson's recognition: "But Dr. Johnson's approbation! It almost crazed me with agreeable surprise. It gave me such a flight of spirits that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation, to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness, without affording him the smallest assistance." A characteristic utterance of Johnson concerning Fanny Burney is quoted from Dr. Burney's Memoirs: "See-sawing and seizing both her hands, as if purporting [?] purposing] to detain her. 'Sir! I would have her Always come . . . and Never go!'" This recalls his epigram on a comet:—

If, at your coming, princes disappear—
Comets, come every day, and stop a year.

MASCULINE ADMIRATION FOR CLEVER WOMEN

THE ecstasies over Fanny Burney of the celebrities mentioned recall those over other women approximately of her epoch. Similar triumphs attended Elizabeth Inchbald, actress and dramatist, whom John Philip Kemble sought to marry, who divided with Fanny Burney the admiration of Sheridan (who declared her the only authoress whose society pleased him), and who counted among her conquests the author of *Caleb Williams*. In a special degree they were shared by another Fanny—Frances Kemble (otherwise Butler), around whom danced Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Rogers, to whom

Edward FitzGerald addressed letters now published, and whom Longfellow was unable to resist. It is pleasant to read of the influence exercised over men by clever women when they happen, in addition to talent, to be blessed with the beauty which, according to Milton, "though injurious, hath strange power." Such women have always been found in England; and I love to think how in times when the worst corruption existed in Courts we can point to the Duchess of Newcastle and all the Lucases whose collective epitaph is in Westminster Abbey, to Dorothy Osborne, and to "That sweet saint who sat by Russell's side."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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THE DISCOVERER.

BY FORREST RIDGE.

PEOPLE going by the door of the pitchy little den where Lemuel Lewry the shoemaker spends a boundless leisure in "prompt repairs" look in half involuntarily, as missing an accustomed presence—the little warped figure, coiled dog-like at the cobbler's knee—for lame Billy is dead, and the low stool or form upon which he used to lie stands empty among the leather trimmings and the dusty litter of the floor.

Billy was the slowest baby to learn to walk that ever was known. His contemporaries one by one stepped out to the beckoning hand, and left him on all fours; the next generation and the next tottered to their balance, but Billy still crawled about the doorsteps and the grassy verge of the street. They left off trying to teach him; and his parents, being much comforted by the doctor's pronouncement that it was a case of hereditary cachexia, determined to find him some stationary livelihood, and so put him, when he was thirteen, apprentice to old Lemuel. But Billy was altogether unprofitable—he could learn nothing; his mind was always away from the matter in hand; he was fretful, restless, oppressed with vague troubles—the cachexia seemed to affect the head as well as the feet. So the short course of instruction was given up, and the odd fellowship between Billy and the cobbler began. Lemuel put together the low sloping form, shaped to fit the hapless anatomy, and on this Billy spent the greater part of his waking hours. In the three or four years of his sojourn at the shoemaker's, Billy became part of the life of the

village—in the way that a caged jay or thrush hanging at a cottage door may be part of his life to the labourer who whistles to it as he goes by to his work or comes home. So there was some little talk about Billy among the good women of the cottages before the funeral. Some said that Dr. Culpeper had been trying to make him walk, and it had killed him; some that he *had* walked, all of himself, all the way to Randle's Bridge—to Jolland's Corner one declared. Mrs. Breach had seen him in the carrier's cart, which was quite enough ground for a theory that he had been run over. His father and mother were conceived to know rather less about him than most others. Dr. Culpeper did not lend himself to questionings; old Lewry, who kept for almost the whole community a kind of snarling rancour, none the less effectual for having a burlesque quality about it, grinned silently at the gossip. Only to two or three familiars, sitting in the shop upon one more vain errand after long promised patch or clump, he told the story of Billy's end.

The shop is a black little cabin, half darkness and half dirt; and the master on his bench near the window is grotesque with the humorous hideousness of a fourteenth century gargoyle—the eyes lost behind large round glasses, nose and chin almost meeting over the toothless mouth always busy amongst its wrinkles, the top-heavy head and bowed shoulders out of proportion with the shrunken limbs. The shop door is seldom closed, and by it the eye escapes to daylight that seems twice silvery clear for the close gloom within, to the roadside hedges, to the patch of green where the road divides, with its finger-posts and stone-heaps; over these to the ridge of the Downs, the changeful horizon that bounds the village outlook—to-day hard-edged in massive grey and olive contours, to-morrow a bank of soft blue bloom as if it were made of wild hyacinths, again a hazy shade in the white furnace of the south.

The cobbler sits with his back to this prospect, and makes his day's horizon the cobwebbed angle between the ceiling and the wall. Of the two customers in the shop, the one next the open door, a slatternly matron, is idle enough to look vacantly over the landscape; till, some exacting mental process being complete, she sees the clear cut swell of the Beacon, and remarks, "My! Don't the Downs look near-like!"

"Rain afore the mornin'," answers her neighbour the postman, leaning forward on his stick from the bench to make his own observation. "Allus comes when you see 'em like that."

"Billy," said the shoemaker, rummaging in his nail-bag for new sparables for the postman's heel, "Billy liked to see the Downs look

near-like. You see, 'twas like this. Poor Billy, that couldn't put one foot before the other hardly, there never was such a chap for thinking about travelling and foreign places. If he'd had his feet like other folk, he'd have been all round the world, Billy would."

"It's pretty often that way with people," said the postman, a moralist in grain.

"Well, he was always asking about places. I told him all I could remember what I heard about my uncle that was killed at Delbye, and when Harry Awcock was at home—him that was in the Marines—he come in once and told him all about Halifax and New York. Billy, he'd lie on his bench there, and look out of the door all day, and he'd see the people going by, and the finger-post—he could read that, 'To Rispham,' 'To London,' and that was about all his schoolin'—and he'd want me to tell him about Rispham. Well, I could do that middlin' easy—the pond and the almshouses and the White Hart and the old gallows post and all—but for London, well, I never was there but once, and I couldn't remember much, except St. Paul's and Newgate, and the wood-yard my uncle had in Bermondsey. But it was all one to Billy, because he'd never been further than the old toll gate, and he'd be as willing to hear about Sacketts farm as he would about London streets. And when he'd heard all about Sacketts he'd want to be told about the Common, and then the plantations t'other side, and so right on till you come to the Downs over yonder.

"Doctor Culpeper was always coming in to have a chat; and once he was here, and Billy asked him what was the other side of the hills—when you'd told him about a place he'd allus want to know what came next. Well, Doctor he gives me a look, and then he begins to tell Billy all sorts of stories about the other side—a wonderful man to talk, he is, when he likes. And Billy just lay as quiet as quiet, and took it all in—sort of fairy story it was, and I don't know what-all. After that, Billy didn't care much to hear any more about St. Paul's nor Rispham Green; he was always a-thinking about Doctor's tales, and looking out for him to come again. And every time he came he'd have something new."

"What sort of tales?" the postman asked.

"Well, just over the hill, he said there was the Forest of Error—trees for miles and miles, and knights in armour a-wandering about in it on horseback, with their spears and swords. And a bit further on, he said there was a river—I don't recollect what he called it—but if you was to drink the water, why you forgot everything you ever knew."

"That 'ud be a funny job," the postman thought, "not but what there's some people wouldn't mind a drop," he said reflectively, the new idea fructifying at large.

"I don't hold with telling children stuff like that," said Mrs. Backshell. "It's different telling it to people as has got sense not to believe a thing; but Billy he took in everything."

"Same as I said to the Doctor once," the shoemaker replied.

"And what did he say to that?"

"Why, he called me a damned fool. You know how short he can be, sometimes. 'If you'd got but eighteen months to live, with half a lung, and dead up to your middle,' he says ('not but what you've got a grand curvature of your own, stooping over your wax-end like that'), he says, 'perhaps you'd be glad to get away from facts. Did you never hear that text,' he says, 'about not going to heaven yourself, and keeping other folk out?'"

"Ay, that's just him," said the woman; "allus down on you. Sims to think it's more than half your own fault when you're bad, or one of the children."

"Well," resumed Lemuel, "as I was a-saying, acrost the river it was all meadas with flowers a-growing, and gardens, and castles a-standing on the rocks, and there was a palace he called the House of Fame—and a rare tale he had about that too. Then there was the Island of Avalon, or some such name, where they never had no frostes nor hail, nor tempests. And presently, he said, you come to the sea. And he'd told Billy mor'n once that all that country over the hill was different from ours—everything was new over there, he said—the sun was brighter, and the flowers sweeter, and all the people bigger and handsomer—they hadn't had time to get old, he said, and they did their work like as if 'twas play. There was a ship, he said, with a crew that was all kings and princes, sailed to find the Golden Fleece, and went to all manner of strange places—you see, they'd only just begun to find out the world, and it was all new. And over the sea there was a town that was besieged ten years, with a fleet of a thousand ships—why, he'd talk about that town for hours. But there, I couldn't remember half of what he said: sometimes it was St. George and the Dragon, and sometimes King Arthur and the Round Table, and I don't know what-all."

Mrs. Backshell yawned. "A terrible lot of rubbish to put in a child's head, I call it. I don't know how you can rec'lect it all."

"I couldn't help listening," Lemuel answered with a deprecatory grin, "you ought to 'a heard the way he told it." It was a weakness

which not even the cobbler's rationalism could openly defend, Truth is mighty, and prevailed, as in this respect it ever does in the village. There was a silence, in which Lemuel felt by instinct the postman siding against him, and abandoned the point.

"Billy," he went on, "he took it all in as if 'twas the Bible. One day he asks me if I thought he would ever get to the top of the Downs and look over the other side. And I says, 'Why, Billy, it'll be ten miles to the top, and you never was much of a footman.'

"'Couldn't I go by the train?' says he.

"'Train don't go that way,' I told him; 'train goes through the tunnel and round to Lewes,' I said, 'I 'spected they didn't have no trains in that country.'

"He stopped a bit, like as if he was thinking, 'Well, then, I could go by the carrier,' he says, 'cause he told me he goes right over the hill.'

"'Then he must see a sight more than what we does,' I says, and Billy didn't ask no more about it.

"Well, a day or two after that, Billy never came round to my place in the morning, and when I sent up to High Chimneys to know if anything was wrong, they said he'd gone out after his breakfast and not been seen since. They was running about all over the place, and looking everywhere, as you'll rec'lect, but nothing heard on him till the carrier's cart come in in the evening, and set him down at High Chimneys. He'd been out with the Brighton cart first thing in the morning—got Jem Blaker to let him lie among the truck in the bottom—and Master Blaker had picked him up on his way home. He was dead tired and pretty nigh frozen, for it was a rare cold wind for April. Next day he comes round here just as usual, but very slow and quiet—seemed not to take much notice of anything, like a sick dog. I got it out of him that Jem had put him out about halfway up Clayton Hill, and he'd managed to crawl to the top of the Downs somehow, away from the road, and saw over the other side.

"'Ah,' I says, 'and did you see the forests and the river?'

"'No,' he says, very short, 'it's all a lie!' and with that he turns away, like as if he didn't want to look at the hill any more, and wouldn't say a word. Next day he begins to cough, and that soon got terrible bad—curled up like a dog he was, and shivering, though 'twas nice sunny weather. He told me a bit here and a bit there, about what he'd seen on the Downs; said he thought he'd never get to the top, and wanted terrible bad to lie down and go to sleep on the grass. 'But I kept on,' says he, 'cause I thought every minute

I'd be seeing the other side. And when I got on top, 'twas all flat-like, and I'd got to go a long way afore I could see over.'

"' And then you couldn't see nothing?' I said.

"' Ay, I could see *something*,' says he.

"' P'raps the weather was a bit thick-like,' I says.

"' No, it wasn't,' he says, 'I could see as clear as clear. First there was fuzz-bushes, and the tillygraph poles, and a road, and then more fuzz-bushes, and the railway, and then houses and houses, all in a smoke. And a windmill up on one side—like as if 'twas up here, and churches, and chimneys smoking, and then the sea, kind of shivery-shiny, all in a smoke too.'

" Just then in comes Doctor ; and Billy he turns away, and put his head under his arms, like as if he wouldn't see him. Doctor just touches his wrist, and presently he says, 'Well, Billy, my boy, we must try to cure the cough, even if we can't put the other trouble right. You'd be best at home,' he says ; 'you must go to bed and rest a bit after your journey.' And with that he rolls him up in my coat and carries him out of the shop. And Billy never give him so much as a word or a look all the time.

" I was at the door when he come back. 'I doubt whether we'll pull him through, Lemuel,' he says. 'He got hot climbing up the Downs and then met the cold wind all the way home in the cart.'

"' I s'pose the disappointment hadn't nothing to do with it?' I asked him.

"' Mind your own business' he says, terrible sharp, 'and leave me to deal with what concerns me.' But I could see he was a deal put out about it, too.

"That was on the Thursday ; and on the Saturday he was dead. I was up at High Chimneys middlin' early, and as I was coming back I met the Doctor on his way up ; and I told him. All he says was, 'Oh, Billy ! if you'd only been content with your horizon !'

"Meaning," continued the shoemaker, after a space of meditation, "meaning, I s'pose, that there bench." He shoved away the little wooden couch, and took up the postman's half-finished boot again, with the air of closing an episode.

Mrs. Backshell rose laboriously and turned to the open door. The Downs loomed dark and hard beneath the grey hood of the rising storm ; a wreath of cloud had settled down upon the rounded head of the Beacon. "My ! don't it look as if 'twas close to you !" she exclaimed. "I shall never see them Downs now without thinking of lame Billy. Well, it's a mercy he was took ; 'tis not as if he was one that ud be missed."

Old Lewry looked up from his work—his face suddenly puckered into a malevolent grin. "As much missed as some as I know on, Mis' Backshell; and a tidy bit more than one or two!" he called after her.

Mis' Backshell held on her way without reply; and the postman, foreseeing personality, followed her into the street.

"What 'ad I said, for him to lay his tongue to mee of a sudden like that!" she asked, stopping at her door, and holding out the back of her hand to feel the first drops of the coming rain.

"That's just where it is," replied the postman. "You can't never tell. P'raps he missed Billy—gettin' used to him a-sittin' in the shop every day like that. I've known people miss all sorts of funny things when they was gone--things that you'd never think for."

"There's two things I don't hold with," she replied; "one's wanting what you haven't got, and the other's crying for what's gone. If Billy hadn't bothered his head about what was the other side of the bill, and Mas' Lewry and Doctor hadn't set him on it, he'd have been lying on that bench of his to-day."

"He would that," said the moralist. "But people never will know when they're well off."

A TOUR THROUGH THESSALY.

IT is strange that so few travellers visit Thessaly. That province of Greece has been in all ages a battlefield, and its great plain abounds with the reminiscences of ancient, mediæval, and modern warfare. It contains one of the most beautiful valleys and the most curious monasteries in Europe, and, as regards comfort in travelling and abundance and cheapness of food, it is ahead of the rest of the Greek mainland. Now that the railway is open from Athens to Chalkis, the journey has been immensely shortened, and the voyage from the latter place to Volo is the prettiest in all Greek waters. The steamer glides along, as in a river, between Eubœa and the continent, to which at one time the great island must have belonged. At one point, the snow-white monastery of Galatake, perched on a cliff, looks across the strait towards the whiter snows of Parnassos. Picturesque Limne with its houses nestling down at the water's edge, and bare Aidipsos, where Plutarch used to go to take the baths, where the moderns still frequent the hot springs, follow one another to the right, while up the Maliac Gulf the steamer stops outside the shallow entrance to Stylida, with classic Thermopylæ full in view. Hence we cross over to the harbour of Oreous at the north of Eubœa, where a very ruinous mediæval castle, of which little now remains, reminds us that this was one of the three fiefs into which Boniface of Montferrat divided the island. Soon we are in the Gulf of Volo, noblest of all Greek fiords, passing beneath the lofty village of Trikeri, whose sailors enjoyed, even in the Turkish days, the privilege of self-government, in the War of Independence held their rocky peninsula for two years against the enemy, and nowadays are adepts in the difficult art of sponge-fishing. And then, as night comes on, the lights of Volo and of the pretty little villages which nestle in the folds of Pelion sparkle in front of the steamer, and the Pagasæan Gulf looks like a bit of fairyland.

At Volo, modern though it is, we are reminded at every street-corner of that old fairy story, the quest of the Golden Fleece. The town has neither classical nor mediæval history, and it was not until

Turkish times that its importance as a provision store caused the Venetians to burn it during the Candian War of the seventeenth century. But its very European thoroughfares are called after the heroes of Jason's fabulous voyage, and the brilliant yellow sails of the caiques on the blue waters of the Gulf recall to us his famous ship, whose timbers were hewn among the pine-woods in the glades of Pelion behind us. There are few traces of the conquering Turk in this flourishing town now, and even the quaint Turkish, or Turkish-looking, houses of Upper Volo, tall and narrow, smaller at the base than at the top, and containing all the rooms in the projecting upper-story, are now all inhabited by Greeks. Greek, too, is the population of the villages on Pelion, which in 1821 rose in rebellion against Turkey and in 1878 proclaimed, three years too early, their union with Greece.

The railway journey of nearly 2½ hours to Larissa is not beautiful, like the surroundings of Volo; but it gives one a good idea of the great treeless plain of Thessaly, that *Larissæ campus opimæ* of which Horace wrote to his friend. In a defile not far from the starting-point, a tumulus, or *tepe*, which gives its name to the pass, Pilaf-Tepé, as the Turks called it, was excavated by an English archæologist, Mr. Edwards,¹ five years ago, but without result other than the discovery of a tomb, probably belonging to the latter half of the second century B.C., and containing a silver vase, golden fillets, and the skeleton of a ram. Further on an oasis of trees and water in the great plain marks the site of picturesque Velestino, doubly famous in the modern story of Greece, as the birthplace of the patriotic poet Rhexas, and as the scene of the two battles of April 30 and May 5, 1897, in the first of which the Greek armies dealt such destruction on the Turks. The scene of that Greek victory is easily visible to the right of the line, and the positions of the two forces can be readily made out, the projecting spur on which the Greek army stood, the woods round Rhizomylo which concealed the Turks. The next station, that of Gherli, is the point to which the Turks retired after their defeat. The pretty station of Velestino, with its garden full of flowers, which the owner was quietly watering with a hose, looked the very picture of peace, and seven years have done much to efface the marks of war from the battlefields of Thessaly. It seemed to us as if seventy instead of seven years had elapsed since then, so prosperous and so orderly did this hotly disputed province seem. The picture of Rhexas in the railway restaurant marked the triumph of those great ideas for which he wrote the Greek *Marseil-*

¹ See *Journal of Hellenic Studies* for 1900, p. 20.

laisé, for which he lost his life on a Turkish scaffold at Belgrade, betrayed by one of his countrymen to the Austrian police, betrayed by the Austrian police to the tender mercies of the Sultan. Here, too, Apollo once watched the flocks of Admetos, and here Hercules restored Alkestis from the grasp of death to her husband. The stretch of water beneath the Black Mountain to the far right is that sacred Lake Bœbeis, where Athene washed her feet, where stretched the sway of Admetos. And then "broad Olympos" came into view, the snow-crowned monarch, whose great summit, whereon once the gods held council, stands out, suffused with light, in the clear blue air.

Larissa used in old days to be the stronghold of Turkish influence in Thessaly, where for 488 years the Crescent waved and where the Turkish feudal or timariot system was first introduced. But now only thirty or forty Turkish families are left in the town, and the picturesque minarets are falling into decay, abandoned by all save the great colony of storks which has settled at Larissa, and often makes its nests upon the mosques. A year ago the finest building there was the splendid old mosque with the black minaret and the green marble columns, standing above the bridge. Now alas! it has been destroyed by a fire. Seen from the grassy plain beyond the Peneios, the grand Turkish building with the handsome new bridge beneath it, and the classic stream of the Peneios swiftly flowing on its seaward course, seemed a fit emblem of that silent race whose sway has passed away for ever from this old Hellenic land. A crowd of wild-looking shepherds was seated on the steps of the mosque, and in the vast plain over the river great flocks of sheep, guarded by ferocious dogs, were gathered round the herdsmen's striped black-and-white tents, while numbers of horses were cantering along without saddles or bridles. It is there that the inspection of the garrison takes place, while a grove of trees close by is the promenade of Larissa's inhabitants in the cool of the evening. It was only by an unexplained omission that the bridge—the only one over the Peneios for miles—was spared during the war, for it had been mined and orders had been given to blow it up. Perhaps the man sent to execute the order thought it a pity to destroy a piece of work which had but lately been built.

The old Acropolis of Larissa occupied the rising ground on the right of the river and opposite the mosque; but there is not much left there to recall the days when the great family of the Aleuadai, patrons of Pindar and Simonides, held sway over the horsemen of the plain. The place has been famous in the conflicts of which

Thessaly has been the scene in so many ages. It was taken and plundered by the great Bulgarian Tsar Samuel; it resisted the assaults of the Normans; no wonder that so little has survived so many sieges. But there still stands on the Acropolis a curious old fort, with some Byzantine work, and the pillar of an ancient temple immured in the wall. Once there had evidently been a row of arches along this edifice, but they have been walled up, and the watch-tower close by is modern. Down in the town I found an old Byzantine church, converted by the Turks into a mosque, and I read on the Turkish inscription over the entrance the Turkish date, 1132 of the Hegira, or 1720 of our era. As for the present town of Larissa, it almost rivals Athens in respect of dust, and it has an appearance of decline, which contrasts markedly with the progress of Volo. No longer the chief place in Thessaly, it is still, however, an important military post; and since the rectification of the frontier in 1897, which cost Greece some 440 square kilometres of territory, it is nearer than ever to the Turkish frontier.

The excursion from Larissa to Tempe is one of the most enjoyable in Greece. For long we drove over the vast plain, dotted at rare intervals by a group of gypsies' tents or by a collection of Wallachs' wigwams, whose inmates can speak both Greek and Roumanian. There are beautiful views of Ossa's bare sharp cone to the right, of the great mass of Olympos in front, and to the far left our driver indicates with his whip that memorable pass of Melouna, which figured so largely in the early days of the Greco-Turkish war. A straggling spring and several villages, Makrochori and Balamoutli to the left, Kutchuk ("Little") Kisserli to the right, relieve the monotony of the plain. Our driver, who fled, like our landlord—and is not ashamed to own it—from Larissa before the dreaded Turks, tells us that the first and last of these villages were entirely Turkish before the late war, but that nearly all the Turks have emigrated into Macedonia since then. The next village of Babá, at the mouth of the vale, still bears alike in name and appearance the impress of the Moslem. It is a charming old Turkish hamlet, such as one may see on the outskirts of Constantinople, or in parts of Bosnia, with a couple of mosques and a minaret still standing, while, in sharp contrast, the little inn proudly styles itself in French "Hôtel des Tempes." Upon the slopes of Ossa to the right we catch a glimpse of that once flourishing community of cotton-spinners and dyers, the village of Ambelakia, who, at the end of the 18th century, sent their fabrics as far as England.

And now we are in Tempe—a valley which does not belie, but

rather exceeds, its classic reputation. Even if it did not possess the added charm of literary association, Tempe would still be one of the most beautiful valleys in Europe. The plane-trees along the water's edge surpass all others of their kind ; luxuriant creepers hang from their boughs, and the grey rocks, which rise precipitous on either side, are clothed in a mantle of ivy. Here, too, we have what is so rare in Greece—a real river, whose broad and ample waters swirl along, and at times form little rapids. The yellow colour of the Peneios and the swarms of frogs which inhabit it do not invite a bathe ; else there are deep pools where a swim would be enjoyable. At the “King's spring,” which bubbles from under the causeway beneath the shade of a vast plane-tree, everyone pauses to drink. High up on the cliff opposite is a strange cave, accessible to goats alone, and a little further along the road are the ruins of some old fortifications, probably the remains of the castle mentioned by Livy as being “in the middle and the narrowest part of the valley.” To the right of the path we soon found the famous Roman inscription, cut on a smooth portion of a rock. As most books give it inaccurately, I copied it down exactly as it is cut :—

E . CASSIVS LONGIN
PRO . COS .
TEMPE MVNIVIT

This particular “L.¹ Cassius Longinus” was ordered by Caesar to occupy this part of Thessaly during the operations against Pompey in 48 B.C. It is a pity that the modern tourist has cut out the old letters afresh with a knife, so as to make them clearer, for they date from one of the most stirring years of Thessaly's blood-stained history.

On the hill above, standing out very sharp over an abrupt precipice, is the so-called *porta*, the square gateway of an old fortress. Our carriage stopped at last near a little house, at once mill and *khan*, whose owner has erected some wooden tables under the trees and provides coffee, wine, and water, the latter from the beautifully blue “Bath of Aphrodite” behind the mill, where grows lovely watercress, which he was fishing out with a long pole when we arrived. At this point the river is at its best ; the great trees, just as in the beautiful line of Catullus,

Tempe quæ silvæ cingunt superimpendentes,

bend right over the water, and the further bank recedes. Close by

¹ It will be observed that the first letter is *not* “L,” but the only other person to whom it could refer is C. Cassius Longinus, who was in Thessaly in 170 B.C., and it is not “C” either.

is a stone pillar with a defaced Greek inscription on one side, and on the other the Latin words, sometimes expressed in Greek character, exactly as printed :—

ΑΝ
ΙΥΓΙΑΝΙ
VICTORI
ΑΧΗΡΙΥΜ
ΓΕΜΠΕΡ
ΑΥΣ

By climbing for five minutes up the hill to the right, we had a superb view of the Gulf of Salonika and the long peninsula of *Kassandra*, and I thought I could just discern on the horizon the great marble cone of Mount Athos, the "Holy Mountain" of the Levant. Ten minutes beyond the *khan*, a wooden bridge crosses the river, and there one is out in the open country and the defile has ended.

Tempe has seen many an army pass through its lovely valley. Ever since Poseidon, the "earth-shaker," rent this chasm for the passage of the Peneios, as the Thessalians told Herodotos, or, as the sceptical "father of history" preferred to put it, ever since an earthquake separated the mountains, this has been one of the ways by which the barbarian could enter Thessaly. Hither a Greek force was sent to prevent the advance of Xerxes, who, after visiting the mouth of the Peneios, entered Thessaly by the pass, which leads over from Macedonia to Gonnos, opposite to Babá. Here Philip V. of Macedon retreated in his contest with the Romans; and it was the surrender of this stronghold which saved them in their war against Perseus. Through Tempe fled Pompey after the disastrous rout at Pharsala; through Tempe marched Boniface of Montferrat and his Latin crusaders to the easy conquest of Greece; through the same smiling valley, a century later, the savage Catalans entered into the pleasant pastures of Thessaly; and between Ossa and Olympos Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett wended his way to the sea and to captivity during the last Greco-Turkish war. Ere long, the railway to Europe will defile the classic memories of Tempe. The Greek Government usually keeps a certain number of soldiers in the pass, one of whom mounted our carriage on the way back to Babá, in order to prevent the smuggling of arms through the port of Tzágesi for use in Macedonia.

In order to go from Larissa to the monasteries of Meteora by rail, it is necessary to return as far as Velestino, and there change into the train for Kalabaka. It is perhaps as quick to drive across

the plain to Trikkala ; but in the hot weather the cool and airy carriages of the Thessalian railway are preferable. Here, too, one battlefield after another follows in rapid succession. Away to the right is the scene of Kynoskephalai, where Flamininus laid low the power of Philip V. of Macedon. Further up the line the name of Pharsala recalls both an ancient and a modern victory. No one now reads the epic poem of Lucan, which takes its name from this spot and which the poet vainly hoped would confer immortality upon himself. But the defeat of Pompey by Cæsar, near what is now the railway-station, was one of the really decisive battles of history, while the conflict between the Greeks and Turks at the bridge to the right on May 5, 1897, has had no effect upon the course of events. Pharsala itself lies some distance to the left, at the base of a hill, the old Acropolis. The hill is shaped like a Turkish saddle, with a depression in the centre and a mass of rocks and ancient walls at either extremity. Two or three minarets rising above the little town are all that remains of Turkish rule at Pharsala, and a couple of turbaned Turks on the line, and a solitary Turkish woman, who was travelling by the train, were the only representatives of the once dominant race whom we saw on the journey. At Trikkala they say that not a single Turk remains ; only one of the mosques there looks flourishing, and several of the minarets are broken and have no top. The Wallachs, however, wander over the plain, whoever may be its masters, and a picturesque group of these nomadic herdsmen outside their wigwams is no uncommon sight. Much as the Turks have lost by the retrocession of this rich region, the strategic rectification of the frontier has caused at least one Greek community to be houseless and homeless. The inhabitants of the village called Koutso-phliane, which was restored to Turkey by the treaty of December 4, 1897, preferred to emigrate rather than to become once more subjects of the Sultan.

Almost all the way up to Kalabaka, the snowy summit of Olympos is visible across the plain, for the low hills could not conceal its towering majesty, while to the left the great wall of Pindos, broken only by "the gates" of Gomphoi, gradually comes into view. Of all the towns along this line Phanarion has the finest situation. Homer, with his usual accuracy, calls it "rocky" Ithome (its ancient name), and couples it with Trikke in the Catalogue. From far and near it is indeed a "beacon," as the moderns appropriately have christened it, and its mediæval castle, like that of Trikkala, dates from the time when Thessaly belonged, more or less fitfully, to the Byzantine Emperors. Trikkala, is now a busy place, the capital of

a nomarchy, and, according to the last census of 1896, the fourth largest town in Greece, and the first in Thessaly, a distinction now probably possessed by Volo. It has in all ages been an important town, famous of old for its cult of the healing art—for the two doctors of the Greek army at Troy came thence, and it was there, during the brief Servian domination of Thessaly in the fourteenth century, that Simeon Urosh, brother of the great Servian Tsar, Stephen Dushan, had himself crowned as "Emperor of the Serbs and Greeks."

From the terminus of the line at Kalabaka, a stony path leads up among the weird group of isolated cliffs, upon which the "Monasteries in the Air," the famous Meteora, are perched. Hagia Trias ("Holy Trinity") was the first that beckoned to us to scale its lofty eyrie. After climbing up to a manhole, through which there was just room to creep, we found a series of perpendicular ladders swinging loosely, and not fastened to the rock so as to prevent them from swaying to and fro. They are placed in a natural cleft in the cliff, which is almost pitch-dark. Progress up these ladders was slow at first, until we became accustomed to the motion, and it took some minutes to arrive at the second trapdoor at the top. The monks, eight in number, have covered the narrow surface of the rock with buildings, except where a small space has been left for a solitary sheep to graze. They have a tiny chapel with some nice paintings of saints and a fine view of the monasteries of Meteoron and Varlaam, as well as a refectory and their own cells. The guest-chamber, which had a fine Turkish hearth, was beautifully clean, and the hospitable monks gave us the usual refreshments of jam, water and very strong *masticha* in the saloon, which was adorned with some Russian coloured prints from the Monastery of Roussikon on Mount Athos and with a picture of that monastery. According to the late Abbot of Meteoron, who has published a history of the monasteries in modern Greek,¹ the church and monastery of the Holy Trinity were founded in 1438, when a monk named Dometios scaled this crag "with much labour and difficulty," and made it his abode. Until 1868 the usual means of approach to it was a long hanging ladder of more than a hundred rungs; but in that year Anthimos Pelorios, the then *Hegoumenos*, made the present access. The monks still have, however, a net and windlass for letting down such persons as prefer that mode of descent, and a thinner cord and a second windlass for small objects. They have had some distinguished visitors, for both the King and Queen of Greece have been here, so

¹ 'Τὰ Μετέωρα.' (Ἐκ Ἀθήνας, 1882.)

they told us, and the present King of Italy was their guest when he visited Meteora some ten days before his father's tragic assassination.

St. Stephen's, our next destination, is the most accessible of all the fine monasteries which, out of the original twenty-four, still remain inhabited, especially since the engineer of the Thessalian railway built for its inmates the present permanent bridge, with an iron handrail in place of the drawbridge which formerly spanned the abyss. It was founded in 1312 by a monk named Jeremiah, who built the church of St. Stephen there and a couple of cells. Nearly twenty years later, between 1328 and 1332, the Emperor Andronikos the Elder, who had been forced to abdicate the throne and retire into a cloister, under the name of Antonios, after a visit to Mount Athos, came and settled for a little time at this monastery. At his departure, he gave to Jeremiah a considerable sum for the extension of the buildings, out of which the original drawbridge was constructed. The monk who showed us round this monastery was well acquainted with its history—a rare thing in one of his class—and knew who had founded it and the approximate date of its foundation. The older of the two churches within the convent precincts, that of St. Stephen, contains frescoes of various saints on the walls and a very difficult Greek inscription over the inside of the door. The most interesting thing inside it is the splendid throne, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, which our worthy monk insisted was that of St. Chrysostom. The second church, that of St. Charalampos, as the date over the door states, was built in 1798, under the direction of two monks, Ambrosios and Theophanes, who so greatly added to the accommodation of St. Stephen's as to deserve the title of the third founders of the monastery. Late as is the date of this second church, two fine double-headed Byzantine eagles and two fir-trees have been carved above the door, one on either side, with a cross in the middle, and the Imperial eagle of Byzantium, as usual, spreads its wings on the floor inside and is carved on the fine, though modern, throne of wood. This church also contains a handsome carved screen, but the carving is all dated 1836. A large basket, hanging from a beam and covered with a cloth, contained the holy bread. Quaint pieces of wood, shaped like a huge bone, were used as supports for the books; and in the cloister outside the usual *semantron*, a circular iron bar, served, when struck with a hammer, to summon the monks to prayers. Inside the monastery, a large wooden implement and a hammer of the same material were employed to call them together. The monasteries conduce to long life. Our monastic guide told me that he had been twenty-five years at

St. Stephen's, while Sophronios, the present *Hegoumenos*, had been fifty years here, though he had only been head of the little community since 1896. In that year died his predecessor, Kostantios, who was *Hegoumenos* from 1847 to 1896, and whose portrait, showing his decorations, hung in the room where we sat and drank our coffee.

A young monk, whom we had seen at prayer in one of the churches, acted as our host in the absence of the *Hegoumenos*, and became extremely conversational at dinner. He told us that he had been here three years, that he had become a monk at twelve years of age, when he left Constantinople for Mount Athos, and then, like the Emperor Andronikos, came from Mount Athos to St. Stephen's. Though a Greek by race, his sympathies were with the Turks, and he preferred Turkey to Greece because he said that there was religious liberty in the former, which was lacking in the latter country. In fact, he expatiated on the religious toleration of the Moslem in the most liberal spirit. He told us that the Greeks, on the other hand, had driven the Turks from Trikkala by preventing the muezzins from calling the faithful to prayer. During the late war, when the Turks occupied Kalabaka, many of the women and children of that place took refuge in this monastery, but the invaders did no harm to any of the convents of Meteora. In fact, when peace was signed, it was currently reported that the monks regretted that they remained within the new frontier. The young monk, like all his class, was a great politician, and talked of the Armenian massacres, which he attributed to England, and of the misdeeds of Greek politicians, while the cook occasionally chimed in with a remark. But our host knew more about politics than theology, as may be judged from his remark that the King of the Hellenes, a strict Lutheran, was "under the Pope." The visitors' book, which contained the names of many diplomatists, was produced, and he told how the present King of Italy had slept a night here in 1900.

The accommodation at St. Stephen's is not so good as at some monasteries; but the beds were very clean, and our slumbers were not disturbed by the twelve cats of the institution. Before half-past six next morning we started for the round of the other monasteries, which takes nearly four hours. By a mountain path we descended to the silent and gloomy valley of rocks, from which rises the sheer rock upon whose summit Varlaam is perched—the most majestically situated and the most impressive of these aërial abodes. In answer to the shouts of our muleteer, the grey-bearded *Hegoumenos* appeared on the platform overhanging the precipice, and challenged us to

scale the swinging ladders, the upper part of which, suspended high up the rock by means of a chain, he let down for our benefit. As it hung loose upon the smooth cliff, swaying to and fro with every breath of wind, it did not inspire confidence, though the kings of Greece and Italy are said to have climbed by it, and the monks prefer that mode of ascent to the net. I asked one monk how he had accustomed himself to such a perilous mode of access, where one false step would mean certain death. He said that when he first essayed the ladder his head grew dizzy and he thought he should have fallen. But an old monk from above shouted to him to go on, and he managed to crawl into the hole in the rock where the ladder terminates. On the second occasion, a monk followed close at his heels, and, by talking to him all the time, kept his attention engaged and prevented him from thinking of the abyss below him. Since then he had had no fear, but he admitted that the ladders were difficult of ascent for "those who dwell in towns." The net, which the *Hegoumenos* reluctantly let down—for it requires four monks to work the windlass—is composed of very large meshes, and is fastened by a large iron hook to a rope nearly as thick as a man's wrist. The traveller sits down on the net, the meshes are collected round him, and then he is hauled up like a fish out of the water to the monastery, a height of 180 feet, in about three minutes. The limbs of the aerial voyager protrude through the meshes, unless he is very experienced and puts his feet upon the cordage of the net. It sometimes happens that the thick cord, in passing over the pulley, slips for an inch or so. The inmate of the net then feels a sudden jerk downwards, and is apt to think that his last moment has arrived. At the top the net is hauled by means of a hooked pole into projecting hutch, such as one sees in grain elevators, and the traveller is liberated till the moment comes for his descent by the same mode of locomotion. Only one person may ascend at a time, but the monks insist on sending two persons down together in order to save themselves trouble. There has never, however, been an accident, I believe, in all these centuries. We were told, as a special recommendation, that the rope at Varlaam had come from Trikkala and was brand-new, though it was rather frayed. Ladies are, however, not allowed to ascend to either this monastery or that of Meteoron, just as they are excluded from Mount Athos; but that is because of the danger to the monks rather than because of the risk to the ladies. Another and smaller cord, with a tin box attached, containing the usual monastic light refreshments of *loukoumi*, *masticha*, and water, is let down for the benefit of those who do not

go up, and it is customary to put a two *drachmai* note into the tin box by way of remuneration.

Varlaam, which is now inhabited by eight monks, was founded by a hermit of that name in 1208, who migrated thither from the neighbouring monastery of Meteoron, and who ascended—but how?—to the top of this sheer cliff, whose lowest elevation is 180 feet, and which, on the other side, where the ground slopes away rapidly, rises more than 600 feet. Indeed, in the case of all these monasteries, one is inclined to ask about the first monks, as about Pope's flies in amber, how they got there. "By a miracle" is the answer of the devout, but no scientific explanation is forthcoming. However, granted the presence of the founder on the top of the cliff, the rest is easy. We are told that Varlaam, having ascended to this dizzy height, built two cells and a chapel, dedicated to the three Doctors of the Church, and passed the rest of his life there in peace with two of his brethren. For three hundred years we have no records of this monastery, till two brothers, Nektarios and Theophanes, belonging to a good family at Joannina, after trying the monastic life in the island on the lake there, established themselves here, and constructed a ladder of ninety-five rungs for the transport of food and building materials. With these they erected a tower and a church dedicated to All Saints—the second of the two existing churches.

We proceeded from Varlaam for five minutes up the rock-strewn ravine to the right, and reached the foot of the cliff, on which stands the Monastery of the Transfiguration (*Μεταμόρφωσις*), usually called Meteoron *par excellence*, because it stands in the highest situation of all these edifices. There also, as at Varlaam, the ascent is made by outside swinging ladders or by a net, but the actual height of the precipice over which the net is let down is thirty-two feet less than that at Varlaam, nor are the ladders so formidable. The first of them is here fixed at an easy slant against the rock; then come the loose ladders, constructed, as usual, in several joints, which were pulled up by a chain when we arrived, so that no one could scale the cliff.

The legendary founder of Meteoron was a native of Hypate, near Lamia, the son of rich parents, who, when a boy, was taken prisoner by the great Bulgarian Tsar Samuel in one of his raids into Greece towards the end of the tenth century. Escaping from captivity, only to find his home in ruins, young Andronikos directed his steps to Salonika, and thence wandered to Mount Athos, Constantinople, and Crete in quest of that peace which in those wild times a monastic life could alone bestow. But none of those places seemed to him

to be sufficiently secluded from the world, the flesh, and the barbarians. Hearing by chance of the rocks of Meteora, he set out for Kalabaka with one companion, and with an introduction to the bishop of that place, who assigned them as a residence a rock at Dupiane, near the present village of Kastraki. The rock had already been tenanted by a hermit called Barnabas, who had constructed a little chapel of the Holy Ghost, which gave its name to the present rock. The Tsar Samuel had not only spared this building, when he marched past Kalabaka, but had set up two iron crosses on the twin peaks of the rock to commemorate his triumph. At the time when the monk Andronikos, or Athanasios as he was now styled, and his friend arrived, the rock was occupied by a recluse named Ignatios, and the piety of the trio soon attracted others to join them. For three years Athanasios remained there, and then, accompanied by two other monks, moved, in 1020, to the great rock of Meteoron, where they established themselves in the cave, where the ladder now enters, and the foundations of the present tower, to which the rope is attached, begin. Such was the legendary origin of Meteoron, according to which the parent-monastery of that, and through it, of the others, was the now ruined monastery of the Holy Ghost, to which 985 is assigned as the date of its foundation, and which, though long deserted, still preserves the two iron crosses of the Tsar Samuel.

Meanwhile, under the guidance of Athanasios, Meteoron grew and flourished. After his death in 1055, there is a long silence in the records of the monastery, till we come to 1368. In that year a great figure appeared there, none other than the Byzantine Emperor and historian, John Cantacuzene, who, after a stormy career on the throne, abdicated the purple and assumed the garb of a monk, first at Constantinople and Mount Athos, and then at Meteoron. The humble fathers received the ex-Emperor with gladness; they recognised the advantage of being directed in worldly matters by his vast experience, and, when their *Hegoumenos* died, prevailed upon the "monk Joasaph," as Cantacuzene was now called, to become their abbot. The monastery soon exhibited proofs of his energy and business capacity. In 1387 he founded the present Church of the Transfiguration, and his genius for organisation extended to the farms which now belong to the monastery. The *Hegoumenos* of Meteoron became the president of a monastic federation, of which the other monasteries were members, while they retained the management of their own internal affairs. This form of government has now ceased; and each of the surviving monasteries

is independent of the other, and is idiorrhythmic, as the Greek phrase has it: that is to say, governed on individualistic instead of communistic principles.

Such is the usual version of the foundation of Meteoron. But the learned historian of mediæval Greece, Dr. Hopf, inclined to the belief that the "monk Joasaph" was not John Cantacuzene, but John Urosh, one of the Servian rulers of Thessaly, and son of that Simeon who was crowned, as we saw, at Trikkala. According to this version, John Urosh retired to Meteoron on succeeding to the throne, and from that position, where he was safe from the attacks of the corsairs and other robbers who then infested Thessaly, he governed his State by means of deputies, presiding over the monasteries for seventeen years as "father of Meteora." In 1393 the Turkish conquest of Thessaly put an end to his temporal dominion; but he then formally became Abbot of Meteoron and a bishop, though he was still known by his subordinates as "King Joasaph," and he died peacefully in his cell, far above the intrigues of that troublous time. Such—if we may believe the German scholar—was the euthanasia of the last Christian ruler of Thessaly.

The work of "the monk Joasaph"—whether he was Urosh or Cantacuzene—was continued by various immigrants from Joannina, and especially by a certain Spiridion, who, about the year 1500, was elected *Hegoumenos* of Meteoron, extended the Church of the Transfiguration, and built other edifices on the rock. Two other churches, that of St. John the Baptist and St. Constantine, date from 1791. There are now only some six or seven monks at Meteoron, and of the other monasteries, besides those already described, only one, that of Rosanos, founded in 1388 and re-founded by two brothers from Joannina in 1639, is inhabited, and that only by a single monk, who reaches his cell by means of a bridge, as this rock is on one side easily accessible. Great, indeed, is the change since the days when 700 monks lived on the rocks of Meteora; while now there are only 27 or 28 all told. But, as our muleteer said, cities now prove a greater attraction than the cloister, and few become monks.

From Meteoron we passed a whole series of dismantled monasteries, some in caves, some on the pinnacles of rocks, on our way down the valley to the village of Kastraki. One of them is in some respects the most curious of all the Meteora convents. Seen from one side, it seems to cover every inch of the top of a mushroom-like crag, to which a perfectly perpendicular ladder gives access. From the other side, however, we could see that the buildings had left

a little space still vacant on the summit. Founded in 1315, this monastery, called that of the Virgin, or simply the Holy Monastery, has long been abandoned. That of St. Nicholas close by, erected in 1388, is no longer inhabited, though it has the remains of a considerable number of buildings. Another curiosity is the monastery of St. George, built in a sort of cavern in the side of the rock near Kastraki. Neither ladder nor net is to be seen, but the devout ascend to the cave by means of iron clamps stuck in the rock. Although it contains no monks, this holy place is an object of pilgrimage, and we saw above it various handkerchiefs dedicated by the peasants to St. George on his day. Another cavern was pointed out to us as the place where the guard used to be stationed for the defence of the monasteries, and we saw also what remains of the smaller monastic establishments of St. Antonios, St. Gregorios, and Patovas over Kastraki. Most of the ruined monasteries were destroyed by the Turks about the year 1600 after an unsuccessful rising of the Thessalian Christians. About the beginning of the last century, even Meteoron itself suffered at the hands of Ali Pasha of Joannina, and was plundered by robbers in 1831; but its worthy ex-Abbot, in his pamphlet, reserves the bitterest vials of his wrath for the "black-hearted" Phanariotes of Constantinople and for the Œcumenical Patriarch, whose interference in the mundane affairs of the monasteries he resents with all the warmth of a theologian.

The village of Kastraki, which lies on the opposite side of the rocks to Kalabaka, is entirely Greek, while at Kalabaka there are some thirty or forty families of Koutzo-Wallachs, who speak Roumanian as well as Greek, and also a few Albanians. It is perhaps owing to this mixture of races that there is more costume at Kalabaka than elsewhere in Thessaly, and we met there many women whose hair was stained with henna, and who wore long blue coats bound with red. The most remarkable feature in the landscape at Kastraki is the huge pillar of stone, which rises erect, like the club of some village Hercules of the stone age, in the opening between the two cliffs which almost surround the houses. At the flourishing town of Kalabaka, which we reached by a circuitous path round the base of the cliffs, there is a most interesting cathedral, built by the Emperor Andronikos, who did so much for St. Stephen's, and whose throne, so our guide told us, was none other than the magnificent *ambo*, perhaps the finest in Greece, inside the church. Outside, in the courtyard, is a large stone, like an altar, from which the gospel is read at Easter. But long before the Byzantine times, when Kalabaka was known as Stagoús, or "The Saints" (*οἱ ἅγιοι*)

'Αγίους), from the saintly men who dwelt on the surrounding rocks, the place had been commemorated by Roman historians under the name of Æginium. Livy, who mentions it in his account of the wars against Philip V. of Macedon and Perseus, describes it as being "almost impregnable," and here Cæsar joined forces with his lieutenant before Pharsala. It was here, too, nearly a century ago, that the Turkish army was sent to operate against that dangerous rebel, Ali Pasha of Joannina, and here, after the late war, the disbanded soldiers seemed likely to revive the classic days of Thessalian brigandage.

And so we return to the station of Kalabaka and to the civilisation of the twentieth century. At Meteora we have been living in the Middle Ages. There, even to-day, one may understand, in the atmosphere of mediævalism which still clings round the crags of these aërial monasteries, the monastic life as it was lived in the days when John Cantacuzene or John Urosh confessed, amid these tremendous solitudes, that all is vanity. Behind us are the scant survivors of that romantic Middle Age of Greece; below are the train, the reaping-machine from Ipswich, the newspaper from Athens, with its last piece of political intelligence, its latest telegram from Europe. Nowadays philanthropic politicians and political philanthropists are all for civilising the Near East, for making it as much like the hustling West as may be. Yet at times one asks oneself whether the old order was not the better, whether the humble monk in his cell at Meteora is not, after all, happier than the grimy factory hand who is the last word of civilisation in our great manufacturing towns. The day will doubtless come when one solitary hermit, the last of his race, will look out from one of these cliffs over the great Thessalian plain, busy with the works of man's hands; then his turn will come too, and he will be laid with his erstwhile comrades in one of those tiny cemeteries which are not the least pathetic sight of the Meteora monasteries. Civilisation will have triumphed, and these cliffs, which resisted the deluge that once swept over the Thessalian plain, will have failed to resist its stronger flood.

No one who goes up to Thessaly should omit to stop at Stylida, in order to visit Thermopylæ. Stylida, the present port of Lamia, is a nice little place, with a shady street and a fair restaurant, which attained great notoriety during the late war as the usual landing-place of the war correspondents on their way to the front, and which, thanks to a progressive mayor, has been steadily growing. As the *skala* for the much-advertised baths of Hypate beyond Lamia, it is certain to have a considerable future, whenever the mineral waters

of Greece receive that attention which they deserve. But its chief drawback is the shallowness of the water near the shore. In coming and going, our steamers lay nearly two miles out in the Gulf, and we had to row to shore through a long and narrow channel, which had been marked by posts and which is illuminated at night with lamps, whose red cylindrical reservoirs of oil are a useful but ugly addition to the scenery. From Styliida it is a drive of ten miles, or one hour and three-quarters, to Lamia, a pleasant and flourishing little town, with a picturesque and busy bazaar, full of leathern purses and the similar objects which one sees at the bazaar at Athens, crowned by a fine mediæval castle. Being near the old Greco-Turkish frontier before the cession of Thessaly in 1881, Lamia long preserved a Turkish aspect; but one minaret is now alone standing, and on the site which a fine mosque once occupied the new theatre is being built. A statue in the middle of a street near our hotel aroused our curiosity, and proved, on inquiry, to be that of Athanasios Diakos, in whose honour a street has also been named. Diakos, or "the Deacon,"—though he never took holy orders,—was one of the most celebrated heroes of the first two months of the War of Independence. A native of the Ætolian mountains, he entered a monastery as a boy, quitted it for the free life of a klepht, and became one of Ali Pasha's *armatoloi*. When the Revolution broke out in 1821, he lost no time in joining the Greeks who were besieging the castle of Livadia, and speedily became their leader. But his career was cut short by his premature death. On May 5, 1821, he and the bishop of Salona with a body of a few hundred Greeks "kept the bridge of Alamanna," on the way to Thermopylæ, against a large Turkish force. The historian Trikoupes, in his graphic account of what he somewhat inaccurately calls "the battle of Thermopylæ"—for Thermopylæ is two-and-a-half miles away from the bridge—says that Diakos and a few of his followers "remembered that there died Leonidas," and tells us how this modern imitator of the Spartan hero exclaimed, when offered a horse, "Diakos does not flee." After his brother had been killed before his eyes, and he had been himself wounded, he was taken prisoner and conducted to Lamia, where he endured with sublime fortitude the terrible death by impalement on the spot where the statue stands.

Lamia, as might be expected from its commanding situation—for the blue waters of the Maliac Gulf are visible from the town, and the castle surveys the whole country for miles around—has had an eventful history. From this town the last struggle of the Greeks for freedom from Macedon, of which the death of Demosthenes was the

result, took its name of the Lamian war. Here the Roman Glabrio entered as a conqueror in the struggle against the Syrian Antiochos, and hither in the late war the Greeks retired after the battle of Domoko. Seven years ago 40,000 refugees from Thessaly were out on the hills near Lamia, and I could see from the castle the furthest limit which the Turkish forces had reached when the armistice was declared. The castle, which was built by the Catalans when the neighbouring town of Hypate, or Neopatras, was joint capital with Athens of their Athenian Duchy, is now given over to sheep, and the interior was covered with one pink mass of flowering mallow. No garrison, except two soldiers, was stationed within its walls, for it is no longer a fortress, but only a place for storing ammunition. Two old Turkish cannon were lying about neglected, relics of the days when Zeitouni, as the Turks called Lamia, was the base whence Dramali's army set out to subdue the insurgent Greeks some eighty years ago. But until comparatively recently the disturbed state of this part of Greece rendered the presence of soldiers desirable. In September 1894 a notorious brigand, Papakyritsopoulos, who had captured a judge and a public prosecutor sent up to inquire into the condition of this district, was killed and his band annihilated near Lamia; and in June of the following year a still more famous marauder, named Tschoules, and his last two comrades were shot there.

The drive to Thermopylæ took us exactly an hour and a half, the distance being $15\frac{1}{2}$ kilomètres. The road across the Trachinian plain is remarkable only for the fine views of Hypate and of the chains of Othrys and Cæta, and for the literary associations of a region whence came the "Trachinian Maidens" of Sophocles' beautiful drama, whence Achilles led his Myrmidons to Troy. Nowadays the plain is a dull swamp, inhabited chiefly by an army of storks. Twenty minutes before reaching the famous pass, we crossed the classic Spercheios, whose modern name of Hellada has preserved across the centuries the memory of the time when "Hellas" meant, not all Greece, but this particular district alone. The bridge over the stream is that upon which Diakos fought, and derives its name of Alamanna from the great mediæval family of Alaman who are mentioned as Barons of Patras in the *Chronicle of the Morea* and whose name often recurs in mediæval Greek history. Turning to the left we passed a long, low aqueduct and a mill, and skirted the base of a hill, surmounted by some disused cavalry barracks. This unpretending mound is the spot where, as Herodotos tells us, the Spartans fought their last fight, when they saw that all was lost, and where the stone

lion in memory of Leonidas was still standing in the time of that historian. A little further on we left the highway and drove off to the right, to the hot springs at the foot of the mountain. Thermopylæ is, indeed, a strangely primitive sort of spa—very different from the “European” conception of a health resort. It consists of a few low bathing-sheds, two small natural baths, surrounded by boards, and the five very hot springs, which have given their name to this historic spot. Both baths and sheds were locked up when we were there, and not a living soul was to be found. Yet the waters are very abundant and the whole place reeked of sulphur, and the ground for a great distance was coloured white with the deposit from the springs. Beneath our feet the white crust crackled, and a blow with a stick made it give a hollow sound. No one ignorant of its history would imagine to-day that Thermopylæ had ever been a narrow pass between the mountain and the sea. For the distance to the water's edge is now some three or four miles, and the course of the Spercheios has changed. There are now two mills in the flat marsh between the hot springs and the Gulf, across which we could see Styliada exactly opposite us, while beyond the plain in an oblique direction the town and castle of Lamia stood out distinctly. The greatest attraction of Thermopylæ now is the beauty of its woodland scenery, for the mountain slopes behind it, along which Ephialtes guided the Persians by the fatal pass of the Anopaia, are finely wooded, and the note of the cuckoo resounded through the trees, while a couple of tortoises were basking in the sun. A projecting spur of the mountain, near the still visible remains of some old walls, doubtless erected by one of the many defenders of the pass, was occupied by a shepherd's encampment, which a very fierce black dog protected against us with all the tenacious courage of a Spartan hound.

Thermopylæ will ever be sacred to the memory of Leonidas; but he is not the only brave defender of a pass through which in so many different centuries marched the enemies of Greece. Two hundred years after the Spartan king, the Athenian Kallippos held Thermopylæ for long against Brennus and his Gauls, till they, too, like the Persians, took the Greeks in the rear. Another hundred years had not elapsed before Antiochos the Syrian is found in vain trying to keep the Romans at bay in this defile. When the Goths threatened Greece in the middle of the third century after Christ, the subsequent Emperor Claudius II. was entrusted with the defence of the “Hot Gates.” Through Thermopylæ, abandoned at his approach, passed Alaric in hot haste on his path of conquest. The fortifications restored by Justinian checked a Bulgarian inroad

in his time, and more than four centuries later the great Tsar Samuel, on his return through the pass, received a crushing defeat from a Byzantine force on the banks of the Spercheios, where the bones of the slain were still bleaching when, more than twenty years afterwards, the Emperor Basil the Bulgar-slayer inspected the defences of Thermopylæ on his way to Athens. When, after the Fourth Crusade, Boniface of Montferrat marched into Greece, Leon Sgouros, the bold defender of Acrocorinth, resolved for a moment to meet the invader on this classic spot. But the sight of the tall Franks in their coats of mail was sufficient to terrify his followers, and Thermopylæ once again saw a Latin army defile past. Boniface thought sufficiently of the importance of the position to bestow the neighbouring fief of Boudonitza upon Guido Pallavicini, one of his followers, with the title of Margrave and the duty of defending the pass. The Turks, in their turn, traversed this road southward when they began to conquer Greece; and in the late war, after the battle of Domoko, the Greek camp was fixed at Thermopylæ, under the shadow of the hill where the comrades of Leonidas had made their last stand. But the Great Powers now watch over the fortunes of Greece, and it seems scarcely probable that a barbarian will ever again march along the route of Xerxes and Alaric.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE DUCHESS OF FERIA.

EXTREME is the folly to use fiction where there is no necessity nor occasion, and to illustrate the honour and worth of so renowned and holy a personage with untruths ; I hold it sacrilege ; and to deprive her of right and due were apparent injury." These words were written in the year 1643 to "the right honourable, his honourable good Lord, Charles Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon and Lord Baron of Wing," and they were written in a preface of the Memoir of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria.

Some papers and letters of the old Dormer family, which are now lying before me, tell how their ancestors were settled in Normandy when King Edward the Confessor took refuge there from the tyranny of Harold Harefoot, son of King Canute, who had usurped the kingdom. On being recalled from Normandy, Prince Edward brought in his retinue Thomas D'Ormer, and other Norman gentlemen, all of whom he advanced to great honours.

Tradition says that King Edward was very generously helped in his wars with the Danes, and with Earl Godwin, by the money which this Thomas D'Ormer lent him ; and that when the wars were successfully ended, D'Ormer invited the King to a great banquet, at which "he brought tallies in a dish that were evidences of the money which he had lent to the King, saying that, for the honour done to his house, he had no better dish to show his thankfulness withal than these wooden chips."

He thereupon cast these tallies into the fire, and the King at once perceived by the number of them the value of his debt and the munificence of the gift, and answered, "Well mayst thou be called D'Ormer : thou hast a sea of gold, doing what thou hast done ;" and in memory of this act the arms of Dormer were altered, for whereas they were formerly a lion rampant, sable, on a gold field, there was added azure, ten gold billets, and the lion placed in chief.

Descended from this long line of ancestors was Jane Dormer, the radiant beauty of Queen Mary's Court.

At Grove Park in Warwickshire are two pictures of her, one very

fair and very young, and the other with a great dignity and a noble, sad face, and dressed in the Spanish dress of a widow.

Somehow, as one reads the interesting letters about her, the beautiful lady looking down from the walls, where she has hung these three hundred years and more, seems to change into the little child born at Eythrop, the Dormers' other home in Buckinghamshire, on the Feast of Epiphany 1538, and her grandmother's voice still seems to be saying in its gentle phrase, "She is withal prompt with contentment to all holy things."

Little Jane's own mother died when she was four years old, so she was brought up by her grandmother, whose whole life seems to have praised her memory. She so took account of her household (we read) and so ordered her family and her servants, and had such care that all did their duty, that it seemed that she had set before her eyes for her guide and example the portraiture of "The Virtuous Woman" painted by King Solomon.

All her works and words, as the old family papers tell us, praise her and record her memory.

Little Lady Jane was very generous and quick, and inherited all the traits of her ancestors, so that she was loved by all the gentlewomen and servants in her grandmother's house.

We can almost fancy we see the small child now, with her sweet, serious face, sitting at her grandmother's feet, listening to the pathetic story of her great-uncle, Sebastian Newdigate, who was once a gay courtier and one of the Privy Chamber to Henry VIII. and very much favoured by him.

The King was beginning to weary of his good wife, and Lady Dormer, hearing the disquieting Court stories and fearing lest Henry VIII.'s bad example should corrupt her brother, invited him to her house, which in that time was a day's journey from London, and with the example of "The Virtuous Woman" before her, discoursed with him of the alteration of the Court, and of the dissolute behaviour of the courtiers, and of the shameful conduct of the King in trying to reject so noble and virtuous a wife as his queen. She advised her brother to look well to his ways, lest his fair soul should get stained and sullied by the bad example of so mighty a master. Sebastian tried to excuse the King, as in all loyalty he was bound, by answering that her opinion of the King and the tales of him were worse than he demerited, but he ended his careful speech with, "that if the King should really prove as bad as the world suspected, he would promise to have in memory what his sister advised." She replied, it would be well not only to remember, but to perform.

"I shall," he said quite simply.

Then after a silence, the gay handsome Sebastian, bright in his Court dress, leant his head upon his hand and said, "Sister, what will you say if the next news you hear of me shall be that I am entered to be a monk in the Charterhouse?"

"A monk!" she cried. "I fear, rather, I shall see thee hanged."

A very little while after, Lady Dormer saw both, for the King went forward so rapidly in his evil ways, advancing the most dissolute and corrupt people to the greatest and highest offices, and abasing and degrading all the virtuous, that Sebastian Newdigate, remembering his holy sister and the pious counsel she had given him, made up his mind to disentangle himself for ever from the dangers of the Court, and to enter the religious life of the Carthusians in the Charterhouse in London. It was an Order that in England had always had special veneration. The King was furious, and after he had quarrelled with the Apostolic See about his divorce, his next step was to bring the Carthusian heads to trial; so, after hanging three priors, Father Sebastian and two other Fathers were taken with inhuman violence to the Marshalsea, where they were kept for fourteen days standing upright and bound to pillars with great iron rings round their necks, hands, and feet. The King, who still seemed to have a lingering affection for Sebastian, went disguised to the prison, and tried with every temptation in his power to make him deny his profession. Like the tempter of old, he promised him unlimited favour and power if he would but fall down and do his bidding. When he found that his entreaties were of no avail, he went away in a great rage, cursing and threatening.

On June 8 these three Fathers were brought to their trial in Westminster, and on the 19th the sentence of their death was executed. They were stretched upon hurdles and drawn with horses through London to Tyburn, where they were killed in a most terrible manner.

When Queen Mary succeeded to the English throne, Sir William Dormer (little Jane's father) raised a company and marched at their head to Aylesbury, there to proclaim and maintain the rightful queen. The Earl of Bedford, with his adherents, had also, obeying the commands of the Duke of Northumberland, arrived to proclaim the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, but Sir William told him roundly (so we read): "My Lord, we cannot hear of any queen but the Lady Mary, and he that presumes publicly to name any other shall do it to his cost."

His good courage and clear manner so affrighted the Earl that

he did not dare to attempt what he was enjoined, and he hastily retired. Sir William and his followers then went forward to attend the Queen. This he did out of zeal to what was right, not giving a thought to alliance or personal friends, for his first wife was a cousin of the poor Lady Jane Grey.

For this service, and for the great charity of his mother towards all Catholics, he was much favoured by the Queen Mary, who appointed him one of the six Knights of the Bath in her coronation, and as soon as the little Lady Jane, his daughter, was old enough to leave her grandmother, she also served the Queen: indeed she became such a Court favourite that Mary entrusted everything she valued to her. At table she ate the meat that the hand of Jane Dormer carved for her, she slept in her bedchamber, and scarcely ever permitted her absence.

Lady Jane's education did not belong to what is so miscalled "the higher education" of to-day, but it belonged to that now, alas! almost obsolete one, of learning her duty to serve God, and her obedience to her father, grandfather and grandmother, by conforming herself with affectionate humility to their commands. And this education, primeval as the authorities now may term it, was the seed of the greatness of the nobility of England.

Very simple are the accounts of the Court life Jane Dormer has left behind in her three-hundred-year-old diary and letters. The Queen seldom went in state progress except to the Cardinal's house at Croydon. The Cardinal was Archbishop of Canterbury and her own kinsman. She avoided all means of troubling her subjects in the hay and corn harvests, when they would have use of their own horses and carts.

When she stayed at Croydon for rest she would only have two or three of her ladies with her, but Jane Dormer was always one of them, and then her great pleasure was to visit her poor neighbours, sitting familiarly with them, talking with the man and his wife and asking them of their manner of living, and how the officers of the Court dealt with them, and whose carts and labour were pressed for her carriages and provisions.

One evening, going into a collier's house, and sitting down while he went on eating his supper, she asked him whether he had aught against the Court.

He answered that they had pressed his cart for service from London and had never paid him for it.

The Queen then asked whether he had not called for his money.

He said "Yea, to them that set him work, but they neither gave him money or good answer."

"Friend," Queen Mary asked earnestly, "is this true that you tell me?"

And the collier, never dreaming who his royal visitor was, but taking her for one of her maids-in-waiting, said yea, and prayed her to be a means to the Comptroller that he and the other poor man might be paid.

As soon as she returned to the Cardinal's house she sent for Sir Robert Rochester, and gave him such a severe reproof that her ladies who heard her were grieved at her anger.

When the Queen found her poor neighbours overburdened with large families, she gave them good alms and advised them to live thriftily and always with the fear of God; in many cases she placed boys and girls out as apprentices in London, where they learnt an honest trade.

In all her visits of charity Lady Jane Dormer accompanied her, and when complaints were made she always commended them especially to this maid-of-honour for remembrance.

These great favours of the Queen and her own rare beauty and sweetness made Jane Dormer very eagerly sought for in marriage, but the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Devonshire and many other great suitors were dismissed, as Jane had no inclination to leave her mistress, and the Queen had no desire to part with her. Indeed the love of this queen to her favourite lady was like the love of a very tender mother. If Jane were ill, the Queen's own hands nursed her, and she could not bear to have her out of her sight.

But when the Prince of Spain came over to marry the Queen he brought in his train the Duke of Feria, a great lord and grandee, who found the Lady Jane's descent and birth quite as noble as his own, and, being moved by her exceeding grace and beauty, he at last won her heart.

The Queen, however, delayed the marriage, for the King being called off to Flanders, on account of a war, occasioned the want of the great gifts with which the Queen had promised to endow the bride.

But in the meantime the poor Queen was taken with a serious illness, and on November 17, 1558, she died, comforting those that were near her who were grieving, and telling them of the many little angel children that were playing beside her, and of the sweet music they were singing, giving her more than earthly comfort. Then she asked those around her ever to have the holy fear of God before

their eyes, which alone would free them from all evil, and be a curb to all temptation. She asked them to think that whatsoever came to them was by God's permission, and ever to have confidence that He would, in mercy, turn all to the best.

At the Queen's death, Jane Dormer of course retired from the Court, which had been as a home to her all her life, and after delivering up her royal mistress's jewels to the new Queen Elizabeth, she went to live with her grandmother in the Palace of the Savoy.

On Christmas Eve, 1558, her marriage to the Duke of Feria took place. The Duke, as ambassador and vicegerent of his King, held his authority with great courage, for perceiving that Elizabeth intended to alter some of the religious ceremonies in connection with her coronation, he would neither publicly nor privately assist at it. Soon after the coronation King Philip sent for the Duke, and he started for Spain in April 1559, the Duchess following him three months later.

Six daughters of nobles attended her, besides a great guard of priests and gentlemen. On arriving at Calais she was received in state and very "honourably entreated" by the Governor, and when she reached the Spanish border artillery was discharged, feasts were made, soldiers marched by in their military order, and sumptuous gifts were presented to the beautiful English bride. Very soon after this almost regal reception, a little son was born, and baptized with great honours; and then the Duke and Duchess of Feria, with their enormous retinue, travelled to Amboise, where Francis II. and Queen Mary of Scotland were.

The Scotch Queen was so marvellously charmed with the Duchess that she commanded her to be lodged in the palace. She dismissed her ladies, saying the Queen's "hands only should dress her;" she ate at her table, and had as many royal courtesies shown her as would have been shown to a princess of the nearest of the Queen's blood. An entire and intimate love sprang up between the two during that visit, which death even did not sever, and a steady correspondence then began, which ended only with Queen Mary's most sad death.

In all their old letters, we read but one affectionate ending: "Your perfect friend, old acquaintance, and dear cousin, Mary Regina."

In the autumn of 1560 we again hear of another triumphant entry into Toledo, where the city was dispeopled to see her enter it. The King of Spain and her husband stood side by side in a window to watch her ride slowly on a horse decorated with crimson

velvet and gold trappings and ornamented with studs and gold ; a led horse was by her side. Then followed six ladies with their horses gaily trapped, and twenty pages in very costly livery, and at the end rode most of the gallantry of the Spanish Court. But the Duchess's own peculiar sweet dignity outshone all this brilliance.

After the Duchess had rested in the Court, she went to Zafra, the Duke's house on his estate in Estremadura, "where she was received by the neighbours and tenants with such tokens of homage and honour as could not be greater." And then, we read, she began in all earnest to put in practice the duties of a married wife and great châtelaine.

Her husband found in her "a general treasure for all chances and cares ; in all times and on all occasions she sought to please him, for in mirth the Duchess was to him sweet and pleasing company, in matters of discontent they found in her a lively comfort, in doubts a faithful and able counsellor, and in adverse accidents a most true solace."

For twelve years this story of a most perfect married life continued ; and then the Duke of Feria died, leaving his widow still quite young and very beautiful, far from her own people and in a manner very solitary, with the care of their only son, and in charge of an immense estate.

Three things, as he lay dying, he most solemnly left to her care : " His soul, his son, and his honour."

And so the Duchess of Feria (our own Jane Dormer), remembering her husband's dying wishes, put away all ostentation of greatness, and gave herself to a recollected sort of life. Prayers were offered up in all monasteries and parishes about the Escorial and in Madrid for her husband's soul, and large alms were given for perpetual ministries on the estate.

" Her house was governed by holiness at home, by courage abroad, by prudence everywhere," was once said of her. Great debts had lain upon the estates ; they were paid off. Her son was trained with a noble and virtuous education. Sick people were visited, sorrowing ones were comforted, and a long life of goodwill, of charity, of blameless deeds, was fulfilled.

She was never idle, she was always reading or working, unless she was receiving persons of quality or strangers, or when she, in corresponding courtesy, had to visit them—a business which was exceedingly burdensome to her.

At last, after many months of great suffering from a terrible disease, came the end.

People from far distances, courtiers, statesmen, clergy, all flocked to the Duchess's bedside to entreat for a last word of blessing.

The President of the Council of Orders was too old a man to kneel, but he stood kissing her hand and taking his leave of her while the tears streamed down his face.

"It is a good thing to praise God for," he said as he turned away, "to see this lady, how well she stands with God, and the spirit that she hath."

No one was overlooked or forgotten ; to all she gave her words of love and blessing, asking it for them and for herself from Heaven, which for her was not far off.

And so, on the night of January 23, 1612, "she sweetly and without any trouble rendered her blessed soul to God, to live with Him eternally."

This short memoir, some readers may say, has no great adventure, no thrilling crisis in it ; but the simple record of a pure, blameless life, spent in English and Spanish Courts during Henry VIII.'s, Queen Mary's, and Queen Elizabeth's reigns, brings the charm of the past into our present ; as we read it, we realise how faithfully the Dormers, through their long line of ancestry until this day, have always served their motto : "*Ciò che Dio vuole, io voglio.*"

HENLEY I. ARDEN.

OVER-STOUTNESS:**ITS DISCOMFORTS AND DANGERS.**

IT seems that until within recent years the over-stout were looked upon almost as fortunate people—indeed, people to be envied; and glancing at the pictures of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago one will observe that almost all the characters, whether male or female, are drawn as being of inordinate dimensions. It became almost a fashion to be fat, and a fat man or woman was looked upon as the embodiment of good humour, happiness, and contentment. Every humourist was supposed to be fat, and even Shakespeare in his plays gives the obese a place as being the happiest and the most careless and the most genial of subjects. John Bull, as we know, has always been depicted as a red-faced, full-blooded, fat individual. Why this should be so seems strange, because if there is any condition that shortens life and makes existence less enjoyable it is that of being overburdened with an unnatural amount of adipose tissue. On the other hand, the lean individual was looked upon as a dangerous person, and, according to Shakespeare, Caesar warns his friends against such individuals; while the witches of olden days were always depicted as thin and wrinkled. Who ever saw the picture of a fat witch? In olden days obesity was looked upon as a kind of hereditary disease, one of those conditions transmitted from the father to the son, and, indeed, among the least enlightened of the medical profession (it may seem strange to say so) this view is still held. It is perfectly true that in some families over-stoutness seems to hold good, but the reason for it is as plain as A B C. It is that in some families a certain line of diet comes from father to son. The result is that, in the case of the obese, the habit is acquired and retained of taking excess of fattening food in its different forms. On the other hand, it does not follow that in one family all the members are fat, though they may live on the same food. The reason for this is simply that certain people assimilate certain foods in greater proportion than others do. Some hardly assimilate

starches and sugar at all, and such will always remain thin. Others will assimilate starches and sugar to excess, and these will become inordinately stout, and will suffer from all the evils dependent upon such a condition. I think I may claim to know something about this matter, as I have taken a great interest in it during the greater part of my life, and I think my experience ought to be of service and warning to those who read this article.

The science of diet has never been, so far, properly studied, either by the medical profession or by the lay public. It is strange that such should be the case, because we actually live, and our health and length of life depend, upon the proper assimilation of the food we eat ; at least, upon the food we assimilate. Few people, whether they suffer from obesity, or from gout, or from indigestion, or from biliousness, will take the trouble to learn that all these different conditions are caused by wrong food, or excess of food, and the over-assimilation of food in accordance with their different idiosyncrasies and mode of life. If the individual becomes too fat, as a rule he goes on eating and drinking until he becomes a great deal fatter, until an oppressed heart, breathlessness, or some other serious symptom pulls him up, or death from some congestive disease closes his life. Until middle age, with the exception of being hampered in the enjoyment of life in the way of riding, hunting and all exercises that require a certain amount of agility and that conduce to healthy life, he does not feel very much inconvenience. He tries to keep his weight down by exercise or some other method which is absolutely useless for this purpose, but seldom alters the mode of life which is the cause of it. If the person is gouty—and the fat are almost always gouty—and an attack of gout comes on, he straightway flies to medicines for his relief, and in this case he can for a time undoubtedly find relief ; but the old enemy soon comes on again with increasing force and he is subject to attack after attack, until in some cases the most pitiful results ensue and the sufferer becomes a confirmed invalid and burden to himself and others. The same applies to liver derangements and many other ailments where medicines and drugs are only palliatives. These ailments can only be cured permanently by attention to the food : that is, by dietetic means. They are really due to errors in diet, and they can only be cured by correcting the diet. If the victims will take the trouble to learn this—and it may mean a little trouble at first, because it may possibly involve the curtailment of a few luxuries in eating and drinking that in the case of the very gluttonous make life not quite so pleasant—they may keep down to correct proportions and free from

gout and other ailments of mal-nutrition, and therefore these conditions are entirely due to their own ignorance or wilful transgression of the laws that govern health. There is no luxury under the sun that a man or a woman who is subject to any of the ailments I have mentioned cannot enjoy and not suffer at all ; but, of course, to do this means that they must go and take the trouble to learn to a slight extent what they should eat and what wine or other liquids they should drink, and the quantities of these.

The tendency to obesity on a certain line of diet is not peculiar to the human animal. Certain animals, as we know, can be fattened up to any extent, and are fattened up for the purpose of the table. This fact simply illustrates my argument that excess of food, and food adapted to fattening, will, most certainly, make an individual or an animal not only obese, but lacking in energy, activity, and strength ; all that one implies under the words stamina and good condition. Take, for instance, the horse at grass. Everyone knows that in this case the animal becomes very fat and unable to do any work without distress and profuse perspiration. If the same animal is taken into the stable, fed on a proper amount of corn and hay, and exercised, he will part with his fat and gain in strength, stamina, and general condition. All those who are in the habit of using horses know this well. In dieting the human being, the same process is being carried out, only, naturally, in a different way ; for a man cannot be fed on corn and hay, but he can be fed on food that is as suitable for the purpose to be attained as corn and hay are for the horse.

Although few seem to know it, one may broadly say that there are only two classes of food essential to maintain animal life. The essentials of foods that nourish the tissues, and replenish waste of tissue, and maintain the system in health, strength, and energy, are animal foods. The others are those foods that maintain the heat of the body and are of very little use in any other way, but are nevertheless as essential to continued health and life as the previous ones. Now it is upon the proper proportioning and due assimilation of these two classes of food that health, strength, and condition depend. If I may be allowed to so express it, I will do it in this way, and make it as plain as I can in a short article. Broadly speaking, the foods that maintain the tissues of the body and maintain energy and strength are those which come under the class of animal foods, and the different articles of diet that contain albumen and proteine and salts. The foods that maintain the heat of the body are farinaceous foods, fats, and sugar ; and to a lesser degree many others, such as fruits,

vegetables, nuts, &c. If these are taken and assimilated in excess and in a greater proportion than is requisite properly to maintain the heat of the body, they become stored as fat, and therefore, so long as this is done the individual becomes fatter and fatter, until in some cases, if he or she live long enough for such an event to take place, life becomes an absolute burden.

It is hardly necessary to point out the fact that the amount of food a person should take depends in a great measure upon his mode of life, and whether this is active or sedentary. A cavalry officer out in the open air, and taking as a matter of course a large amount of riding exercise, can consume more food than a sedentary city man. The same applies to an animal. A horse must be fed according to the amount and kind of work he has to perform ; if this is gentle work very little is necessary, but if he is used for hard work or hunting he requires much more food, and this in the form of corn and hay—the “animal” food, if one so may put it, of the horse. If more food is taken than is required, troubles arise in some form or another. The intelligent reader will see that this is obvious, and that it is not mere theory, but absolute fact. Luckily a properly regulated diet will obviate all these evils.

I think I may assert this from my own personal knowledge, for I believe there is no English-speaking country in the world in which I have not had occasion to diet people by correspondence, or where this result has not occurred ; because, curiously enough, errors due to improper food are the only ailments that humanity suffers from where assistance can be safely given by correspondence, as it must always be remembered, and I have stated it before, that drugs and quack medicines are perfectly useless to reduce weight or to remedy ailments due to errors in diet.

It is a curious fact that often comes under my observation that few people seem to be able to diet themselves. Indeed, it is not wise to do so. They almost always starve themselves, and this is the greatest mistake in the world. The amount of food taken should be ample in every case, but for a time food that is useless, that is the food that increases weight, should be cut out, in order that the fat already stored in the system may be utilised to maintain the body's heat. After the stored fat has gone, as any one can understand, fat-forming foods must be taken again, though not quite in the same proportion in which they were previously consumed. My experience has taught me that the individual who attempts to diet himself makes his own rules and breaks them, the result being that no good is done, indeed very often harm is done. I remember a

Roman Catholic dignitary who was under my care saying to me that the reason why he was able to keep to rules and to lose weight from week to week was because he had to come to confession each week, by either seeing me or writing to me. It certainly was a strong argument in favour of confession, and I can guarantee its absolute truth as far as the managing of fat people is concerned. They have not the strength or the will to resist little temptations if there is not some one with a strong hand at the helm.

There are a few physicians who apply themselves to the study of dietetics, more particularly in respect to corpulency, but as a rule the ordinary medical man unfortunately takes no interest in the matter, and if asked by a patient becoming too stout he generally tells him not to eat too much potato and to take but very little fluid (a most terrible mistake), or he may perhaps go as far as saying that he should avoid puddings or beer and so on. The result of such advice is that the individual may even lose a few pounds, or perhaps not that, because a diet to reduce weight and a diet that does not add to the weight are two totally different things, and this fact few people are able to comprehend.

The obese are not only a nuisance to themselves and sufferers in every way from their condition, but they are a nuisance to others, and few people who are in the habit of meeting with those who are extremely stout do not in some way or other experience the inconvenience their presence entails. The over-fat man is a nuisance, but the obese woman is a horror, for it is impossible in her case, whatever her age or whatever her personal beauty, that she can be otherwise than an object of pity. No amount of tight-lacing, of dress, or of jewellery will hide the deformity. She is the terror of the dressmaker, of the corsetière, and an object of compassion to all around her. Art in dress cannot hide the deformity, and it seems a pitiable fact, when it is so easy to be, by dietetic means, a graceful figure, and to enjoy together with it the activity of youth, that such a person should continue a mode of life that leads to increasing deformity and so many diseases that shorten life. The dangers of over-stoutness are too numerous to enter into in an article. In the first place, when youth is past it prevents the sufferer taking exercise, which is so essential to keeping in health, and thus tends to increase the deposit of fat. Thus either sex, if overburdened with adipose tissue, is unable to indulge in rowing, tennis, hunting, golfing, &c., without feeling more distressed than does the person of ordinary dimensions, so that in this way the pleasures of life are very much curtailed.

With regard to the dangers of corpulency, in the first place it weakens the heart—an over-fat person's heart is always weak—and the heart of such person is so impeded in its action that the slightest exertion induces palpitation and breathlessness. Over-fat persons are more liable to eczema, rashes on the skin, and varicose veins, due to the congested state of the system. They are more liable to faintings, giddiness, bronchitis, apoplexy, headaches, gout, and all ailments that depend, as before pointed out, upon a congested state of the system and an impeded action of the heart. The corpulent person is also liable to all the diseases of the thin one, with this disadvantage, that in him or her these ailments run a more unfavourable course and the victim bears treatment worse. Uric acid in excess, leading to rheumatism and gout, is the fat man's heritage. After middle age a corpulent person is subject to a dropsical state of the extremities, which is always to be looked upon as a very serious sign, as it indicates that the heart is not able to carry on the circulation properly; and though this may go on for a time, any disease of the respiratory organs, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, or any exhaustive disease such as influenza, is almost always fatal, because, if the heart is not strong enough properly to carry on its work in health, it certainly is not strong enough to carry it on during active disease.

If corpulency were a condition that could not be cured, as I maintain it can be cured by proper diet (but in no other way), with absolute ease and with perfect safety, it would not be wise to frighten people by enumerating its evils, which are so dangerous; but the fact is that most of the deaths that occur from over-fatness, from a fatty heart, by apoplexy from weakness of the blood-vessels, and the other conditions that arise directly or indirectly from an obese state, are absolutely and easily remediable, and the remedy is so simple that it lies in the sufferer's own hands. Whether hereditary or not, whether arising from ignorance or carelessness in diet, or from whatever cause the obesity may arise, it can be remedied by correct dieting for a time, and it is, happily, within the reach of all, to attain, in this way, a complete and permanent cure. I speak from a large experience of the subject, as within the last twenty years I, and doubtless many other physicians, have restored so many of the victims of this condition to prolonged health and happiness, without hardship, or starving, or any medicine, purgative or otherwise, the only restriction being that for a time they lived by rule.

To show to what an extreme state of misery excess of fat may lead, I will instance the case of one person who came under my care

four or five years ago. Of course it is an extreme case, for she lost in weight during the time 121½ pounds. This person was brought to me by her medical attendant, and was assisted into the room by him and her daughter. She could not walk twenty yards, and had not been able to lie down in bed for many months. Her condition was pitiable in the extreme. Her limbs were dropsical from heart weakness and the slightest exertion caused her to pant for breath. However, she was willing to carry out any system of diet in order to relieve her miseries and to prolong her life; and, to cut the matter short, she dieted for eighteen months to lose this amount of weight, and by the end of that time was strong and healthy; she is now able to enjoy life and to attend to her different businesses in London, to go to the seaside, and to walk miles with perfect comfort. I simply quote this to show that in her case, as indeed in all cases, the disease of obesity is a perfectly curable one. It must, however, as I have pointed out before, be done by dietetic means only. We all know that the luxurious obese who gorge and guzzle for eleven months of the year go to Homburg, or to Marienbad, or some other health resort, for a month, to try to obviate the evils that follow in the wake of indulgence and overeating, and at these places they may reduce, as they do, a stone or so in weight; but as soon as they return to England all this is rapidly put on again, because when they return they go back to the old mode of life, and gorge and guzzle again. Now what I have pointed out for years is that there is no need to go abroad for this purpose at all, or for gout, and that the remedy is easily carried out at home, or anywhere else, and that proper dieting at home will reduce them to proper dimensions, and clear the system of gout, poison, fat, and other impurities, and that a very small change in their diet in the future will keep them to proper proportions. Homburg of late years has been a very fashionable resort with the gouty, and undoubtedly the waters of Homburg and its neighbourhood are powerful solvents of uric acid, and of supreme value as a daily beverage, not only during the time that people are there under the cure, but also after their return home, as the solvent properties of these waters prevent the accumulation of uric acid in the system. In respect to the Homburg waters, I took a great amount of trouble some ten years ago, and I found an exceedingly pleasant water bottled in that neighbourhood, sparkling and delicious in flavour. It is called Sparkling Cambrunnen, and it can be procured in England from the Cambrunnen Water Co., 104, Great Portland Street, London, W. It would be necessary almost to write a book to show all the evils attendant upon obesity, and in an

article of this kind it would not be possible to enter largely into the physiological causes of superabundant fat, but they are very plain and very simple, and those who desire to acquire further knowledge might with advantage read a work written by me a few years ago, that treats at length of ailments due to faulty diet.¹

The cure of obesity (Heaven save the mark !) has been the happy hunting-ground of the quack for many years past, and as there seems to be a considerable amount of ignorance as to the meaning of the word "quack," it would be well to explain it here. The quack is a man who has no medical qualification whatever, and whose name as a rule is fictitious ; he is sometimes an individual, and sometimes he is a company. He trades on the credulity and ignorance of the public, and, unhappily, in England there is no law that can touch him, however lying his statements may be or injurious his remedy. He may individually, or, as remarked, under the name of a company, tell the most outrageous falsehoods, and indeed, as a rule, all his statements are falsehoods and most of his testimonials are imaginary or paid for. Unfortunately, the English public is very gullible in this respect, and always offers a fine field for the quack. People entrust him with their health and their lives where they would not trust him with the loan of a sixpence. During my long professional career I have known hundreds of lives which have fallen victims to the quack, and thousands of people whose health has been permanently ruined by charlatans of all descriptions, and more especially by quacks who sell medicines for what they call the "permanent cure" of obesity. Medical and financial quacks who trade on the credulous public are constantly exposed in "Truth," but, alas ! to little purpose, and it is time the Public Prosecutor took action against papers that advertise, as "Truth" says, palpable frauds of all kinds. This would be a public service.

Some years ago I got my secretary to write to an advertising quack whose medicine, advertised for the *permanent* cure of obesity, was a strong acid solution, coloured and flavoured. This particular quack informs a credulous public that he will give them the recipe for making this quack remedy, and this he also does in his book. It is needless to say that no ordinary chemist can make up the recipe, as it contains drugs or herbs which are not procurable, as well as its having to be compounded in a way that no ordinary chemist could possibly take the trouble to do, and therefore, if the victim wishes to try the remedy, he must send for

¹ *Health and Condition in the Active and Sedentary*, Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

it from the advertiser and pay 5s. or so for what he could get at a chemist's for a penny or twopence.

The remedies that have been advertised for the cure of obesity have been very numerous, and many of them have passed into oblivion. One of them is thyroid—a most dangerous medicine in inexperienced hands—made from thyroid gland. These used to be sold in tablets, and people went at them as the proverbial Scotch-woman does at hot cakes. However, they were found to be very harmful, causing attacks of fainting, and they should never be taken by anyone except under strict medical supervision, and then they are of no use in the treatment of obesity.

An enormously-advertised remedy for the cure of obesity has lately been started. I have had this preparation analysed by a chemist, who says that it consists of a strong solution of citric acid. This is no cure in any sense for obesity, and to my certain knowledge, from a number of cases that have already come under my observation, it does a great deal of harm. And this is advertised as a permanent cure of obesity. If acids can cure obesity, they do it by ruining the stomach and the digestive organs. Unfortunately, now some newspapers seem to exist and to derive their profits from advertising American and English quacks, and they will lend their names and their influence to any quack medicine, however injurious it may be, if it is sufficiently advertised in their columns, and further make statements which are misleading and harmful to those who believe them. The impudence of quacks now surpasses all previous records. Citric acid is a "drug" to all intents and purposes, and one that, undoubtedly, upsets delicate stomachs, without in any way helping the obese. If an ordinary tradesman fraudulently describes a wine as coming from one part of France when it comes from another he is prosecuted at once; or if a tradesman adds a little more water to his gin than he states he is summoned and fined; or if he sells a box of matches made in Germany as English he gets into trouble; but the quack—and I should like to call the attention of the Public Prosecutor to the fact—may make the most outrageously false statements, and resort to every mendacious device in order to sell his wares, and all this, apparently, without any fear whatever of the law. A quack firm a little time ago stated in their advertisements that a number of physicians recommended their remedy for the reduction of weight. They were called upon by a London journal to substantiate this and to give the names of one or more of these doctors who would speak in favour of their remedy, but they refused to give a single

name, and eventually withdrew their statement. The inference is obvious, they could not.

Once a person gets into the hands of these obesity quacks he is pestered for the remainder of his life with their circulars and letters offering the medicine at specially reduced rates. For many years my secretary received from one firm a circular to the effect that, owing to some special consignment for abroad having been duplicated by mistake, they were offering it at half price or something of the kind. At last he wrote them, telling them who he was, and their importunity at once ceased, never to be repeated again.

The following curious illustration of the harm and dangers of what the quack's medicine may do was related to me some years ago by a lady living in Paris. She told me that she had tried one of those very largely advertised obesity quack medicines. It was not procurable in France, as in France, luckily for the people, the formula for any medicine has to be disclosed, and this would not have answered at all the purposes of the quack in question. This lady therefore sent over to England for a large supply of the remedy, which she proceeded to take. After a time she became very ill and weak, and suffered, as most people do who try these remedies, from fainting fits, which are really due to the weakness induced by drugs that carry the nourishment through the system without allowing it to be utilised as nourishment as it should be. These symptoms became so pronounced that her husband, very much alarmed, called in a medical man. As the lady was taking the medicines for reducing weight unknown to anyone, she had hid the bottles in an old Dutch clock and said nothing of the matter to the doctor, until one day he expressed a wish to dine with her one evening. The next day she had another severe fainting fit, and the doctor was sent for. He then told her abruptly that she was being poisoned, and that he had asked to come to dinner to see whether her husband eat of all the dishes that she did. This so alarmed her that she made a clean breast of the whole thing, and he informed her that if she had died in one of these fits he would have refused a certificate and the inquest would have placed her husband in a very dangerous position, as he was the only one who had any interest in her death. At first she argued to her doctor that they would have found the bottles of the quack remedy, but recollecting that she had hidden the whole of them in an old Dutch clock, she said, no, they might never have found them, and it is even within the range of possibility that her husband would have been punished for a crime that he knew nothing about, while the quack

would have got off scot-free. A quack is, undoubtedly, a very dangerous person, and the public cannot be warned too strongly against him. To those who are overburdened with fat the truth must be plainly told, and it is that medicines are utterly useless for the purpose of reducing obesity, and that the only safe and permanent cure is a system of scientific dieting adapted particularly to the kind of life, active or sedentary, and the condition of the patient. Where this is carried out, correct proportions can be attained and retained with the greatest possible benefit to health and condition. My reason for exposing the quack is simply for the public good, as one who sees so much evil result from quackery.

To sum up, it may be explained that the permanent cure of over-stoutness means that for a time all fat-forming foods should be cut out of the dietary, and only those foods that maintain strength and energy should be taken, and that there should be no restriction as to the amount ; in fact, on these lines the more food taken the better, but of course this should be adapted to the requirements of the individual, as to occupation and other facts. There should be no restriction of fluid so long as it is harmless and unsweetened, and even stimulant, so long as it contains no sugar, such as hock, or moselle, or claret, is admissible. Even champagne may be taken if it is an absolutely dry wine ; but of course beers and sweet wines are all debarred. Sugarless wines suitable for the gouty and over-stout may be procured from the Dry Wine Company, 104 Great Portland Street, London. Exercise should be increased from day to day as the individual loses weight. This strengthens the heart, promotes the action of the skin, and increases muscular power ; but exercise alone will not reduce weight unless taken to the extent of fatigue, which is absolutely injurious under the circumstances related.

It would be impossible in an article of this length to enumerate all the foods that a fat person may eat and still lose weight, but it is by far the best plan for the sufferer to seek the aid of someone who can advise him in this matter, and, if his medical attendant cannot do it, to seek the aid of those who apply themselves to remedying this condition by scientific dieting. Human nature in the matter of food is weak, and for a time it is essential that the patient should be under strict discipline. There is no hardship whatever, though some of the *recherché* kind of dishes, more particularly in the form of French cookery, have to be avoided for a time.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA, OUR FORGOTTEN PORTUGUESE QUEEN.

THE wild rejoicings over the Restoration had subsided in the autumn of 1660, and projects for the marriage of Charles II. were already under discussion. The first scenes in the sad drama of his reign had been enacted. The regicides had been punished, the Act of Indemnity was passed, the army was disbanded, the affairs of Scotland and Ireland were adjusted after a fashion, and Parliament had settled a revenue upon the King of £1,200,000. He was now thirty years of age, was good-natured, light-hearted, and very popular with many; he possessed excellent abilities, but was extremely selfish, and was a slave to the lust of the eye and the pride of life. His best friends hoped that a respectable marriage would lead to a more decent court, and the nation desired a legitimate heir to the throne. The eyes of British statesmen were now turning to friendly Portugal, deeming a royal matrimonial alliance there to be exceedingly advantageous. So early as the reign of Affonso IV., who succeeded to the Portuguese throne in 1325, commercial relations between England and Portugal were existing, relations which were firmly cemented by the Treaty of Windsor in 1386; and so recently as October 6, 1660, a proclamation had been issued in London, confirming the amity and commerce between the nations.

Edward Hyde, in 1661 created Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor, earnestly urged on a Portuguese match, and his motives may have been mixed. On September 3, 1660, his daughter Anne had been secretly married to the King's only surviving brother, James Duke of York—just in time, and no more, to legitimise their child, born October 22.

The virtuous Chancellor fell into a boiling rage, locked his erring daughter up in her chamber, and talked about an Act of Parliament for cutting off her head. However, his wrath abated, he dried his tears, and became very busy about the marriage, while ill-natured people said he had contrived to find out that the Infanta in view

Catharine of Braganza, could never have a child, and they remembered that the Duke of York was first heir presumptive to the Crown. The Infanta offered to Charles II. the richest dower in gold and territory ever bestowed on any sovereign by marriage. Her magnificent portion included Tangier in Morocco, the Island of Bombay, freedom of commerce with Brazil and the East Indies, religious liberty for British subjects in all Portuguese dominions, and half a million sterling.

In terms of the Peace of the Pyrenees, Louis XIV. was bound over to ignore Portugal, then engaged in asserting her independence of Spain, but he heartily, though secretly, encouraged the Portuguese marriage, and heavily subsidised Charles, who, being impecunious, despite his £1,200,000, willingly humiliated himself, and distressed his subjects, by becoming virtually a pensioner of France. The eligibility of certain German princesses was advocated. "Odds' fish," exclaimed Charles, "I could not marry one of them; they are all too foggy." The choice between two princesses of Parma was suggested, but his Majesty took the prudent precaution of sending a secret envoy to report as to the personal appearance of the ladies. The envoy saw them on their way to church, and found that the one was too ugly, the other too fat, to please his royal master, who was very fastidious. The grand dower promised by Portugal outweighed many considerations, but Charles would not act rashly, and accordingly had Catharine's portrait sent for his inspection. "That person cannot be unhandsome," he observed when he saw it.¹ In the meanwhile Louis XIV. wrote vehemently to Charles to avoid further delay, "as the Infanta was a lady of great beauty and admirable endowments," and adding that he had formerly had serious thoughts of marrying her himself.

The future Queen Consort of Great Britain was the daughter of Juan or John, Duke of Braganza, a city of Portugal, and of his wife Luiza, who belonged to the illustrious Spanish house of Medina Sidonia. In 1640, the Duke, who was known as "The Fortunate," and who was the grandson of Maria, Duchess of Braganza, rightful heiress of the Portuguese throne, freed his country from the yoke of Spain, and became King of Portugal as John IV. On November 25, 1638, Catharine was born in the palace of Villa Vicosa, a delightful place, esteemed "the terrestrial Paradise of Portugal," and she was baptized after the name of the great Virgin of the Latin Church, on whose feast she had seen the light. Her father, John IV., died in 1656, one of his last earthly acts being to execute a grant dated

¹ Clarendon's *Autobiography*.

November 1, 1656, leaving to his eighteen-year-old daughter the Island of Madeira and other possessions. He was succeeded by his son Theodosio, Prince of Brazil, as Affonso IV., and as the boy was only fourteen, Queen Luiza became Regent. Luiza was a capable and virtuous woman. She was far-seeing withal, and even when Charles II. was an exile, had never forgotten the possibility of her daughter becoming Queen of Great Britain. Another royal lady, Henrietta Maria, the Dowager Queen and widow of Charles I., had been looking out also for her son, and before the Chancellor had done anything, General Monk "began to hasten to a motion" for the marriage.

Very quietly was Catharine reared in the seclusion of a convent. "We shall," writes an official to the English Secretary of State, "be extremely happy in a queen. She is as sweet a dispositioned princess as ever was born, a lady of excellent parts, but bred hugely retired. She hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life. In five years' time she was not out of doors, until she heard of his Majesty's intention to make her Queen of Great Britain; since which she hath been to visit two saints in the city, and very shortly she intends to pay her devotions to some saints in the country."

Such were the earliest preparations of the Infanta, now arrived at the ripe age of twenty-one, for her high destiny; and very dazzling and very bewildering must have been the prospects of a great throne to the convent-bred girl. She had at least a year to continue in anticipation of her strange new life, her leap into the dark, her revelation of the unknown. The preparations of Charles II. consisted in his coronation on St. George's Day, April 23, 1661. On May 8 Parliament met, when amid many congratulations he announced his approaching marriage. On June 23rd he signed the Treaty at Whitehall which united Great Britain and Portugal in closest alliance. It has been truly said that "the cession of Bombay as a part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza gave to England her first territorial possessions in the East Indies, and proved ultimately the means of adding that mighty colonial empire to the British Crown."¹ Unfortunately, the preparations of Charles II. for entering the married state did not include a purification of his Court, which has been described as shameless temple of wickedness. Of this temple Mrs. Barbara Palmer, "vicious and ravenous,"² the "curse of the nation," soon to be dignified as Countess of Castlemaine, and

¹ See Strickland's *Life of Catharine of Braganza*.

² See Burnet's *History of my own Time*.

then as Duchess of Cleveland, was the presiding goddess; the most favoured then of the many mistresses who wrecked the life of Charles II. as man and as king. Of the wild crew of dissolute men George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, was the ringleader. The state of Charles's domestic affairs was tolerably well known in the courts of Europe. It must have been with sad misgivings as to her daughter's happiness that the Queen Regent warned her never to allow the name of Barbara Palmer to be mentioned in her presence. As soon as the marriage treaty was signed Catharine was addressed as Queen, and the streets of Lisbon echoed to cries of "Viva il rey de Gran Britannia! whom God hath raised to protect us from our implacable foes."

Her future husband wrote an affectionate letter addressed to "The Queen of Great Britain my wife and Lady, whom God preserve."¹ On May 8 the Archbishops of Canterbury and York were commanded to add a special petition to the English Prayer Book for "Our gracious Queen Katherine" and in November the King wrote to the lords of his Council in Edinburgh—"we have resolved also that in our ancient kingdom she be prayed for."²

It seems that no papal dispensation was accorded or asked for the marriage of the Catholic Infanta with a heretic king, and a document, written some time after the marriage was consummated, exists in the Vatican archives in which the question is discussed as to whether and what canonical penalties the queen had consequently incurred. It was argued that an allegation of blame would "afflict beyond measure her most Serene Majesty, who being most pious, of very tender conscience, and full of zeal for the Catholic faith, would be caused thereby unconsolable grief, and as she is commonly reported to be with child, some untoward event might hence be greatly to be feared." It was also sagaciously pointed out that "It would likewise most seriously offend his most Serene Majesty her Consort, on whose countenance and protection depends the preservation, spread and increase of the Catholic religion in England, Scotland, and Ireland."³

In the winter of 1662 the Earl of Sandwich, Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet, set sail with a number of battleships to secure the commerce of the Mediterranean, and with one specially comfortable and daintily appointed vessel, the "Royal Charles," to bring

¹ *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1660-61.*

² Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, vol. I. p. 247.

³ See Cod. Ottob. 2462, fol. 392.

home the bride, when his military operations were over. Not till the spring did he arrive at Lisbon. The marriage of Charles and Catharine was celebrated by proxy, the admiral representing the king, and on April 2 the Infanta left the home of her youth, and embarked for England. She sailed in great state, escorted by fourteen men of war, and besides her ladies was accompanied by six chaplains, four bakers, a Jewish perfumer, and a barber. After a rough voyage the fleet entered Portsmouth on May 13, and the Queen was taken to a royal abode in the town, from which she sent her chamberlain post haste to London, to announce her arrival to the King. The royal bridegroom certainly manifested no unseemly impatience to view his bride, for it was the 20th before he appeared at Portsmouth. Early in March he had announced to the House of Commons his intention of leaving town at Easter to meet the Infanta, and he ordered the streets to be repaired, "so that the Queen may enter with decency, and not find Whitehall under water." Little did the poor young lady know that the very night when the bells of London were ringing merrily for her home-coming, and "fires of joy" were blazing, her husband was supping with "my Lady Castle-maine."

The details of the first introduction of Charles to Catharine do not suggest a lively commencement—they are not exhilarating, and to say the least of it both man and maid must have been nervous, for they had never met before. Catharine was in bed, feverish and exhausted after her stormy passage, and Charles in a letter dated "Portsmouth, May 21, eight in the morning," writes—"I arrived here yesterday after two in the afternoon, and as soon as I had shifted myself, I went into my wife's chamber, who I found in bed by reason of a little cough, and some inclination to a fever . . . I believe she will find herself very well this morning as soon as she wakes . . . I can now give you an account of what I have seen a-bed, which in short is: Her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, tho' her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that in the least degree can shame one; on the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as ever I saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together . . ." On the other hand, the King is said to have observed, when he first saw the Infanta, that "he thought they had brought him a *bat* instead of

a woman." The allusion to a bat, if it was ever made, probably arose from the hideous Portuguese fashion of dressing the hair to stand out on each side of the head like wings. Then doubtless came a vision of the Portuguese court ladies—"six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster who took the title of a governess to those extraordinary beauties."¹ If it is hard to say from such conflicting accounts whether the King admired or despised his bride, he certainly was disappointed for the present with her dowry, one half of which was paid at the time, and "then only in the shape of jewels, cotton, sugar, and other articles." "The long face of the Merry Monarch," writes a chronicler of his Court, "over his bales of cotton and tubs of sugar must have been sufficient to provoke the mirth even of his dullest courtier."² So lightly too was the acquisition of Bombay esteemed, and so unsuccessfully was it managed, that in 1668 it was transferred to the East India Company, for an annual payment of £ 10.

The day after the king's arrival at Portsmouth, Catharine was convalescent. It was resolved therefore to celebrate the marriage without delay. She was entreated to waive her claim to the Catholic rite, but she was firm on this point, and it was solemnly performed "in a private room by her almoner, Stuart d'Aubigny, in the presence of Philip, afterwards Cardinal Howard, and of five other witnesses pledged to profound secrecy. Hence the King led her to the hall, across which a rail had been erected to divide the royal party from the company; and the Bishop of London having pronounced them married, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, the ribbons which the bride wore in profusion were cut from her dress, and distributed in small portions among the spectators."³ After the marriage, the Queen, who was very tired, went to lie down, and the King "took his supper with the Queen on her bed." On the 25th Charles wrote to Lord Clarendon—"I must be the worst man living (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband. I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are."

Meanwhile, far away in "our ancient Kingdom," arrangements were set on foot to economically combine on May 29 festivities for the King's birthday, his restoration, and his wedding. On that day cannon were shot, drums beat, trumpets blown, accompanied by

¹ *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, edit. Gordon Goodwin, vol. ii. p. 96.

² *Memories of the Court of England during the Stuarts*, by John Heneage Jesse, vol. iii. p. 386.

³ *Lingard's History of England*, vol. x.

much drinking of royal healths in the principal towns. Linlithgow, most loyal of burghs, made her public fountain to flow for hours "with divers coloured wines of France and Spain." There the Earl of Linlithgow, the parish minister and the bailies drank his Majesty's health, the minister offered a prayer, a psalm was sung, a collation was enjoyed, and wineglasses and sweetmeats were cheerfully flung amongst the people. A marvellous erection was constructed of rocks and kirk stools, on which figured the devil as an angel of light, and an old hag personified the Solemn League and Covenant. If this fabric did credit to the artists of Linlithgow, the following verses exhibited on a tablet by two angels immortalised the good town's poets—

Great Britain's Monarch on this day was born,
And to his Kingdoms happily restored :
The Queen's arrived, the mitre now is worn :
Let us rejoice, this day is from the Lord.
Fly hence, all traitors who did mar our peace,
Fly hence, schismatics who our church did rent,
Fly, covenanting remonstrating race ;
Let us rejoice that God this day hath sent.

The bailies and the parish minister were held responsible for these shocking revels—but retribution soon followed ; the most guilty bailie died bankrupt, the minister became a bishop !¹ Had Catharine of Braganza beheld the celebrations at Linlithgow, the devil and the Covenant, and all the rest of it, she would probably have been more perplexed than ever over the religious condition of her husband's subjects.

The royal bridal party was delayed for a day or two at Portsmouth—"by reason," writes his Majesty, "that there are not carts to be had . . . to transport all our *garde-infantas*,"—that is to say, the hoops of the "Portingall ladies." On May 27 the cavalcade left Portsmouth, and after a night at Windsor reached Hampton Court Palace. The Queen had now time to unpack, and to settle herself in her beautiful new home. In describing in his delightful Diary the glories of Hampton Court, John Evelyn writes—"The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost £8,000, being a present made by the States of Holland when his Majesty returned. . . . The great looking-glass and toilet of beaten massive gold was given by the Queen-mother. The Queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here." He then dilates on the "hangings designed by

¹ See Wodrow, vol. i. p. 320.

Raphael, very rich with gold," the numerous paintings, including the Triumphs of Cæsar by Andrea Mantegna, the gardens, the fountain with sirens, and the park of stately lime trees. He cannot resist observations on the "monstrous fardingales" and "complexions olivader, and sufficiently unagreable" of the Portuguese maids of honour. They were accompanied by a "Mother of the maids," and an old knight, "a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread very oddly." Her Majesty he describes as dressed like her ladies. Her hair was "a fore-top, long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough." Evelyn heard the Portuguese music at Hampton Court, "consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices."¹

An income of £30,000 a year was settled on Queen Catharine, and her household was splendidly appointed. It included her Grand Almoner, Father Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk, three other almoners, one a bishop, and her confessor; a Treasurer of the Chapel, two Portuguese preachers, six English Benedictines, and eleven Franciscan friars, besides chapel musicians, altar servers and porters. These for the soul. For the body she had her Lord Chamberlain, her Vice Chamberlains, a Steward of the Revenues, a Chancellor and Keeper of her Great Seal; a Master of the Horse, serjeants-at-law, secretaries, a Surveyor General, and generals of several departments, besides a host of other officials—gentlemen ushers, cup-bearers, carvers, grooms, ladies-in-waiting, maids of honour, and dressers.² Brilliant and overwhelming indeed it must all have appeared to the young Infanta. Ere long she was to have more to bewilder her, for within a few short months of her marriage she had a rude awaking to the sort of domestic felicity she was likely to enjoy with Charles II. Having first proposed the Lady Castlemaine (as it happened she had borne him a son since his wife's arrival) as a lady of the Queen's bedchamber, he, defiant of all decency, deaf to all expostulations, presented this infamous woman to her Majesty in the midst of princes and nobles on a State day at Hampton Court. The Queen fainted away, and was carried from the room, whilst the party hastily broke up. This dreadful scene was but the prelude to a long and bitter tragedy.

Whilst on the one hand Lord Chancellor Clarendon, then in the zenith of his power, undertook the task of bringing the Queen to

¹ *Diary of John Evelyn.*

² *Anglia Notitia for 1669.*

submit, on the other he freely told the King that he was demanding of his wife "that which flesh and blood could not comply with." "Rather," said Catharine to Clarendon, than submit to the degradation offered to her, "I shall put myself on board of any small vessel and return to Lisbon." Poor Catharine! She had indeed been ill equipped by her convent up-bringing for her life in the court of Charles II. Evil of which she had never learnt, sins of whose existence she was ignorant, were thought nothing of by those around her now. From the companionship of those whose belief was that this fleeting moment of life on earth is but the threshold of a measureless eternity of bliss or anguish, that as a man soweth so shall he also reap, she had been suddenly thrust into a camp of men and women the motto of whose lives appeared to be, judging from the manner in which they spent them, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It was a world where God was forgotten and the devil was well served.

There was discord between man and wife in the Palace, and in the autumn of 1662 there was much anger in the nation. According to a writer of the day, "London was much discontented that 1,960 ministers were turned out of their livings, and Dunkirk given to the French . . . that the King only minds his mistresses . . . and that Popery was coming in, that the people of England would not endure these things, but would speedily rise."¹

Catharine had now to choose between three courses: to leave her husband and to return to Portugal, to give in to him and condone his immoralities, or to reform him. In September her Portuguese retainers were despatched to their native land, with the exception of her ecclesiastics and one old lady. She was now very lonely; she spoke as yet but little English, she belonged to a religion which was under a ban, and beheld her co-religionists crushed by merciless penal legislation. Even the Catholics of London, who had hoped to profit by her presence, were now forbidden to enter her chapel "on pain of the punishment ordered by law." It was probably about this time that she made up her mind to remain, and to do her best by prayer and by example to convert her husband and her adopted country. Nor was she likely to forget, building doubtless what hopes she could upon the fact, that soon after her marriage, Charles, at her request, had sent a secret envoy to Rome, with her letter to the Pope, wherein she had solemnly averred that "neither the desire of crowns or sceptres had induced her to become Queen of England, but her wish of serving the Catholic religion." With an

¹ See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic series, 1662.*

almost superhuman effort she determined to bear with all, even with the presence of Castlemaine. "The Queen," it was said, "is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness." The Court failed to understand such meekness. Clarendon says: "This total abandoning her own greatness made all men conclude that it was a hard matter to know her." Faint praise, if not open contempt, and comparisons between the personal attractions of the pure and gentle Queen and the flashing characteristics of the disreputable women encompassing the throne are scattered about the pages of contemporary writers; yet one who gloried in describing these women admits, "The Queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the King by that kind, obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her. She was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself."

Twice Catharine is said to have had hopes of becoming a mother, but these hopes, if she ever really entertained them, were doomed to disappointment. In October 1663 she fell into a dangerous illness, and her life was despaired of. She received the last Sacraments, and peacefully prepared to leave her troubled throne and disordered hearth. However, this release was not to be granted her then; she had yet work to accomplish. Her husband now spent hours in her sick-chamber, and exhibited both tenderness and sorrow as he listened to her last requests when she believed she was dying. They were that her body might be taken to Portugal to the tomb of her own people, and that he would continue to befriend her brother and her country. She was weeping bitterly, and Charles was weeping too when she said "that the concern he showed for her death was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing sufficient charms to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort who might be more worthy of it, and to whom Heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her." In her delirium the childless Queen imagined that she had borne a son. To the surprise of all she recovered. She fondly supposed that her husband would henceforth be faithful to her, and in her transports of joy at the prospect she suddenly revived.

The next few years were troubled ones for Great Britain. In 1664, war was declared with Holland. In 1665, the Great Plague broke out, and was followed by the Great Fire. In 1666, France went to war with Britain, and in the same year the Covenanters raised a rebellion in Scotland which culminated in their defeat at the

battle of the Pentland Hills. In 1667, Lord Clarendon fell, and passed into exile. Whilst these events were happening the name of the Queen appears here and there in the national annals. She had bravely accepted the inevitable, and made the most of the situation. She continued steadfast in her religion, and simple and devout in all her ways. In her bedchamber and her closet "she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures and books of devotion, and her holy water at her head as she sleeps. She had an illuminated clock near her bed, in order to see what the hour was in the night. She had also a curiously inlaid cabinet of ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory and silver, which contained a small altar and relics, with all things necessary for her private devotions."¹ "Pray send me," writes Charles to a friend, "some images to put in Prayer Books. They are for my wife, who can get none here. I assure you it will be a greate present to her, and she will look upon them often, for she is not only content to say the greate office in the breviere every day, but likewise that of our Lady too, and this is besides going to chapell where she makes use of none of these." On November 21, 1662, a warrant was issued to the Farmers of Customs to deliver books, etc., for the Queen's use, *viz.* "Malthof Philosophia Naturalis"; "Père Philip a Santa Trinidad"; "Course of Philosophy and Divinity"; "Flores Ægidii Bassei"; "Rituale Romanum"; "Epitome Rubricarum," and twenty copies of "Thomas a Kempis."² Catharine filled her place with stately dignity as the first lady in the land, and in social life we find that she was fond of music and dancing, also of archery. The Royal Society of Archers in London still possesses a large silver shield which she presented, and she is said to have been the first tea-drinking Queen of Great Britain. Her enemies and all who desired to see the son of Lucy Walters comfortably settled on a solid Protestant throne tried hard to make her barrenness a pretext for a divorce, but to his credit Charles firmly rejected all their machinations. She was very fond of the amusement of going about *incognita*. On one occasion when she was indulging in this frolic her chairman left her and she entered the first hackney coach or cart she could find, and thus returned to Whitehall. The Duke of Buckingham resolved to make the most of this indiscretion by representing it as a scandalous escapade. He proposed to the King to steal her Majesty away, to send her to a plantation where she would be taken care of, but would never be heard of more, "so it should be given out that she had deserted; and upon that it would

¹ *The Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

² *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1662.*

fall in with some principles to carry an Act for a divorce grounded upon the pretence of a wilful desertion.”¹ The King was horrified, even his “principles” did not “fall in” with the Duke’s plans, and he said “it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers.” Another device was to discover that she had a religious vocation, and to send her off to a convent. The worst plot that was ever framed for this innocent woman’s destruction was that of Titus Oates in 1678. This most infamous scoundrel, who succeeded by that unfailing device in Protestant England, a No Popery panic, in procuring for many guileless victims the martyr’s crown, had the “portentous impudence” to aver that he had once heard, behind a door ajar, the Queen declare that she would consent to murder her husband. This accusation, which might have brought Catharine to the scaffold, was actually received by the Commons, who voted for her removal, when again the King came to the rescue of his faithful wife.

Matters were proceeding in the usual way at the Court of Whitehall on Sunday, February 1, 1685. Many were playing for heavy stakes at basset, the King was in full dalliance with a bevy of mistresses, the Queen was not present. It was described as a scene of “all forgetfulness of God.” “In six days after,” writes an historian, “all was in the dust.” That same night Charles II. was seized with sudden and violent illness. He was laid on his bed, physicians attacked him with sudden and violent remedies, his mistresses were routed, and the Archbishop of Canterbury with four other Anglican prelates crowded into his chamber. But the dying man would have none of their ministrations. On February 5, the last day of his life but one, his brother James, Duke of York, stooped by his pillow and whispered, “Shall I bring a priest?” “Do, brother,” gasped the King, “for God’s sake, do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble.” “If it costs me my life,” said the Duke, “I will fetch a priest.” A priest, Father Huddleston, was found, who, at the peril of his life—for he was about to commit what was by the law of the Protestant land a capital crime—entered and approached the death-bed. Every one was now driven from the chamber, and the King, with eternity hanging in the balance, was left alone with the messenger of God. All that is known of these final moments is that Charles II. made a profound act of contrition, a confession of the sins of his whole life, and a fervent act of faith, that he received extreme unction, and the Holy Viaticum,

¹ Burnet.

and died in full communion with the Holy Catholic, Roman, and Apostolic Church. Then, in a rapture of joy and an agony of sorrow, Catharine knelt beside him and besought him to forgive her for all her offences. "She ask my pardon," cried Charles, "poor woman! I ask hers, with all my heart."

At twelve o'clock on Friday, February 6, 1685, Charles II. passed away. And when Catharine of Braganza said *De profundis* for his immortal soul, was it not followed by a psalm of gratitude such as rarely man or woman has been privileged to utter? The work of her life was done.

The first two months of Catharine's widowhood were spent at Whitehall, and from thence she removed to her dower house, Somerset House, passing her time between it and her country abode at Hammersmith. After seven years had elapsed the desire, which she had long cherished, of returning to her own country was accomplished. On March 30, 1692, she left London, and after one night at Rochester and another at Canterbury, embarked at Margate for Dieppe. On January 30, 1693, she arrived at Lisbon, and was welcomed with stately ceremony and sincere joy. Just thirty years before she had left the city of her fathers. Then, as a young bride, she had left it to wed an unknown husband, to face an unknown future, and to share a great throne. Then she was in the prime of early womanhood, and now she was a middle-aged widow, stricken with sorrow and yet radiant with the joy of her answered prayers. Great changes had happened in these thirty years. The one she was most affected by was the death of her mother—for there was no Dona Luiza to meet her, she having died in 1666. Her younger brother, Don Pedro, was now King of Portugal, Affonso IV. was dead. In the year 1705 Don Pedro was seized with dangerous illness, and Catharine, Dowager Queen of Great Britain, was chosen to be Queen Regent of Portugal. During the brief period of her regency, a war with Philip of Anjou, then King of Spain, was successfully conducted, and terminated victoriously for Portugal. And so in peace and honour, venerated and beloved, frequently before the altar offering prayers, and assisting at masses for the soul of her erring husband for whom she had suffered so terribly, Catharine of Braganza spent happily the evening of her days. She died on the last day of 1705, in the sixty-eighth year of her age, in the palace of Bemposta, and was buried in the monastery of Belem, by the side of the Infante Theodosio, a brother who had died in early childhood.

CHARING CROSS AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART V.

SOME OF THE STREETS.

A GAR STREET was probably so named after the amiable and accomplished George James Agar-Ellis, the editor of Walpole's "Letters," whose motion in the House of Commons for a grant to purchase the Angerstein collection of pictures¹ led to the formation of the National Gallery, of which he became a trustee. He was created Lord Dover on June 20, 1831, but previously, in 1830, he had been appointed Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, the year whence Agar Street probably dates, since he was compelled to resign that office on account of ill-health, when he was succeeded by Viscount Duncannon on February 11, 1831. The latter gave his name to Duncannon Street, about the time, in 1837, that the street was built during the improvements in Trafalgar Square. Another Chief Commissioner, Lord Lowther, gave his name to the Lowther Arcade, the site of which is now occupied by the great bank of Coutts's. The fair was originally served by German, French, and Swiss toy dealers; indeed, the idea of such passages adapted to trade seems to have been borrowed from France, for about the time the Lowther Arcade first became a wonderland for children, Paris had its *Passage des Panoramas*, the *Passage Delorme*, the *Passage d'Artois*, the *Passage Feydeau*, the *Passage de Caire*, and the *Passage Montesquieu*, while sometimes such passages were called by the French "Galleries." The Lowther Arcade excelled the "Burling-
pende*l* in certain architectural daintinesses. The ceiling of small nearly *z*five domes was much admired, the arcade itself having been effacement *o* feet in length. Many a fond parent must regret its the happiness recalling the joys they experienced in contributing to surprises the *p*, of their open-eyed offspring the many delightful *i* *p*_d.
afforded. A country friend of Mr. Joseph

liamentary Debates, new series, ix. 1359.

Hatton's well expresses this feeling of disappointment in one whose scarce visits to London always included a turn through this toy fair. " 'Almost the last time I was in London,' he says, ' I spent an hour or two in the Lowther Arcade. It was the eve of my little son Dick's birthday, and I wanted to take him a suitable present. . . . I can taste, in my mind, the very smell of the delightful place, something between sawdust and lavender. And the hum and music of it ; the toy trumpets, the accordions, the strips of melodious glass that you played upon with a little hammer ! And the youngsters with their parents and guardians on the self-same errand as my own, to buy something for a boy or a girl, and the difficulty of choosing the right thing. It was a much easier task for me to select a wedding present for my dear Dick's mother when she was Miss ——. But that is neither here nor there. You know I am a bit of a sentimentalist, and by Jove, yesterday when I found that wondershop was gone ! ' . . . He sighed, and mopped his face." ¹

Nearly opposite the Lowther Arcade was the Lowther Bazaar, and both the former and the latter appear to have been in a way the successors of the New Exchange and of the frivol shops there and in Round Court. The Lowther Bazaar was celebrated for its show of fancy goods, Magic Cave, and other exhibitions. Louis Philippe used frequently to drop in from his residence behind in York Buildings.

At the Adelaide Gallery, now Gatti's Restaurant, and named after Queen Adelaide, a "Grand Exhibition of Art" was held in 1854, and the place was once known as the Adelaide Gallery of Practical Science, where Jacob Perkins exhibited his steam gun. Between the years 1838 and 1843, a living electric eel was exhibited, and a variety of exhibitions, concerts, &c., were subsequently held here.² King William Street is named after William IV., who took some interest in the Trafalgar Square improvement scheme, being said to have suggested "the name for the square, as well as the erection of the monument to Nelson, while one of his last appearances in public was in 1837, before the opening of the first Academy Exhibition here in May of that year."³ Adelaide Street, too, is named after the Queen of William IV., daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

¹ "Cigarette Papers" in the *People*, Aug. 14, 1904.

² Mr. George Clinch in *Harmsworth's Magazine*, April 1899 : "The Arcades and Bazaars of London." There is a drawing by T. H. Shepherd of the Adelaide Gallery, and also an engraving of the interior, on the walls of St. Martin's Library, Charing Cross.

³ *Haunted London*, by Walter Thornbury, 1880, p. 220.

In King William Street, Toole's Theatre, and the famed "Beef-steak Club" above it, whose members removed their gridiron to Green Street, Leicester Square, were pulled down between the years 1896 and 1900, to make room for the extension of Charing Cross Hospital. Originally a whisky store, it became in 1849 the first home in London of the Oratorian Fathers under the direction of Cardinal Newman, until in 1852 the Oratory of St. Philip Neri was removed to its present quarters in South Kensington. Here it was that the learned and saintly Father Faber, with others of the brethren, used to electrify Catholic and Protestant alike with the force of their preaching. After an interval of disuse the building became the Polygraphic Hall, and passed into the hands, I think, of a Mr. Woodin, who produced an entertainment called "Woodin's Carpet-bag and Sketch-book," in which the author is said to have exhibited amusing quick changes of character, and ventriloquism. Then it became the Charing Cross Theatre, and was finally taken over by Mr. Toole and called the "Folly Theatre" from 1880 to 1895, when the popular actor's chief successes were "The Don," "Walker, London," and "Thoroughbred," he having opened it in 1879 or 1880 with H. J. Byron's "A Fool and His Money." After his first season it was again overhauled and redecored, and was opened again as Toole's Theatre on February 16, 1883.

Chandos Street owes its name to William Brydges, Lord Chandos, the ancestor of the magnificent owner of "Canons." It runs from Bedford Street to St. Martin's Lane, where there is said to have been an ancient turnpike, to which Mr. Austin Dobson thinks that Steele alludes in his "Ramble from Richmond to London," where he relates how, out of pure idleness, he diverted himself by following in "an Hack" the track of a handsome young lady with a mask and a maid. The damsel's chariot was travelling "through Long Acre towards St. James's." "Thereupon," says the vivacious essayist, "we drove for King Street, to save the Pass at St. Martin's Lane." At the end of Newport Street and Long Acre the vehicles become entangled, and for a moment he gets a glimpse of his charmer "with her Mask off." The chase continues "in all Parts of the Town" for an hour and a half, when the quarry is discovered to be a "Silk-worm," which is your hackney-coachman's term for those profitable fares "who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods . . . without buying anything."¹

¹ *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, by Austin Dobson ("The Grub Street of the Arts"), 1899, pp. 294-5.

Between Chandos Street and St. Martin's Church, and leading into Church Lane, was Moor's Yard,¹ a space of ground which, tradition has it, was in early times a place of execution for malefactors. The turnpike-house mentioned by the Bishop of Rochester was stated by many of the oldest inhabitants in Smith's time to have been removed, owing to a compromise which the Earl of Salisbury effected with the parish, on account of its being deemed so great a nuisance to the Earl, whose house stood nearly opposite.²

So that the Chandos Tavern, which appears to have succeeded Pullen's wine-vaults, is thought to occupy the scene of this turnpike at what is now No. 28 St. Martin's Lane at the corner of Chandos Street, and opposite to the shop of Meriade Gibus, the famous inventor of the opera-hat.³ In case this ingenious contrivance in head-gear should ever be superseded and the New Zealander should ever discover its ruins outside some dismantled theatre, it may perhaps be as well to place on record a description of it. The sides are made of merino or some similar material, and the crown and brim, which are stiff as in an ordinary hat, are connected by a set of springs, so that the hat can be flattened or expanded at pleasure. The original perpetrator of the ordinary tall silk hat of to-day also dwelt near here, by name Mr. Hetherington, a Strand "haberdasher of hats." He was, it is said, brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with a breach of the peace, and inciting to riot, in that he had, on the morning of January 15, 1797, walked down the public highway wearing "a tall structure having a shiny lustre, calculated to frighten timid people." This antipathy to the "topper" is by no means extinct among the proletariat. I remember witnessing, outside the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross, on some public occasion of rejoicing, the unprovoked assault of two roughs upon the tall hat of a passer-by. This peaceable-looking young citizen, however, happened to be an expert amateur boxer, and although the hat that he wore was not a beautiful object to look at when his assailants had done with it, the owner laid them both low before they could finish their sarcasms.

The erection of a very notable addition to the architecture of London, the Coliseum in St. Martin's Lane, has considerably diminished the width of a court situated between Bedfordbury and the Lane, called Taylor's Buildings. At the Bedfordbury end of this

¹ R. Horwood's *Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster*, 1799.

² J. T. Smith, *Nollekens and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 237.

³ Although another hatter, of the name of Cuthbertson, has succeeded to the business, the name of Gibus is still retained. An example of the original Gibus may be seen within.

court is the side elevation of the Hole-in-the-Wall Tavern, now known as the "Marquis of Granby," Nos. 51 and 52 Chandos Street. Under the former sign the tavern had once been kept by a certain Mother Maberley, who had been honoured, or dishonoured, by the protection of the licentious George, Duke of Buckingham. And here it was that the famous highwayman Claude Duval was caught napping—in plainer English, *drunk*—by the bailiff: "Duvall was taken drunk at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandos Street, and well it was for the bailiff and his men that he was drunk, otherwise they had tasted his prowess; for he had in his pocket three pistols, one whereof would shoot twice, and by his side an excellent sword, which, managed by such a hand and heart, must without doubt have done wonders." ¹

Rawlins, the engraver of the fine and much coveted Oxford Crown, with a view of the city under the horse, dates a quaint supplicatory letter to John Evelyn from the Hole-in-the-Wall in St. Martin's.

The Marquis of Granby, for his many virtues, military and private, deservedly took the place on the signboard, not only of the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandos Street, but of many other tavern-signs in London. The following is one of many instances that served to strengthen the people's affection for the gallant Marquis. It also illustrates the prevalence of a taste for the "muffles," as boxing-gloves were then called, taking us back to the days when Vauxhall was in the height of its splendour. Old Tyers, the proprietor of the Gardens, had commissioned Hayman, the painter, to panel the "Hall of British Worthies" with portraits of the heroes of our land. The gallant and good-natured Marquis of Granby was waited upon by Tyers with a request that he would honour Hayman with a sitting. In consequence, the hero of Minden dropped in at the artist's studio in St. Martin's Lane. "But, Frank," said the peer, "before I sit to you, I insist on having a set-to with you." Hayman, astonished at the oddity of the observation, affected not to understand his visitor, whereupon the Marquis exclaimed, "I have been told that you are one of the last boxers of the school of Broughton, and I flatter myself I am not altogether deficient in the pugilistic art, but since I have been in Germany I have got out of practice, therefore I want a little trial of your skill." Hayman pleaded age and gout as obstacles to his consent. To the first the Marquis replied "there was very little difference between them; and to the second, that he considered exercise as a specific remedy," adding, laughing, "besides, a few

¹ *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vii. p. 398.

rounds will cause a glow of countenance that will give animation to the canvas." Hayman no longer resisted, the gloves were donned, and to it they went. After a good display of strength and science, Hayman delivered such a straight hit in the "breadbasket" that down they both went with a tremendous crash. This brought upstairs the affrighted Mrs. Hayman, who found the Academician and the Commander-in-Chief rolling over each other on the carpet like two unchained bears. Frank, who was a humourist and *bon-vivant*, often narrated this anecdote of the nobleman—

Who filled our sign-posts then as Wellesley now,

over a social glass at his own and his friends' merry meetings.¹

In Chandos Street the most gorgeously decked popinjay could preen his feathers at Tom Joyce's, the lace-cleaner, who hung out his sign of the "Crown and Golden Letters," and undertook to clean "all sorts of Silver and Gold Lace Shapes, Stars, Buttons, Brocades, Stuffs, and Fringes, and all sorts of Embroidery, in the best Manner, without doing any Detriment, if it be on the finest Cloth, Silk, or Velvet. I have liv'd here fifteen Years, and there never was any other Lace-Cleaner liv'd here but me and my Wife. I have perform'd the like in foreign Countries, to the great Satisfaction of all Gentlemen and Ladies: and there is no one in England knows this Art, or can perform it, like myself."²

At the "One Tun" tavern in Chandos Street, of which he had become the proprietor, died, in 1844, Ruthven, the famous Bow Street runner, aged fifty-two years. He was for thirty years attached to the police force, having entered it at the age of seventeen, and retired with a pension of 220*l.* per annum from the British Government. It was he who, among many other notorious captures, accomplished that of Thistlewood, for the Cato Street conspiracy, in which daring enterprise Smithers was killed; of Thurtell, the murderer of Mr. Weare; and he also was responsible for the discovery of bank robberies and forgeries on Government to an enormous amount. He was a most eccentric character, and had written a history of his life, but would on no account allow it to meet the public eye.³ In the year 1750 Dr. Arne and Dr. Boyce frequently invited to the "One Tun" tavern a boy of vulgar manners, who, having drunk freely of geneva, played on the harpsichord without

¹ Henry Downes Miles's *Pugilistica*, 1880, vol. i. p. 91.

² *Daily Advertiser*, January 9, 1742.

³ *The Gentleman's Magazine*, obituary notice, May 1844 (vol. xxi. p. 552).

method, and produced such beautiful wild harmony as quite delighted those great professors of music.¹

Much as to fashions in mid-eighteenth century dress may be gathered from the newspaper announcements of the "man-merciers" and the "man-milliners." Joseph More, at the Wheatsheaf, No. 3, Chandos Street, betrays a "haste to be rich" by adopting "a different way of business," and wishes to dispose of "an elegant assortment of Tissues, Brocades, Satins, Armozeens, Lustrings, &c. . . . Variety of Poplins, Queen's Stuffs, Bombazeens, together with a general assortment of mourning Black Satins, and Florentines, for Gentlemen's wearing. The lowest price at a word."² The last silk-mercer in Chandos Street disappeared about the year 1865, where a large fortune was made from the famous mazarine-blue silk, the colour of the cardinal's robes. The father of John Thelwall, the political writer and elocutionist, was a silk-mercer in this street, where John was born in 1764. There, too, Humfrey Wanley the antiquary, and librarian to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, lodged, as we gather from a letter in the Harleian MSS., from the Rev. Thomas Baker, Cambridge (Oct. 16, 1718), addressed "To the worthy Mr. Wanley at the Riding-Hood Shop, the corner of Chandois and Bedford Streets, Covent Garden."

In an "improvement" clearance about the year 1830 was taken down, on the north side of Chandos Street, the large hotel known as the "Key," mentioned in the scandalous chronicles of the eighteenth century as the resort of rakes, royal and noble, and their companions, for whose privacy coaches drove under the gateway, close to the hotel door.³

On the night of January 5, 1751, at about 11 of the clock, "three young Gentlemen of the Law, going along Chandos Street in their Merriments, thought fit to break a Lamp at the Door of Mr. Brown, a Butcher, whereupon his Servant stept after them to know the Reason, which they explain'd by several blows on his Head, and drove him back again into his Master's Shop, which was soon filled with People in a tumultuous Manner; Mr. Brown being at that Time with some Friends at the Swan, Word was brought of a Riot at his House, and that his Wife was frightened, his Servants beat, and his Goods like to be thrown into the Street; the poor Man immediately ran over the Way to protect his Family, and being told which were the Offenders, he seizes two of them, and being a stout Man tumbles

¹ Creed Collection of Tavern Signs.

² *Morning Herald and Daily Advertiser*, December 15, 1783.

³ Timbs's *Walks and Talks*, 1865, p. 182.

them Neck and Heels out of his Shop, a Watchman hauls out a third, so they were carried to the Round House. The next Morning on a Hearing before the Justice, the Parties were all dismissed."¹

The St. Martin's Round House seems to have been abolished long before that appertaining to the neighbouring parish of St. Giles. In Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" the latter, probably one of the last that remained, is described as having stood in an angle of Kendrick Yard, its back windows looking upon the burial-ground of St. Giles's Church; it was built in a cylindrical form, like a martello tower, though, from bulging, it resembled an enormous tusk set on its end: it was two stories high, and had a flat roof, surmounted by a gilt vane in the shape of a key. The St. Martin's Round House, which Mr. Austin Dobson describes as "a favourite resort of the Georgian nobility and gentry," was a means of inflicting much cruelty even upon turbulent "night-birds," to say nothing of the innocent that were often bundled into it indiscriminately. The writer has a note from a newspaper of the middle of the eighteenth century, without any precise date, which tells how one Thursday night the Westminster constables made a general search "and took up a great Number of People, and so many Women were crowded into St. Martin's Round House, that four of them were suffocated and found dead the next Morning, for which some Persons were Yesterday taken up and committed to the Gatehouse, great Barbarity appearing in the Affair."

There was a sign of the "Ship" appertaining apparently to a tavern in Chandos Street, where the creditors of "Messrs. William and Gilbert Gordon, Perriwig-Makers, late Partners in Suffolk Street, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, were desired to meet . . . in order to receive their Dividend of the Money now got in of the aforesaid Gordon's Debts."²

This Chandos Street seems to have excelled all others in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross in its qualifications for the title of "Queer Street." On an unfortunate Thursday in December 1718, four highwaymen were drinking at the "One Tun" tavern, "near Hungerford Market," when, as usual, they must find something to fall out about, and, without having far to go in search of an excuse, they found it in the division of their booty. But the drawer overheard them, and sent for a constable, when they were secured and committed to Newgate, soon after, probably, dying of a "hempen fever."³ A complete arsenal was found upon them, viz. two blunder-

¹ Newspaper of January 6, 1751.

² *Daily Advertiser*, March 18, 1742.

³ *Weekly Journal*, December 6, 1718.

busses, one loaded with fifteen balls, the other with seven, and five pistols loaded with powder and shot.¹

Some years later the "One Tun" appears to have become the "One Tun and King's Arms," and the creditors of Mr. Charles Mist, "late of Wardour Street, Old Soho, in the Parish of St. Ann, Westminster, Paviour, are desir'd to meet the said Mr. Mist's Friends, at the One Tun and King's Arms in the Strand, the 19th of this instant July, at Four o'Clock in the Afternoon of the same Day; at which time the Creditors are desir'd to bring with them their respective Demands upon the said Charles Mist."²

Matthew Blakiston, grocer, opposite the "One Tun," in the Strand, *i.e.* in Chandos Street, expresses a touching solicitude to confer upon the public the benefits of his "best double-refin'd Loaf-Sugar, commonly call'd treble-refin'd, at 8¾d. per Pound; also the finest Hyson Tea at 14s. per Pound, and so, in Proportion, all Sorts of Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, and Caracca Cocoa Nuts, and other Grocery Wares cheaper than now sold by any Grocer in London. He likewise sells all Sorts of Teas, Coffee, Sago, &c. for Exportation; and to prevent any Imposition, he delivers a Catalogue of the Prices of all his Goods, which for Goodness he submits to the Judgment of every one that is pleased to deal with him. Also Arrack cheaper than any where else in Town: No less Quantity than five Gallons.

"N.B.—He gives all Servants who are sent to him a Ticket, printed (as in the Margin) by Way of Certificate to Masters or Mistresses, that they have not mistook his Shop, which has too often happened, to his Prejudice and their Disappointment."³

Mr. Blakiston, Grocer, in the Strand.
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printed (as in the Margin) by Way of Certificate to Masters or Mistresses, that they have not mistook his Shop, which has too often happened, to his Prejudice

Late in the eighteenth century there met at a tavern kept by one Fulham, in Chandos Street, Covent Garden, a convivial club called the "Eccentrics," which was an offshoot of the "Brilliants." They next moved to Tom Ree's, May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, and here they were flourishing at all hours. The club afterwards met at the "Green Dragon" tavern in Fleet Street, and it comprised at one time many celebrities of the literary and political world. From its commencement the club numbered upwards of 40,000 members of the *bons vivants* of the metropolis, many of whom held high social position; among others were Fox, Sheridan, Lords Melbourne and Brougham. On the same memorable night that Sheridan and Lord

¹ *History of Signboards.*

² *Daily Advertiser*, July 10, 1742.

³ *St. James's Evening Post*, January 31, 1738.

Petersham were admitted, Hook was enrolled; and through this club membership Theodore is believed to have obtained some of his high connections.¹

It would be remarkable if the arms of the Vintners' Company had been neglected on the signboards of this neighbourhood, for the commercial dealings of the Vintners with tavern-keepers here must have been enormous. So we find the "Three Tuns" in Chandos Street a tavern-haunt of Pepys the diarist, when he came as far west to "take the air." It was at the "Three Tuns" that Sally Pridden, *alias* Sally Salisbury, from her resemblance to the Countess, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed the Hon. John Finch in 1723. Her story will be found in the Newgate Calendar,² and—unique coincidence probably—her portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In company of several neighbours in Covent Garden one Monday night in 1679, Robert Taylor, a dancing-master, *upon occasion of some words*, as usual, killed one Mr. Price of the same place at the "Three Tuns" in Shandois Street. "The said R. Taylor is a person of middle stature, hath a cut across his chin, a scar in his left cheek, having two fingers and a thumb of one hand burnt at the ends shorter than the other, round visaged, thick lipt, his own hair being of a light brown under a periwig; he lived in James Street, in Covent Garden. Whoever apprehends him, and gives notice thereof to Mr. Reynolds, bookseller, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, shall have 10 pound reward. And whereas it was printed in last week's 'Intelligence' that he was taken, you are to take notice that it is most notoriously false."³ Again, on a certain Monday in February 1725, two officers in the Guards, who were reputed good friends, could find nothing better to do than to set to quarrelling. So Captain Turtle of the 3rd Regiment and Brigadier Wilson of the 1st Troop went to the "Three Tuns" in Chandos Street, called for a room to drink in, and immediately fought a duel, in which the captain was so dangerously wounded that he died next day. But it was said that before his death he acknowledged himself the aggressor before several witnesses.⁴

Although it would be difficult to find one now, Chandos Street possesses the distinction of having been one of the first streets, if not

¹ John Timbs's *Lives of Wits and Humourists*, 1862, vol. ii. p. 303.

² Vol. i. pp. 260-62. According to Mr. Laurence Hutton, the "Three Tuns" stood on the site of No. 66 Bedford Street, *near* the corner of Chandos Street, but it is evident from the above and from what follows that it was partially, at all events, in Chandos Street.

³ Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 92.

⁴ *Daily Post*, February 11, 1725.

the very first, not only in London but in England, in which a balcony was erected. This was in the middle of the 17th century; and it was Lord Arundel who was responsible for the innovation, one which led to their being adopted as a distinctive house-sign:

“He [Lord Arundel] also was the first that invented balconies; ye first was in Covent Garden, and in Chandos Street at the corner was Ye Sign of a Balcony, which country folks were wont much to gaze on.” Six blank lottery tickets having been dropped, John Cox, upholsterer, requests that they may be brought to his sign of the “Iron Balcony” in “Druery” Lane, next door to the Lord Craven’s.¹ Quacks were authors in those days, not indeed in a literary way exactly, but as the inventors of some medicine to which they were anxious to call the attention of the public. One J. Manton, surgeon, advertises himself at the Balcony-House, next to the Crown and Sceptre Tavern in Old Bailey, where might be had a “pleasant alterative Diet-Drink,” of which he was the “Author,” “whose specifick Qualities, in changing and sweetning the whole Mass of Humours, are so surprizing, etc.”² It was in the fashionable days of Covent Garden that the Balcony, as something more than a “nine days’ wonder,” fairly took that quarter by storm. Richard Brome, in his “Covent Garden Weeded, or The Middlesex Justice of Peace,” 1658, says: “That’s the Bellconey she stands on, that jets out so on the forepart of the house; every house here has one of them.” “Shandois Street” was so contiguously situated to Covent Garden that it was probably embraced in the name of that historic quarter. For instance, the “Anchor and Crown” is advertised as at “the lower-end of Shandois Street, near Covent Garden,” next door to which was sold “the Water that cures the King’s Evil” and innumerable other evils incidental to the King’s subjects who favoured town-life. This town-life rendered those who adopted it liable to another evil curable only through the wearing, by those who promoted it, of the Anodyne Necklace, as the hangman’s rope was called. And not exempt from the molestation of the footpad and the highway robber were the highest in the land, among whom on one occasion was the “magnificent” Duke of Chandos, grandson of George Brydges, Lord Chandos, after whom the street under notice was named. In December 1720 four men, Thomas Phillips, William Heater, William Spickett, and Joseph Lindsey, were apprehended at the Black Horse in the Broad Way, Westminster, on suspicion of robbing on the highway, carried before

¹ *Post-Boy*, August 15–18, 1718.

² *Weekly Journal*, December 2, 1721.

the Justice at St. Margaret's, who committed them to the Gatehouse. They violently resisted when taken, and one of them shot at a Mr. Rowlet, a constable, the bullet grazing his shoulder. It was said that two of these men were concerned in the robbery committed some time before upon his Grace the Duke of Chandois. ¹

A very noted resort in Chandos Street in the 18th century was the "Lebeck's Head." It was at the north-west corner of Half Moon Passage, a passage since merged in Bedford Street, not *Bradford* Street as in the "History of Signboards." ² Of this Lebeck, who was a famous cook of the latter part of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, there is a fine mezzotint—I think, if I remember rightly, it is a mezzotint—in the Creed Collection of Tavern Signs in the British Museum Library. Perhaps this is the engraving executed by Andrew Miller in 1739 from a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller. "The Lebeck's Head" had its imitators in both London and the provinces. It was the favourite headquarters for meetings of a commercial nature. For instance, the butchers, fishmongers, poulterers &c. of Westminster that kept shops in the markets within the Liberty are requested to meet here at six o'clock to consult how to apply to Parliament to have their leases made void, "that they may be at the Liberty of following their Customers into the New Building, and not to be confin'd to the Markets, and starv'd whilst a Handful of Forestallers run away with their Bread." ³ Again, the "Creditors of Charles Pitfield, Esq., deceas'd, are desir'd to meet at the Lebeck's Head Tavern in Chandos Street, Covent Garden, tomorrow, the 16th instant, at six o'clock in the Evening, to consider of a proper Remedy to be taken for the Recovery of their respective Debts" ⁴

The landlord of the "Bell and Dragon" in Chandos Street among twenty-one other alehouse keepers avowedly expresses himself, in 1756, as being in sympathy with the Master-Tailors and Staymakers, who were "much concerned at the unhappy Combinations that a few evil-minded Journeymen have raised among the rest. And having now tried every Method to convince them of their Errors, and dissuade them from an Opposition to Laws so much in their Favour, are now resolved (if we should be put to the disagreeable Necessity by a Continuation of their Obstinacy), to punish all who shall offend against the aforesaid Laws: But as we

¹ *Weekly Journal*, December 24, 1720.

² This, however, is probably a mere printer's error.

³ *Daily Advertiser*, April 6, 1742.

⁴ *Ibid.* October 15, 1742.

would rather choose to live in Harmony with our Journeymen, and as the several Alehouse Keepers whose Names and Signs are hereunto annexed, have given publick Testimony of their Dislike to all Combinations, and have expressed a Desire of serving both Masters and Journeymen, we do hereby give Notice to all Journeymen Taylors and Staymakers, who are willing to submit to the Wages and Hours prescribed by the Law, that if they will use any of the following Alehouses as Houses of Call, without Slates or Articles, that he will apply for them at the said Houses in Preference to any other." Here follows the list alluded to.¹

From a trades token it appears that there was a sign of the "Three Elms" in Chandos Street, appertaining to Edward Boswell in 1667. The Civil Service Supply Association, at the eastern end of Chandos Street, is said to have had its origin about twenty or thirty years ago in the purchase by a few clerks, at wholesale price for division among themselves, of a chest of tea. They "struck ile" when the idea was enterprisingly adopted by them on an extended scale.

The "Rhenish Wine House," Charing Cross, seems to have been situated, like the "Canary House," somewhere in the vicinity of Bedford Street. There was another in Channel Row, Westminster :

What wretch would nibble on a hanging shelf,
When at Pontack's he may regale himself?
Or to the house of cleanly Rhenish go,
Or that at Charing Cross, or that in Channel Row?²

Bedfordbury, running parallel to and eastward of St. Martin's Lane, and leading northward from Chandos Street, had fallen, in Cunningham's time, from a once decently inhabited place to a nest of low alleys and streets. With the extension of Metropolitan London, however, on all sides, it is assuming, like St. Martin's Lane, something of renewed life, owing, no doubt, to contiguity to Covent Garden Market, and other important districts. The sign of the "Lemon Tree" in this street, a few doors from the "Marquis of Granby," is probably owing in its origin to being in the immediate neighbourhood of the market. The first sign of the "Lemon Tree" seems, indeed, to have been in the Market itself, for Charles Ogle advertises for sale in a vault under the "Lemon Tree" in Covent Garden Market, at seven shillings a gallon, "A Large and curious Parcel of Brandy and Rum Orange Shrub, made with true Seville

¹ Vide *Collection of Material relating to the Signs of London and Home Counties in the St. Martin's Library, Charing Cross* (No. 219).

² *The Hind and the Panther Transversed.*

Oranges of this Season, when they were in their best Perfection. Note, Those who buy five Gallons or a greater Quantity shall be abated Six Pence a Gallon."¹

I believe the lemon tree was introduced into this country at the extreme latter end of the fifteenth century, but the sign arose when the fruit, and perhaps the tree, was first sold at Covent Garden. The author of the valuable little "Epicure's Almanack" of 1815 says, "Almost all the principal market gardeners within ten or twelve miles of the metropolis rent a stand in Covent Garden, where every esculent vegetable, in or out of season, indigenous or exotic, natural or forced, may be purchased. Among the superior fruiterers we notice Mr. Cook at the 'Lemon Tree,' Mr. Moulder, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Grange, Mr. Mabbot, Messrs. Best and Strudwicke."²

It is not every day that one meets with an advertisement by a publican of a chapel to let. Yet inquiries were to be made of Mr. Collin Donaldson, of the "Lemon Tree" in Bedfordbury, concerning the letting ("to be enter'd upon immediately") of "A Meeting Place, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with new Pulpit and Cushion, new Pews, Window-Curtains, Brass Branches, &c., all complete, and fit for any congregation of Protestant Dissenters. To be had on very easy Terms."³

Sir Francis Kynaston, one of King Charles I.'s esquires of the body, dwelt in Bedfordbury, or, at least, he is described on the rate-books of St. Martin's as living in Covent Garden, in 1636 (meaning probably, as was customary, the *district* of Covent Garden), "on the east side of the street towards Berrie." I do not think it survives now, but Cunningham says that "Kynaston's Alley," in Bedfordbury, "still exists."

It was in Bedfordbury apparently that the Museum Minervæ, of which Sir Francis Kynaston was the "Regent" or president, was

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Dec. 12 and 22, 1741.

² The *Epicure's Almanack*, 1815, p. 294. That the lemon tree was cultivated in the neighbourhood of London before is evident from the following: "Just brought over from Holland, a fine Collection of Orange and Lemon Trees, both plain, and variegated with the finest Cream and Yellow Colours, of the best Sorts, full of Fruit and Flowers, of all Sizes fit for the Orangery, or to adorn Ladies' Chambers: to be sold very cheap by James Lesley, at Mr. Frazier's, next door to Beaufort House, near the Waterside at Chelsea; where all Gentlemen and Ladies may be furnished with the most curious of Bulbous Roots from Holland and other parts of Europe, at the lowest prices." (*London Journal*, July 29, 1721.)

³ *Daily Advertiser*, April 6, 1742. This, of course, may not have been a tavern at that time.

“established at a house in Covent Garden.” The constitutions of this academy for the “nobility and gentry” were published in London in 1636, in quarto. It was instituted in the eleventh year of the reign of Charles I. at a house in Covent Garden purchased for the purpose by Kynaston, and furnished by him with books, manuscripts, paintings, statues, musical and mathematical instruments, &c., and every requisite for a polite and liberal education. Only the nobility and gentry were admissible, and professors were appointed to teach the various arts and sciences. When the plague was raging Kynaston obtained permission of the King to use King James’s College at Chelsea, both as a refuge from the violence of the contagion and as a retirement in which the education of the young men might be continued uninterrupted. The Provost, however, of the Chelsea College objected, and the Museum Minervæ had to put up with accommodation at Little Chelsea.¹

Two Lions rampant supporting a crown, and a “Half Moon,” were two signs in Bedfordbury, as trade tokens testify.

Mr. James Payne, a bookseller of Bedfordbury (perhaps the son of Thomas Payne), died in Paris in 1809. Mr. Burnet describes him as remarkable for his amenity as for probity and learning. Repeated journeys to Italy, France, and Germany had enabled him to collect a great number of precious MSS. and rare editions, most of which went to enrich Lord Spencer’s Library—the most splendid collection ever made by a private person.²

Before Bedfordbury had quite fallen from its high estate the following curiosities in textile fabrics, the stock in trade of Robert Davidson, Woollen Draper and Man’s Mercer, No. 2, Bedfordbury, were announced for sale: Jeans, Jeanets, Thicksets, Corduroys, Cordereens, Sattinets, Cantoons, Ribb’d Delures, Ververets, Velveteens, Pruncellas, Velvets, Lastings, Silkeens, Printing Jeanets, Damascuses, Florentines, Princess Stuffs, Stripe Linseys, Flannels, Baizes, Superfine Cloths, Seconds, Liveries, &c.³ And at Mr. Arrowsmith’s, Turner’s Court, Bedfordbury, next Chandois Street, was to be sold A REAL INDIA SHAUL “for the Prime Cost, Sixteen Guineas.” It is again described as “a very beautiful Shaul Handkerchief.”⁴

There is, it must be confessed, something of an air of slum-land still in parts of Bedfordbury, with its narrow and devious courts and

¹ Faulkner’s *Chelsea*, 1829, vol. ii. p. 227.

² *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. viii. p. 122.

³ *Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser*, March 3, 1780.

⁴ *Ibid.* 3

alleys. Part of it, however, was swept away with the larger portion of the pestilential rookery consisting of the Caribbee Islands, formerly known as the Bermudas, in 1830. And in 1880-1 a further improvement was made by the erection of large blocks of model lodging-houses, occupying nearly all the space between Bedford Street and Bedfordbury.

New Street is a continuation of King Street, Covent Garden, to St. Martin's Lane, with Bedfordbury leading south to Chandos Street. The landlord of the "Swan," tavern in this street, now, I think, known as the White Swan Hotel, No. 14, could justly claim at the beginning of last century to be a licensed *victualler*, for in the "Epicure's Almanack" we read that it was in 1815 "a long established house, well known for the excellence of its fish, flesh, and fowl, which are served up in the best style of cookery by bill of fare daily, to a respectable and numerous company of guests." At the "Coffee House in New Street" dwelt in 1671 Joseph Howard, whose token bore the half-length figure of a man holding a cup with a hand issuing from a cloud, and pouring into it from a coffee-pot. On a table are three pipes.¹

"Painful as it is to relate," writes one who was a *persona grata* with the great and learned Samuel Johnson, to wit Richard Cumberland, "I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact) that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of fourpence halfpenny per day."² And on one occasion Johnson relates how at the "Pine Apple" in New Street he "dined very well for eightpence, with very good company. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."³ This was when he occupied his first lodgings in London at a stay-maker's in Exeter Street, close by.

Benjamin Cooke, the father of the celebrated English musician Dr. Benjamin Cooke, was a music-seller at the sign of the "Golden Harp" in New Street, Covent Garden. Here he published

¹ Akerman's *Account of Tradesmen's Tokens*, 1849, p. 144.

² *Memoirs of Richard Cumberland*, 1806, p. 261. Cumberland was always treated with great courtesy by Dr. Johnson, who in his *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*, vol. ii. p. 68, thus speaks of him: "The want of company is an inconvenience, but Mr Cumberland is a million."

³ Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. by J. W. Croker, 1831.

Corelli's Twelve Grand Concertos and his Four Operas, or Sonatas, all in Score. "Corrected and recommended by the learned Dr. Pepusch, to all students of Musick" &c. ;¹ the "Favourite SONGS in the Opera of Operas ; or TOM THUMB the Great, as they were perform'd at the Theatre in the Haymarket," &c. ;² William Corbett's "Thirty-five Concertos or Universal Bizzaries for four Violins, Tenor Violin, Violoncello, and thorough Bass for Organ or Harpsichord, in seven Parts ;³ the compositions of John Humphries, a violinist and composer, for his instrument in London, who died in 1730 ;⁴ and "The AMUSEMENT: Being a Collection of twelve English Songs (one of which is *Hail! Windsor*, as sung by Mr. Lowe, at the Theatre in Drury Lane), all compos'd by Mr. J. Travers."⁵ Also Six Concertos by Sig. Alex. Scarlatti ; Twelve ditto by Mr. De Fesch ; Six ditto by Mr. Avison ; two Volumes of Lessons for the Harpsichord, compos'd (expressly for the Princess of Asturia) by Sig. Domenico Scarlatti ; six Solos for two Violoncellos, by Sig. Lanzetti, for the practise of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ; and Twenty Canzonettas, or Italian Ballads, by "Mr. De Fesch." Cooke's distinguished son was the composer of the glees "In the merry month of May," "Hark the lark," "How sleep the brave," &c., and the vocal duets "Let Rubinelli charm the ear," and "Thyrsis when he left me." Dr. Cooke had the character of a most amiable and agreeable man. Miss Hawkins, in her anecdotes, says, "No one was ever less vain of superior excellence in an art, or rather, less sensible of it, than Dr. Cooke ; he certainly supposed that every body could do what he did, 'if they would but try.'" He died in 1793.

In New Street art was represented, as regards residents, by Flaxman's father, who kept there a shop for the sale of plaster casts, at the sign of the "Golden Head," whence Flaxman *fil's* sent his first contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1770. It was a "Portrait of a Gentleman," a model.

New Street was one of the numerous streets in this part of the West-end that became fashionable under the Stuarts owing to their proximity to "the joyous neighbourhood of Covent Garden" ; and till about 1860 it was the chief carriage-way to Covent Garden, when Garrick Street was formed to give a good western approach thereto.⁶ Cunningham says that the Countess of Chesterfield, with whom

¹ *Craftsman*, April 29, 1733.

² *Ibid.* September 8, 1733.

³ *Daily Advertiser*, April 6, 1742.

⁴ *Ibid.* October 15, 1742.

⁵ *Ibid.* February 4, 1742.

⁶ Wheatley's *Cunningham*.

Van Dyck was in love, occupied a house on the south side in 1660. To this day it retains a much older aspect than the streets by which it is surrounded.

Having taken a furnished cottage a short time ago in a certain remote part of Essex, which may as well be nameless, we, my wife and self, were considerably surprised to find that it was customary for the landlord to insert advertisements in the newspapers intended for the notice of a kind of people whose presence was strongly resented by the estimable vicar of the parish—so much so, indeed, that he threatened, I believe, to buy up the property, several houses, in question. But while the modern advertisement does not excite suspicion in the ordinary reader, the brazen advertiser of the eighteenth century seems to have had no fear of the law before his eyes, for he thus announces himself: "To the Ladies. Any lady whose situation requires a temporary retirement, may be accommodated agreeable to her wishes in the house of a gentleman eminent in his profession, whose honour and secrecy may be depended upon, and every vestige of pregnancy obliterated, so as to elude the scrutiny of the most sagacious. Letters directed to A.B. at Mr. Conn's, tobacconist, No. 20, New Street, Covent Garden, will immediately be transmitted as addressed."¹

Nothing exhibits more forcibly the sad aspect of urban life than the number of hospitals that the purse-strings of the not altogether selfish rich have opened to the unfortunate poor. The increase in the number of these hospitals during nearly a century has been most remarkable, and therefore of infinite credit to the charitable who are responsible for so much development—not forgetting the indispensable and devoted servants of *Æsculapius* who spend their lives largely in re-doing what other people have undone, either by inadvertence, neglect, or downright crime. In the year 1818 there were but twenty-three hospitals, as we understand the word now, including those for "lying-in."² But "Whitaker's Almanack" gives a list, to-day, of no fewer than *ninety-one*, including, besides the great general hospitals, those for consumption and chest diseases, for children, women, nervous diseases (epilepsy, paralysis, &c.), fever, skin, cancer, orthopædic, dental, throat and ear, and others of a miscellaneous character. We recall the divine words, "Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity." And it was in the real spirit of Christ that the vigorous Dr. Benjamin Golding, by his virile philanthropy, forwarded the foundation, in the year 1818,

¹ *The Evening Mail*, May 25, 1789.

² *The Picture of London*, 1818.

of the West London Infirmary, afterwards known as the Charing Cross Hospital. It is not generally known that under the former designation it was established, in the first instance, in Villiers Street. How appropriate the simple lines of Dr. Golding himself to the occasion :

How happy they who, blest by fortune's store,
Enjoy the means to comfort the distressed ;
T'assuage the sufferings of the lowly poor,
And soothe the anguish of the aching breast !

The first stone of the present building was laid by the Duke of Sussex, with Masonic ceremonies, on September 15, 1831. At its completion it differed in its exterior from the present building in that it has received the addition of the whole of the top story. Dr. Golding contemplated, by the establishment of this hospital, the hitherto untried combination of a Dispensary for supplying attendance and medicine to the sick poor at their own homes, with a Hospital for receiving and providing with clean domestic comforts the more dangerous cases—as indoor patients. Its first patrons were the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, and the Dukes of York and Kent. The sufferings of the poor which this beneficent institution has been instrumental in alleviating, even during the twelve or fourteen years anterior to the present site being occupied, may be gauged by the fact that during that time there were admitted for relief as out-patients upwards of 30,000 poor sick persons. This, however, it must be remembered, was at a time when Porridge Island, the Bermudas, and the C'ribbee Islands, upon the site of which the hospital now stands, constituted a series of the most awful slums, swarming with the wrack of Modern Babylon. This at the time, 1831, formed the eighth casualty hospital for the metropolis, the others being St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, St. Thomas's, St. George's, the London, Westminster, and Middlesex. On account of the enormous traffic of the neighbourhood, and in a less degree owing to its proximity to Charing Cross Railway Station, and to the area between that station and Waterloo Junction, it has as many accidents as any hospital in London, sometimes as many as eight in one day.

Bedford Street, leading from nearly opposite the Adelphi into King Street, on the west side of Covent Garden, is described by Strype as being favoured by mercers, drapers, and lacemen. Of these, the son of Kynaston the actor was an opulent mercer here in the fashionable days of Covent Garden, and here the actor in his old age lived and died. *Dick Kynaston*, as he was familiarly known, was, I think, the first impersonator on the stage of female characters,

and on one occasion Davenant, the manager, when King Charles II. expressed impatience for the lifting of the curtain, answered—"Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the queen is shaved." Garrick and his friend Dr. Arne were of the opinion that these male actors of female parts were selected from amongst the counter-tenors, and even that they spoke in *falsetto*. In the prologue written for the performance of Kynaston's *Desdemona* were the following lines :

Our women are defective, and so sized
You'd think they were some of the Guard disguised ;
For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen ;
With bones so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
When you call *Desdemona*—enter giant.

Shop-bills relating to the tradesmen in this street may be seen in the Banks Collection (from 1785 to 1789), notably one relating to the "Three Crowns." This house, No. 26, is still, I think, a gold-lace manufacturer's and retained its old sign of the "Three Crowns" until the house was pulled down in 1875. As a laceman's sign the "Three Crowns" is probably in allusion to the arms of the Drapers' Company, which consist of three golden crowns, in their turn allusive to the crowns of the three kings of Cologne.

"Turkey Coffee 6s. 4d., with allowance to them that buy Quantities. Bohee from 12s. to 24s. All sorts of Green, the lowest 12s. Chocolate with sugar 2s. 2d. All Nuts 3s. 6d. The finest Brazils 48s., and 3s. 4d. an Ounce. Portugal 18s., and 1s. 4d. an ounce, Right Amazona, Barcelona, and Port St. Lucar. Sold very cheap by Wholesale or Retail; and Orange-flower water: at the 'Star' in Bedford Court, near Bedford Street, Covent Garden." This advertisement, exhibiting the high price of tea even fifty years after its more general introduction about 1657, appertained to Robert Tate, druggist, who in 1711 describes himself as "against York Buildings in the Strand." Green tea is said to have first begun to be used in 1715, but Tate in Bedford Court advertises it as early as 1709.¹ Bedford Court was nearly opposite to Henrietta Street, in Bedford Street, and leading into Chandos Street. In this court was White's Coffee-house, where the sale is announced to all "Connoisseurs in Musick," of a large collection of MS. music in Italian.² And at the "Cæsar's Head" in Bedford Court, near Covent Garden, William Sare was a bookseller who published a catalogue

¹ See the *Tatler*, Dec. 20, 27, 1709; Dec. 10, 1710; and the *Postman*, Nov. 24-27, 1711.

² *Daily Advertiser*, Dec. 18, 1741.

of "valuable and curious Libraries, lately purchas'd, in most Languages and Faculties, viz. History, Divinity, Law, Poetry, Travels, Voyages, Agriculture, Mathematics, Antiquity, Dictionaries, Lexicons, &c. in Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, English, &c." Catalogues, among other places, might be had at Slater's Coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane.¹

The "Constitution" tavern, which survived in Bedford Street as late, at least, as 1879, seems to have given place to the premises of the Institute of Builders, and the Builders' Accident Insurance Company, at Nos. 31 and 32. At all events 32 was the number of the house in 1879. It is described in 1815 as having its sign painted symbolically to represent the Church and State, the former by Westminster Abbey and the latter by Westminster Hall. "Be that as it may, the constitution of John Bull will never be in jeopardy while he has money and appetite for the good things offered to him at this house, especially if he take moderately a plentiful potation of the peerless punch for which the 'Constitution' is renowned."²

The difficulties created for wayfarers by the abolition of the signboards must have led to the use of many words not to be found in the ordinary dictionary until "custom," which, according to Burke, "reconciles everything," had forced upon the recognition of the public the new system of numbering, and one consequence of their removal was elaborated advertisements for use in the dark such as that of "Doctor James Tilbrough, a German doctor," who resided "over against the New Exchange, in Bedford Street, at the sign of the Peacock, where you shall see at night two candles burning within one of the chambers before the balcony."³ The "Cross Keys," a man dipping candles, "Three Birds," and a "Sugar Loaf" were four signs in Bedford Street in the seventeenth century.⁴ Instead of stone pavement, the customary posts were placed at intervals to distinguish the footway from the road, and when Sheridan lived in this street he and the author of "Miscellanea Nova," S. Whyte, were standing together at the drawing-room window expecting Johnson, who was to dine there. Sheridan asked Whyte whether he could see the length of the Garden. "No, Sir!" "Take out your opera-glass; Johnson is coming; you may know him by his gait." "I perceived him," says Whyte, whose narrative occurs in the little work alluded to, "at a good distance, working along with a peculiar solemnity of deportment,

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 15, 1742.

² *Epicure's Almanack*, 1815, p. 158.

³ See *Old and New London*, vol. iii. p. 267.

⁴ Akerman's *Account of Tradesmen's Tokens*, 1849, pp. 27-8.

and an awkward sort of measured step. . . . And upon every post as he passed along I could observe he deliberately laid his hand, but missing one of them; when he got at some distance he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he gained the crossing." This, Sheridan assured Whyte, however odd it might appear, was his constant practice; "but why or wherefore he could not inform me."¹ The house in which Chief Justice Richardson lived, No. 15, which, with Nos. 14 and 16, was pulled down in 1863, was tenanted latterly by Mr. Joseph Lilly, the well-known bookseller, who removed thence to Nos. 17 and 18 New Street, Covent Garden, his large stock of old books, particularly rich in early English literature, and black-letter books in general.²

The lower end of Bedford Street, formerly known as Half Moon Street, is in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, while the upper end appertains to St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The "Half Moon" tavern stood at the Strand end of the street, "opposite the New Exchange Buildings."

In the overseers' accounts of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, under the date July 1, 1655, is an entry that must do the heart of the supererogatory section of the "Lord's Day Observance Society" good. The society has, or had some few years ago, offices in Bedford Street, and it seems natural to suppose that the reason the Half Moon tavern, which formerly stood at the bottom of what was Half Moon Street, disappeared is because the society detected a man in the "Moon" in question, gathering sticks on Sunday. Whether "John Stro," as the Scotch fisher-folk call the hermit in the moon, was an abstainer is open to question, since he was wicked enough to worry about fagots on the Sabbath, but certain it is that two men in the "Moon" tavern, to wit, Coll Corbit and Mr. Hill, were, according to the St. Martin's accounts alluded to, fined £1 for drinking therein "on the Lord's Day."³ From 1648 to 1660, when Puritanism was at its red-hottest, people were fined for the commonest offences committed on Sunday. Entries occur in the accounts alluded to, of fines received for "riding in a coach," "carrying linen," "a barber for trimming" (the Hughenden barber can no doubt sympathise), "carrying a haunch of venison," "carrying a pair of shoes," and one person "for his wife swearing an oath." Sir Charles

¹ *Miscellanea Nova*, 1801 (Addenda to Remarks on Boswell's *Johnson*, p. 49).

² Timbs's *Walks and Talks about London*, 1865, p. 178.

³ Wheatley's *Cunningham*.

Sedley and the Duke of Buckingham were frequently fined in 1657 and 1658, for riding in their coaches on the "Lord's Day."¹ But the "Man in the Moon" must have found the temperature in the neighbourhood of the "Observance Society" very high, for Christopher Deane, "at the Half Moon in the Strand, opposite the New Exchange Buildings," advertises in 1742 the sale by auction of all his "Household Goods, Plate, Linen, China, some pictures, and a great variety of good Kitchen Furniture."²

At the south-eastern corner of Bedford Street was the house, now long since taken down, where Clay, who first applied papier mâché to tea-trays in 1760, made thereby a fortune of £80,000. Some of his finest trays were painted by early members of the Royal Academy, among whom was Wheatley.

Possibly the blue colour with which many of the London signs were invested by their owners was an arbitrary selection with no special symbolism, excepting in cases, of course, like the "Blue Lion," the crest of the Percies, &c., but the adoption of the cerulean colour was so frequent that it gives one pause to wonder whether its adoption did not rise from more than mere fancy, or from the necessity merely of distinguishing a certain sign from others that represented similar objects in other varieties of the prismatic spectrum. It seems possible that the colour of the sky, sacred in ancient mythologies, like red as that of the sun, has come down to us on the signboard no less certainly than in the folk-lore of the provinces, where a superstitious belief in it survives to the present day. The young mothers, for instance, by Teviotside, wear a twist of plaited blue thread about their necks until their babies are weaned, and the mischievous west-country fairy hates the sight of blue flowers. King Richard exclaims, "The lights burn blue!" and among the Slavs, if the candle burns blue, there is said to be an angel in the room. According to Randle Holme, "the pure azure sky signifieth piety and sincerity." According to one's own observation, the colour of the sign depicted was never fanciful and arbitrary, but was in accordance with the rules invariably—at all events in the actual signboard days—associated with heraldic symbolism. And such was the origin, no doubt, of the sign of the *Blue Bible* in Bedford Street which occurs in the Luttrell Collection in the British Museum (1683). It distinguished the shop of William Sheares, Junior, in 1656, for whom was printed "Men, Miracles," &c. The *Blew Bible* occurs again in Green Arbour Court, Little Old Bailey, as the sign of Michael

¹ Wheatley's *Cunningham*.

² *Daily Advertiser*, May 20, 1742.

Sparke in 1633, for whom was printed Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix." The name of the "Bermudas" probably dates from about the year 1609, when Sir George Somers was cast away upon them and claimed them for the Virginia Company. The Virginia Company sold them to another company, to which a charter was granted by James I., June 29, 1615, when a settlement was formed. The accounts which adventurers gave of the intricacies of these islands, accentuated by a poetical description of them by Waller the poet, while resident as an exile there during the Civil Wars, no doubt suggested this curious name for a congeries of courts and alleys remarkable for their labyrinthine nature. Their turbulent character is alluded to by Ben Jonson :—

"*Justice Overdo.* Look into any angle of the town, the Streights or the Bermudas, where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco. The lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other, but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale ! forty in tobacco ! and ten more in ale again." ¹

The "Caribbee Islands" too seems at a later period to have been suggested as a name for these rookeries by the fact of those islands being the easternmost of the West Indies, as Charing Cross was then the westernmost part of the town.

The trail of the cook's shop was all over Porridge Island, whence it was so named. The Trafalgar Square improvements led to the effacement of this spot also. In the "World" of November 29, 1753, is described "the fine gentleman, whose lodgings no one is acquainted with ; whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate, from the Cook's shop in Porridge Island ; and whose annuity of a hundred pounds is made to supply a laced suit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout ; returns to his bedroom on foot, and goes shivering and supperless to rest, for the pleasure of appearing among people of real importance with the Quality of Brentford."

Henrietta Street, another once fashionable thoroughfare, is a continuation westward of the south side of Covent Garden Market, terminating at the north-east corner of Bedford Street. It was built in 1637, and named after *la reine malheureuse*, Henrietta Maria, the beautiful daughter of the most illustrious sovereign in Europe, Henry of Navarre (and Marie de Médicis), and Queen of Charles I. Strictly speaking, the street should have been called Mary Street, for Mary was the name by which her husband and her court chose

¹ *Bartholomew Fair*, II. i.

to speak of her.¹ As a complement of Henrietta Street being so named, King Street, also built in 1637, was called after the King. King Street, running parallel with Henrietta Street, is at the north-west corner of Covent Garden, and leads into New Street and St. Martin's Lane. From a house in Henrietta Street, the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the other fair and high-born women who canvassed for Charles James Fox, used to watch the humours of the Westminster election. Hannah More, on one of these occasions, appears to have been staying in Henrietta Street. "I had like," she writes to one of her sisters, "to have got into a fine scrape the other night. I was going to pass the evening at Mrs. Coles's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I went in a chair. They carried me through Covent Garden. A number of people, as I went along, desired the men not to go through the garden, as there was an hundred armed men, who suspected every chairman belonged to Brooks's, and would fall upon us. In spite of my entreaties, the men would have persisted, but a stranger, out of humanity, made them set me down, and the shrieks of the wounded, for there was a terrible battle, intimidated the chairmen, who were at last prevailed on to carry me another way. A vast number of people followed me, crying out, 'It is Mrs. Fox: none but Mr. Fox's wife would dare to come into Covent Garden in a chair: she is going to canvass in the dark!' Though not a little frightened, I laughed heartily at this, but shall stir out no more in a chair for some time."²

The most eminent of the English miniaturists, Samuel Cooper, the "Vandyck in little," whom his friend, Pepys, in his "Diary," calls the "great limner in little," dwelt for many years in Henrietta Street. Whether it is legible now one cannot say, but his epitaph in Latin in St. Pancras Churchyard styles him "the Apelles of his age." His wife was the sister of the poet Pope's mother.

The Royalist, Sir Lewis Dyve, dwelt on the south side of Henrietta Street in 1637, as did also Strafford in 1640. The south seems to have been the more fashionable side, for Samuel Cooper, the miniaturist, was living here when a rate was made for raising £250 for payment of the rector and repairs of the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, according to an ordinance of January 7, 1645; and he was still here when Pepys visited him on March 30, 1668, to arrange about the portrait of his wife. His price was then £30. Kitty Clive lived here in March 1756, when she advertised her benefit. When McArdell, the engraver, hung out his sign of the

¹ Strickland's *Queens*, 1852, vol. viii. p. 33.

² Jesse's *London: Its Celebrated Characters, &c.* (Bentley, 1871).

"Golden Ball" in this street, Walpole wrote to Grosvenor Bedford in 1759: "I shall be much obliged to you if you will call as soon as you can at McArdell's in Henrietta Street, and take my picture from him. I am extremely angry, for I hear he has told people of the print. If the plate is finished, be so good as to take it away, and all the impressions he has taken off, for I will not let him have one."¹ When, in 1764, he engraved and sold his fine print of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber as Jaffier and Belvidera, he lived "at the corner of Henrietta Street in Covent Garden." Sir Robert Walpole was chairman of a small social club which met at the house of Samuel Scott, the marine painter. Captain Laroon (well known in the artistic and social circles of his day) was deputy-chairman, under Sir Robert. The club consisted of only six gentlemen, who met at stated times in the drawing-room of Scott, and it was unanimously agreed by the members that they should be attended by Scott's wife only, who was a remarkably witty woman. Captain Laroon made a most beautiful drawing of the members of the club in conversation.² Jane Austen lived in this street for a time, at the house of her brother, who was a partner in the bank close by.³ Catherine Clive, the celebrated comic actress, resided for some time in this street, and here died one who was aforesaid a poet of some celebrity—Paul Whitehead—the social companion of Frederick, Prince of Wales.⁴ His poetical squibs exercised a considerable influence over the politics of the day. He was one of the depraved brotherhood who assembled at Medmenham Abbey. By his last will, says Jesse, Paul Whitehead bequeathed his heart, enclosed in a marble urn, to his friend, Lord Le Despencer, with a request that it might be placed in his lordship's mausoleum at High Wycombe. The fantastic wish was complied with, but what has since become of the heart and the urn we know not.⁵ He died on December 20, 1774, in his lodgings in this street, having, during the course of a protracted illness, burnt all his manuscripts within reach.

At Rawthmell's Coffee-house in Henrietta Street, the Society of Arts was formed in 1754. And at the "Castle" tavern Sheridan fought his second duel, the first having been interrupted at Hyde

¹ Wheatley's *London*.

² Smith's *Nollekens and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 273.

³ *Fortnightly Review*, n.s., vol. xxxvii. (1885), p. 263. quoted in Wheatley *London*.

⁴ Jesse's *London: Its Celebrated Characters and Remarkable Places* (Bentley 1871), p. 358.

⁵ *Ibid.*

Park, near the Hercules Pillars.¹ It was at the "Castle" tavern that the gallant feat was performed of a young blood taking one of her shoes from the foot of a noted toast, filling it with wine, and drinking her health, after which it was consigned to the cook, who prepared from it an excellent ragout, which was eaten with great relish by the lady's admirers.² We are told that John Pierce, the Soyer of his day, was the cook.

At the "Golden Head" in Henrietta Street, Sir Robert Strange, the eminent engraver, was living in 1756, when he published his proposals for engraving, by subscription, three historical prints—two from Pietro da Cortona, and one from Salvator Rosa.³

There was a celebrated tavern with the sign of the "Key" at the corner of Henrietta Street, *circa* 1690 (query, "Cross Keys" *infra*).

A "Lady dress'd in yellow Damask, that spoke to a Gentleman in a Hackney coach about 6 o'clock at Night on Saturday last in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden," is requested to send "a Letter directed for Mr. Jeffreys at Rochford's Coffee-house, Charing Cross, letting the said Mr. Jeffreys know where she may be heard of, when she will be inform'd of something much to her Advantage. N.B. The Gentleman order'd the Coach to carry him to the Lodge in Hyde Park."⁴

The "Constitution" tavern in Bedford Street, No. 32 in 1879, seems to be identical with the "Cross Keys" at an earlier period, which is described in Burn's "Beaufoy Tokens" as between Henrietta and King Streets in Bedford Street, and of which two tokens are extant. The "Cross Keys" was certainly at the corner of Henrietta Street, and a place of some note to judge from the following:

"The Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster are desir'd to meet tomorrow at seven o'clock at the Cross Keys Tavern, the Corner of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, on special affairs."⁵

John Partridge, the mountebank almanac-maker, out of whom Swift and the "Tatler" extracted some fun, had, according to Jesse, a shop in Henrietta Street. His fame, too, will live as long as a halo of due appreciativeness encircles one of the most pleasing poems in the English language—Pope's "Rape of the Lock." Partridge was

¹ *Literary Landmarks*, by L. Hutton, 1889, p. 273.

² *History of Signboards*, 1884.

³ *Wheatley's London*.

⁴ *Daily Post*, July, 1725.

⁵ *Daily Advertiser*, March 15, 1742.

brought up to the trade of a shoemaker, which he practised in Covent Garden in 1680; but having acquired some knowledge of Latin, astronomy, and astrology, he published an almanac. Swift began his humorous attacks by "Predictions for the Year 1708, wherein the Month and the Day of the Month are set down, the Persons named, and the Great Actions and Events of Next Year particularly related as they will come to pass. Written to prevent the People of England from being further imposed upon by the Vulgar Almanac-makers." After discussing with much gravity the subject of almanac-making, and censuring the almanac-makers for their methods, he continues as follows: "But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time the sun enters Aries, and this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time when he enters Libra, or somewhat more, which is the busy time of the year; the remainder I have not yet adjusted" &c. "My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it to shew how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns. It relates to Partridge the almanac-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die on the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time." Partridge, after the 29th of March, publicly denied that he had died, which increased the fun, and the game was kept up by the "Tatler." Then Swift wrote "An Elegy on the Supposed Death of Partridge, the Almanac-maker," followed by:

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,
Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all ye customers, that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek;
Step to his grave but once a week.
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in 't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could when above.

In the "Rape of the Lock," after the robbery of Belinda's "wavy

curl," Pope proceeds to place the stolen object among the constellations :

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray ;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up prayers from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.¹

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

¹ Pope's *Poetical Works*, 1866 : " Rape of the Lock," canto v.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC ON CANALS.

THE canal system of this country, although by no means laid out with a view to passenger traffic, was utilised for it to a considerable extent. This was especially the case where the population was large and the towns pretty close together, and the fact is interesting as showing that our ancestors better understood the capabilities of canals than do their descendants of to-day. It would not, of course, be possible now to develop any considerable amount of canal travel, even between the most populous centres; but any profits are better than none, and there are undoubtedly situations where a certain amount of summer pleasure traffic could be cultivated, without risking much capital over it. Many canals run through beautiful scenery which, from the slowness of movement, they would give excellent opportunity for their passengers to see and to enjoy.

The father of English canals, Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, was not long in discovering that his waterways could usefully convey people as well as coals. So early as October 1, 1772, he put on passage-boats, which took passengers from Manchester to within two miles of Warrington. A large pleasure traffic was also developed by allowing visitors to penetrate the subterranean coal workings at Worsley, where the boats, by many branches, brought out their loads from the bowels of the earth. The passage-boats, as they were called, resembled the "trekschuits" on the Dutch canals, but were pleasanter and more capacious. They had compartments or cabins where the price was according to the accommodation, and might be open or under cover, as the passengers pleased. Very reasonable fares were charged, and in a few years the vessels were acknowledged to be an immense public convenience. In 1800 they were stated to go as fast and as regularly as the coaches, and to be earning over 5,000*l.* a year. In reporting upon a projected navigation from London to Lynn, by means of a canal to Cambridge and using the rivers Cam and Ouse further on, Ralph Dodd, the engineer, expected a large passenger traffic between London and Waltham Abbey. The

fares would be about half those of the coaches, with the same speed, and the advantage that refreshments could be taken on the way without loss of time. This was in 1802, and as he says the packets or passage-boats "would stately go to and from every considerable place along the line," it is clear that the desirability of passenger communication on canals was understood by experts, such as Dodd certainly was.

In Ireland most convenient and comfortable boats, fitted with cooking apparatus, were run on the Grand Canal, between the Liffey and the Shannon, quite a century ago. There were seats on the top of the large cabin, from which passengers could enjoy the view in fine weather. At the stern were two plates of sheet-iron, one on each side of the rudder, transversely to the vessel, which could be let down to act as a brake and retard the boat when necessary. A lever arrangement, by which the tow-rope could be liberated from the short peg it was attached to, by pressing on one end, conduced to the manageability of the craft upon difficult occasions. The cooking-place was aft, on the steersman's right hand, and there was a hinged board or flap across the bow which could be raised up if there was any danger of water from a sluice, when passing a lock, entering the boat. On one occasion a vessel was sunk and several lives lost through this happening. Packet-boats commenced to run upon the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction Canal from the time of its opening in July 1801. They went daily from London to Uxbridge, joining the main line at Bull's Bridge, and took passengers and parcels. On the opening of the Buckingham branch, about the same time, a packet-boat ran between that place and London, but was discontinued after a time from insufficient support. The Uxbridge service continued very many years. As there are but few locks between London and Uxbridge, no unnecessary detention took place, and the pretty scenery made this a most popular form of travel for those who were not in a hurry. The distance is about twenty miles. The boats were rather large vessels, consisting chiefly of two raised cabins with windows on each side and seats on the top. Excellent regulations were drawn up to the effect, amongst other things, that a bell should be rung a quarter of an hour before starting; that the passengers should not pass through one cabin into the other; and that dogs would not be allowed on board. The "boatmaster" had to give tickets in return for the fares, the passengers also entering their names in a book which lay on the table in the boatmaster's room. Smoking was not allowed, and Rule VI. stated "That no Person disguised in liquor

shall be admitted a Passenger." "Tips" or presents were not to be given to any of the crew, nor was anyone to stand on deck in the helmsman's view. Tea could be had on board, whilst 28 lbs. of luggage was allowed free to everyone, and more at a very small charge. These boats soon became a regular and well-known public mode of conveyance. The fare to Uxbridge was half a crown; for distances ten to thirteen miles, 2s.; six to ten miles, 1s. 6d.; under six miles, 1s. These were the regulations published on July 28, 1801, and give a good idea of what passenger travel on canals at that period was like.

Although there was not for any length of time a regular passenger service on this canal north of Uxbridge, it was often used, as forming a link in the chain of inland navigation between London and Lancashire, for the conveyance of troops. In December 1806, for instance, several detachments passed over it from London to Liverpool, *en route* to Ireland. The canal voyage was expected to last a week, which was less than it would have taken to march, besides the men arriving in much better condition. Until lately, in summer, there was a certain amount of passenger traffic on the Paddington Canal, boats going twice every Sunday from Carlton Bridge, Westbourne Park, to various rural spots five or six miles out of town. Possibly some attempt to extend passenger travel throughout the whole line was made, for it is said that the first vessel to pass through the great Blisworth Tunnel, on the completion of the entire navigation, March 25, 1805, was the "Marquis of Buckingham," a Paddington passage-boat. Following the Duke of Bridgewater's example, passage-boats, "fitted up in an elegant manner," began to ply between Liverpool and Wigan, on part of the unfinished Leeds and Liverpool Canal, so early as May 1776. It is plain, therefore, that the Lancashire canal men saw from the first that the new system of waterways could be used for passenger as well as merchandise traffic.

In the south of England there were comparatively few canals, but some of them, at any rate, seem to have tried what they could do in conveying passengers. In November 1810 the Thames and Medway Canal passage-boats were advertised to be let. It is not probable, however, that many people travelled on this navigation, as nearly one-third of its short length was comprised in a tunnel 2½ miles long, which must have been a very dismal place indeed to go through. The horse walked on a wooden gallery fixed along one side; but the tunnel has long since formed part of the South-Eastern Railway, the bed of the canal having been filled up.

So late, at least, as 1833, country folks used to be conveyed to

Derby market on Fridays by canal-boat, from the village of Swarkestone, about six miles. The vessel was roomy and comfortable, decked over, and had a stove or fireplace for use in winter-time, and must have been a great improvement upon the wretched crawling carriers' carts, so far as comfort goes. Doubtless there were many more instances of market-boats, but their existence is difficult to trace, as everyone who wanted them knew of them, and advertisements were unnecessary.

About 1816 an iron passage-boat was launched on the Forth and Clyde Navigation. It was apparently constructed of light cast-iron plates bolted together, the metal in the hull alone weighing over 13 tons, and the total weight of the boat complete 18 or 20 tons. As it would only carry, when crowded, passengers and luggage equal to 8 tons weight, it was not very profitable, yet it was an improvement on the still heavier wooden boats previously used. Before long, a shrewd Scotsman, Mr. Houston, of Johnstone Castle, devised long narrow boats built of sheet-iron only $\frac{1}{8}$ in. in thickness. They were at once an immense success, and gave a remarkable impetus to canal travelling in Scotland. Hitherto, speeds of more than five miles an hour, with horses, had been found impracticable from the depth and weight of the clumsy wooden craft, but these "Scotch boats," as they were soon called, floated like corks and could be drawn at nine or ten miles an hour without difficulty. Weighing only from 34 to 40 cwts., according to length and breadth, they would carry from 80 to 120 passengers. The plates or sheets weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. to the superficial foot and were attached to ribs of angle-iron, 16 to 18 inches apart, and weighing about 1 lb. per lineal foot. By 1834, only some three or four years after their introduction, a service of fast passenger-boats of this kind, amounting to 900 or 1,000 miles daily, was being worked between Edinburgh and Glasgow and the towns of Johnstone and Paisley, large profits being made out of it. Nor did the opening of the railway in 1842 much affect the traffic, as, if quicker, it was much dearer and less comfortable. The cost of these light vessels, 90 feet long by $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, was £200; the fares charged seldom exceeded one penny per mile even in the best cabin. Somewhat slower and even cheaper night boats were soon put on between Edinburgh and Glasgow, carrying parcels and light van goods as well as passengers, and doing the 56 miles in ten or eleven hours. Some fifteen locks, drawbridges, and tunnels had to be passed, so the speed is really very good. In 1844, to meet the railway competition, only 2s. 2d. best cabins and 1s. 4d. steerage was charged by the day boats. Boats of the Scotch type were soon

adopted on some of the more progressive and enlightened English canals. The Kennet and Avon Canal Navigation started one between Bath and Bradford-on-Avon in 1833, which proved a successful speculation. By this time railways were beginning to be feared by those interested in the old modes of travelling, and it became necessary to see whether these could be improved. Trials of a Scotch boat were made on the Paddington Canal in 1833, at which a speed of 13 miles an hour was obtained for a short distance. About ten could be done in practice, though the work was found to be distressing to the horses. The veteran engineer, Telford, and Babbage, of calculating-machine fame, were present. The Lancaster Canal Company was the first in England to adopt the Scotch boats, and ran them between Preston and Kendal with great success for many years. The first of their craft was built about 1832 at Paisley and carted four miles to Johnstone to be fitted up. She was then carted twelve miles to Glasgow, taken by steamer to Liverpool, and again carted to Preston, thirty miles. Its cost there—being 70 feet long by 6 in breadth—including fittings, was about £300. Fires were provided in the cabins on these Kendal boats, which continued to run for a long while after the opening of the railway. Latterly screw steamers were used, but in the end, naturally, the circuitous course of the canal proved too great an obstacle in point of time. The fifty-seven miles were done in six or seven hours, however.

Until the railway was opened direct to Southport, about 1850, the favourite way of getting there, both from Liverpool and Manchester, was by the Leeds and Liverpool canal to Scarisbrick Bridge, the remaining six miles or so being done by omnibus. Fly-boats used also to run from Liverpool to near Crosby, about the year 1835, eight times daily. In spite of the railway having been open several years, competition with it for passenger traffic between Liverpool and Manchester was very active at this period by all the three canal routes. That they managed to make it pay can only be explained by the fewness of third-class trains, and probably by more intermediate traffic than it is now easy to estimate. The Leeds and Liverpool canal route being very roundabout, with many locks, the boats often took twelve or thirteen hours, but they took you straight to Liverpool without change, and a good breakfast and dinner could be had on board at 1s. each meal. By the other canal routes it was necessary to change at Runcorn, but once there the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal was the best way to Manchester, having no locks. The journey from Runcorn took about six hours before

improved and speedier vessels were put on, by which, in 1848, the trip was made in three and a half. The Old Quay or Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company also continued a passenger service until at least that year. There was then an omnibus from Chester, *viâ* Frodsham, to meet the 9.30 A.M. boat from Manchester at Preston Brook, and another between the Lion Hotel, Warrington, and Stockton Quay. The "Waterwitch" and the "Swallow" were the two best boats on the Duke's canal in 1848.

Another thickly peopled and busy district, similar to South Lancashire, was not without canal accommodation for passengers, although it was not so much developed as in the former case. On October 23, 1837, the Euphrates Packet Company commenced running a boat from Deepfield, near Sedgley, to Birmingham. The journey occupied two and a half hours owing to numerous locks, the route being by Tipton Green, Dudley Port, Oldbury, and Smethwick, ending at Friday Bridge. The boat returned at 5 P.M., making the trip five week-days, but on Wednesdays it went to Wolverhampton instead, starting from Tipton Green at 8.30 A.M. This was only one hour's trip *viâ* Coseley and Deepfield, coming back at 4 P.M. So late as 1840, a Scotch boat, facetiously termed the "aquabus," was put on to run from Doncaster to Swinton, connecting there with the trains of the North Midland Railway.

How pleasant a voyage across the green fields of England may be was apparently discovered by Lord Stanley, who for two years running (1834-35) took his family from London to Lancashire by canal. Two nights were spent on the way, the journey being arranged with Messrs. Pickford, who then, and long before, were the greatest firm of carriers in the kingdom. Enough, however, has been said to show that there are greater possibilities in passenger traffic on canals than, perhaps, most people would suspect.

W. B. PALEY,

ELLWOOD AND CROWELL.

“**W**HEN I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled ‘Paradise Lost.’ After I had with the best intention read it through, I made him another visit and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, ‘Thou hast said much here of “Paradise Lost,” but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?’”

From this it seems probable, as Milton afterwards made it certain, that it was Thomas Ellwood who suggested to Milton the poem “Paradise Regained.” Ellwood tells us of his introduction to John Milton, and we will return to it presently. First he shall tell of his connection with Crowell, for his intimacy with the great poet and his own quaint biography lend a certain amount of interest to his birthplace.

“I was born in the year of our Lord 1639, about the beginning of the eighth month so far as I have been able to inform myself, for the parish register, which relates to the time not of birth but of baptism, as they call it, is not to be relied on.” The place of his birth was Crowell, “a little country town” five miles from Thame in Oxfordshire.

Crowell lies principally at the foot of the Chilterns just where they leave Buckinghamshire. It has never become prominent in history, for which its small size is sufficient explanation. Once its population reached the number of 135, now it is only 104. But it does not lack a story; it is no nameless wight without a pedigree, for it goes back to the Conquest, as *Domesday Book* informs us. “William Pevrel holds ten hides in Crowell of the King.” And with other particulars the entry concludes that it was worth £6 but now £7. William Pevrel was a natural son of the Conqueror. Later it belonged to the Earl of Cornwall and afterwards to Baldwin de l’Isle. In 1259 John of St. Helen did homage for the manor,

when its total in rents and aids amounted to £6 13s. 0½d. John's daughter, Beatrix, married Egidius de Brewose, and from this family it passed to the Earls of Devon. In the reign of Henry VIII. it belonged to Lord Williams of Thame. He left but two daughters, one of whom married an ancestor of the present Earl of Abingdon, the other a Wenman, afterwards Viscount Wenman. The family of the former owned the Manor of Crowell till within the last thirty years, while the advowson is still the property of the Wenmans.

The register recording Ellwood's Baptism still exists. It contains also the names of his brother and two sisters. Elizabeth Ellwood, daughter of Walter and Elizabeth his wife, baptized August 29, 1634; Walter Ellwood, son of Walter and Elizabeth Ellwood, baptized March 3, 1636; Mary Ellwood, daughter of Walter and Elizabeth, baptized August 29, 1637; Thomas Ellwood, the son of Walter and Elizabeth Ellwood, baptized October 15, 1639. They were no doubt baptized by John Stopes for forty-five years "parson of the Church of Crowell." This Rector gave to the poor a piece of land about four acres in extent known as Poor's Close. His daughter Rebecca gave the silver paten in 1637. His "beloved wife" Judith was buried in June 1645, his "dear loving wife" Ann in June 1649. He survived till September 1668. Thomas Ellwood was probably the great-grandson of a previous Rector of Crowell, Walter Gray. His father Walter Ellwood was a magistrate during the Commonwealth and solemnized two or three marriages in the neighbouring parish of Chinnor.

He complains that his education did not receive the attention it deserved in order that this benefit might fall to the lot of his elder brother. But he had "a natural propensity for learning" and "was never whipped upon the score of not having my lesson ready or of not saying it well, yet being a little busy boy, full of spirit, of a working head and active hand, I was often playing one waggish prank or other among my fellow-scholars, which subjected me to correction, so that I have come under the discipline of the rod twice in a forenoon." Being presently taken home and left too much to himself "I soon shook hands with my books by shaking my books out of my hands." The outbreak of the Civil Wars had caused the Ellwoods to sojourn in London, and it was there they became acquainted with Isaac Pennington and his family, who possessed an estate at Chalfont in Bucks, fifteen miles from Crowell. On the return of the families to their respective homes, the Ellwoods were surprised to find their friends had become Quakers, but the intimacy received no check on this account. Rather the senior Ellwood was anxious to know more

of the sect, and with his son paid frequent visits to Chalfont, on one of which they met Edward Burrough, a leader among the Quakers. Walter was touched, and from that day sought religious companions on every possible occasion. A meeting at High Wycombe "was like the clinching of a nail, confirming and fastening in my mind those good principles which had sunk into me at the former."

The result among others was "that thenceforward I dare not say sir, master, my lord, madam, or say your servant to anyone to whom I did not stand in the real relation of a servant, which I had never done to any. Again respect of persons, in uncovering the head and bowing the knee and body in salutation, was a practice I had been much in use of. I found this to be one of those evils which I had been too long doing, therefore I was now required to put it away and cease from it. Again the corrupt and unsound form of speaking in the plural number to a single person, *you* to one instead of *thou*, contrary to the pure, plain, and simple language of truth. This evil custom I was now called out of and required to cease from."

But at first "the enemy" worked upon his weak part and persuaded him to make a difference between his father and other men. But he had a lesson before him "which was to learn to do well." So, from standing still, not moving his cap nor bowing his knee in way of congee to his friends, it was necessary to pass on to similar behaviour to his parents. He called his father "thee" and "thou" and stood before him with his hat on. "As soon as he saw me standing with my hat on, his passion transporting him, he fell upon me with both his fists, and having by that means somewhat vented his anger, he plucked off my hat and threw it away."

The result was that Thomas left the house and village for Quaker friends at Wycombe, confident of having done what was right. A letter from his sister Elizabeth led him to think his father regretted his violence and made him very uneasy, so in company of one John Rance he returned to Crowell. His father met him in the kitchen. "The sight of my hat upon my head made him presently forget that I was that son of his whom he had so lately lamented as lost, and his passion of grief turning into anger, he could not contain himself, but rushing upon me with both his hands, first violently snatched off my hat and threw it away, then giving me some buffets on my head, he said, 'Sirrah, get you up to your chamber.'"

However, Ellwood remained at home during the winter, the monotony of which was varied by frequent quarrels with his father.

A crisis was reached one evening just before family prayer when he reproached his father, "They that can pray with such a spirit let them, for my part I cannot."

"With that my father flew upon me with both his fists, and not thinking that sufficient, stepped hastily to the place where his cane stood, and catching that up, laid on me, I thought, with all his strength, and I being bareheaded, thought his blows must have needs broken my scull, had I not laid my arm over my head to defend it."

The tension was relaxed by the arrival of the Penningtons, who eventually carried off Thomas along with them. After this he seems to have lived but little at Crowell, though when visiting his father, rather than dine with his hat off, he chose to eat with the servants in the kitchen.

During this time Ellwood was actively engaged in correspondence with Quakers in the neighbouring counties, and the seizure of one of his letters resulted in the following incident. One day there came a party of horse to his father's gate at Crowell, and asked for him. He was carried before a local justice at Weston near Thame, and after a prolonged examination despatched to Oxford. He was not, however, confined in the castle, but committed to the charge of the city-marshal, a linendraper in the High Street, "a genteel courteous man, a person of good repute in the place, his name was Galloway." All this had happened in the absence of his father, who on his return home seems to have used his influence with the magistrates to procure his son's release. He was successful, and Thomas was told to consider himself in his father's custody. Ellwood senior did his best to keep Thomas a sort of prisoner indoors, but he was unable to prevent visits to Quakers at Aylesbury, Chalfont, Stokenchurch, and other places. It was about this time that the family at Crowell was dispersed. Mrs. Ellwood was dead and the daughters were bestowed in marriage. And a few years later Walter Ellwood decided to sell the Crowell property, which he did. In the meantime Thomas Ellwood had become acquainted with John Milton.

His special friend Isaac Pennington "had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him,

which was usually the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning."

"Thus by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and of Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him (which at that time he needed not) nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and to read to him what books he should appoint me, which was all the favour I desired." It is a little difficult to estimate the feelings of the senior Ellwood throughout his dealings with his son. Violence and kindness seem to have struggled for the predominance. We have noted instances of the former. Here is one of the latter. After an illness at Wycombe "as soon as I had recovered so much strength as to be fit to travel, I obtained from my father so much money as would clear all charges in the house for both physic, food, and attendance." Again, when a prisoner in Bridewell, "I received twenty shillings from my father who sent this money for my support there," and he used influence for his son's deliverance. Here is a curious mixture of the two traits. "He had upon my first acquainting him with my inclination to marry, and to whom, not only very much approved the match and voluntarily offered, without my either asking or expecting, to give me a handsome portion at present, with an assurance of an addition to it hereafter. But after we were married, notwithstanding such his promise, he wholly declined the performance of it, under pretence of our not being married by the priest and liturgy."

Crowell goes still on its wonted way. The house where so much happened to Thomas Ellwood in the seventeenth century still remains as a farmhouse of the better sort, and the owner and occupant has christened it Ellwood House.

The church and churchyard are there too, with the font through which Thomas Ellwood was admitted to the membership of the visible Church, whose existence he afterwards so strenuously denied. And as we said, the record of his baptism is still preserved. The tomb of Ellwood's rector still remains under the altar. The paten, the gift of this rector's daughter in 1637, is still in constant use. The same fields are ploughed and reaped, the same woods yield their beech. But throughout its history of 900 years, no other native of Crowell has left behind a minute account of his life, such as is contained in the history of Thomas Ellwood written by himself.

FROM THE PLAINS.

I HATE these burnished, steel-blue Indian skies !
Their brilliance dazzles me, the heavy air
Weighs on my forehead, and the glaring sun
Burns through my skin and down into my heart,
Deep, deep and scorching, till I almost think
I have forgotten the very sense of coolness.
O England, do you *know* what cruelty
You use in banishing your children thus
To alien skies, such miles away from home ?
The strange and gorgeous beauty of this land
Pleased me when first I saw it. I was young—
Ready to feast my eyes on all things new,
And think them lovely for their newness' sake ;
But, like a little child in a strange house,
Who, when the twilight comes, forgets his toys,
And, seeing round him unfamiliar faces,
Starts on a pilgrimage through dusky rooms
And twilight passages, seeking in his fear
For something known and homelike ; till at last,
His search all unrewarded, he is found
In the dark corner of some lofty room
Sobbing disconsolate, and answering
All questions with, " I want to go home. I want
My mother. Take me home, O take me home ! "—
So am I now, for O, my heart is sick !
Sick with the thought of all I may not see,
And sore with longing for all I may not have.
Think, how at every hour of the long day
Great ships are ploughing through the silent sea
And drawing ever nearer, mile by mile,
To that small island in the windy North
Where tall trees stand in sunlight-dappled parks,
And new-mown hay is spread, and cool airs blow !
Think of the tossing, grey, mysterious sea

Encompassing the land on every side
And lapping its white cliffs with waves of love ;
Think of the green, green fields, the pale rose-hedges,
The running, rippling brooks, and overhead
That cool, grey, temperate sky, that cloudy sky
That watches over England ! O for a shower,
A soft, sweet, summer shower, bringing new life
To all those fragrant English flowers that here
Can never bloom, but pine away and die.
O, if I might but feel the silvery drops
Upon my hands, my face ! Or if I might
But stand among the trees in some still wood
Bare-headed, while the rain-drops pattered down
And filtered through the spreading, leafy branches !
There is a broad and shaded road that leads
Twixt avenues of stately ancient trees
Up to my home. Close by the river-side
It runs, and all the way the water sings
Of cool green fields and flowery meadowlands,
And of the sea, the grand and boundless sea !
Then up the hill and through the dreaming woods
Where all night long the wind croons lullabies
Among the shivery leaves, mingling her song
With that of the eager river hurrying through
The valley down below. And then indoors —
My eyes can almost see the panelled hall,
The wide oak staircase. How the sunlight streams
At evening through that western window-pane !
And O, the scented coolness of the rooms !

When shall I see it, feel it all again ?
My eyes are weary of this blazing sky,
My heart is weary of this sun-drenched land,
And all my being longs and yearns for home.
O God ! if Thou art kind, then listen now,
And grant me this one thing—I ask but one !
Grant that my steps be turned ere many days
Into the path that crosses the wide sea
And ends in England ! I ask nothing more,
But this I fain would have. So runs, O God,
My exiled soul's unquenchable desire.

HYDNEY HESSELRIGGE.

TABLE TALK.**A NEW HAMLET.**

THE appearance of a new Hamlet is a matter of sufficient interest to merit more than a passing notice. Hamlets enough have been presented—I myself having contemplated, in the course of a long life, from fifty to a hundred of such. Of most of these I take little count; and there are Hamlets of half a century ago whom I have seen, but whose very name I cannot recall. Up to the days when Chatterton ruled Drury Lane, and when, according to managerial dictum, “Shakespeare spelt ruin and Byron bankruptcy,” the budding tragedian was accorded his appearance in *Hamlet* just as he was conceded his benefit. How far this privilege was responsible for the estimate of the acting value of Shakespeare then formed I will not stop to inquire. One actor after another reached London, essayed the highest flight permitted the eagle, and then sank to be thenceforth accounted among “tame villatick fowl.” Drury Lane was not the only home of classic tragedy of which *Hamlet* is the highest product. Outlying and transpontine theatres were then homes of Shakespeare. Subsequent to the days of Phelps, Miss Marriott and Mr. Hermann Vezin played Hamlet at Sadler’s Wells and William Creswick at the Surrey; while the Victoria, the Standard, the Britannia, and even the West London, had each its Hamlet who enjoyed a measure of local popularity. The great local centres took part in the competition, and Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Bath, Bristol, York, Manchester, Liverpool, Belfast, and a score of other places had Hamlets whose names did not always penetrate so far as the capital. Some of these I saw in early days, though after the appearance of Fechter they most of them disappeared like guilty things, leaving open the field to more ambitious and sometimes even more incompetent efforts.

EARLY HAMLETS.

I WILL not venture to express an opinion upon the various Hamlets who, in the course of sixty years’ observation of the stage, have flitted before my eyes. I deal with those only who have added distinctly to their intellectual stature by their performances. These can be counted on the fingers of one hand. I may premise concerning those of earliest days that little is known. Whether Burbage or Taylor was the first Hamlet remains doubtful. That

Taylor acted the part finely rests on trustworthy evidence. Betterton, who succeeded, was a wonderful Hamlet, and was still accepted in the character when he was seventy years of age. Pepys the diarist, who saw him in 1661, when the character must have been new to the actor, says that "Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination." Pepys's opinions on plays and acting are of no special value, but in this case I will take his opinion, as Hamlet would take the word of the Ghost, "for a thousand pound." We know how in subsequent days handsome Spranger Barry was commended and clever, insolent, irreverent Garrick was overpraised. Following the lead of Macklin, G. F. Cooke was a complete failure; while Edmund Kean was, after his manner, sublime and inspired in passages. The Hamlet that most delighted the playgoer of the first half of the nineteenth century was that of John Philip Kemble, whose sombre panoply of woe and whose declamatory style virtually retained their hold until the arrival of Fechter.

HAMLET YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

OF neither Charles Kean nor Macready, nor yet of Phelps, can it be said that his Hamlet was plenary inspired or added greatly to his reputation. Fechter's first appearance brought about something like a revolution. The chief innovation, so far as the public judgment was concerned, was that—perfectly justifiable—of presenting Hamlet as a Dane in a blonde wig. A more important departure from precedent, against which nothing was urged, consisted in presenting the Prince as a *jeune premier*—passionate, gallant, heroic, amorous. In one respect at least the performance was epoch-making. At one swoop Fechter dismissed the degrading traditions concerning Hamlet, the accumulated growth of centuries—dismissed them, indeed, so completely that no hint of the possibility of a revival has since been heard. The good work then begun was continued by Sir Henry Irving, whose Hamlet is probably the most inspired and imaginative the world has yet seen. As regards its shortcomings, I know of none of importance except the elocutionary eccentricities and perversities which that great actor did not quite master until he played Becket. Since then we have seen the refined Hamlet, full of poetic suggestion, of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and the meditatively Teutonic Dane of Mr. Tree. The feminine assaults upon the part, which have been fairly numerous, but met with no more success than they deserved, I hasten to forget, like those of some male actors in whom ambition overrode judgment or knowledge. Among foreign Hamlets that I have seen, a place may be reserved for Salvini and Rossi, Devrient, Mounet-Sully, Bandmann, and Rouvière.

THE LATEST HAMLET.

WITH the appearance at the Adelphi of Mr. H. B. Irving one more actor of high mark is added to the short list of successful exponents. The assumption of the same character by

both father and son had been anticipated in the case of the Keans, though the disparity between Edmund Kean and Charles Kean was far wider than that between Sir Henry Irving and his son. So far, moreover, as I can judge—since I could scarcely have seen the elder Kean, who died when I was four years of age—there was no such resemblance between the method of the two Keans as there is between that of the elder and the younger Irving. No charge of imitation, conscious or direct, of any previous model is to be brought against Mr. Irving—who, indeed, is stated not to have seen the performance of his father. So strong are, however, the bonds of heredity that a large amount of resemblance was inevitable in their rendering of a character which is held to stand in a sense for representative humanity. It would be worse than ungracious to establish a comparison between father and son, and none such will I attempt beyond saying that limpidity of elocution is on the side of the younger man, and that the relations between Hamlet and Ophelia appear in the latter presentation to be much more intimate than in the earlier. So much passion as Mr. Irving evinces in the scene when he comes upon Ophelia and suspects her of betraying him to Polonius and the King I do not recall. Space fails me to dilate upon all in the performance that is novel, well conceived, or illuminative. The only ill-judged innovation that I note is the delivery of the lines spoken by Hamlet on the entry of Ophelia with a book—

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd—

as an aside, supposedly unheard of the lady. When spoken aloud, these lines form a supremely characteristic and fitting accost.

OPHELIA.

TO the remarks I have made on Hamlet I will add a few words on Ophelia. There are two lights in which this character can be viewed, and consequently two methods in which it can be played. If the relations between Hamlet and Ophelia are purely sentimental, and the “maiden strewments” of which in the last act it is a question are her due, the method of which Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson is the latest representative is correct, and the acting should be almost effortless. If, on the other hand, Ophelia has in accepting Hamlet's presents yielded, as Laertes and Polonius seem to fear, to his advances, a tragic note is conceivable and permissible. This is the line apparently favoured by Miss Lily Brayton, whose Ophelia, in addition to beauty, has much intensity. Which of these methods is the better is a matter on which varying opinions will be held, and on which I will not undertake rashly to pronounce judgment.

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A LADY DRESSED IN WHITE.

BY GEORGE HOLMES.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is in our country at the present time a University town inhabited by a set of persons, the most enlightened, the most delightful. The chance visitor, if admitted to their circle, will find himself among men whose learning is only the soil which nourishes the brightest flowers of conversation; and as for the ladies, they prefer talking about "the fashions" to any other occupation. They have, moreover, a certain fixed code of etiquette, which may not be evaded.

An invitation, no matter to what, is never to be refused; even an epidemic of small-pox shall not prevent a dinner-party or dance; even a Royal deathbed shall not interfere with theatricals and suppers. Therefore it may not be unworthy of notice that certain head ladies of reputed good taste govern the Society with a strong hand; since, if Professor A.'s wife gives a *bal poudré* of the Swiss winter-season order, everyone will be obliged to go to it. In the summer term, when the weather may be overpoweringly hot, they attend two or three garden-parties in an afternoon. There is, in short, among them that singular ambition of many learned persons—observable from Goldsmith and Gibbon to the most distinguished genius of the hour—to be fashionable, to be up-to-date.

Wandering rather aimlessly through the beautiful gardens of ——— College one sultry afternoon towards the end of June, Professor Adrian Willdey was wondering when good luck would throw him in

his hostess's path. He had been talking with a number of people, hearing vacation plans, and repeating at intervals that he had made none of his own. There seemed to be no one new present among the summer guests. The Professor belonged outwardly strictly to his order: clothes, hair, gloves were conventional. He was a hard worker, a kind tutor, patient with bores. And yet a man who covered his brow and eyes with his hand when listening to Music; and who was said to have defined the soul of man as a locked door, whose lost key he perpetually seeks in vain. At the moment, however, he greeted Mrs. Wray Solford with a genial smile, who, followed by several guests all chattering and laughing together, soon admitted Willdey to their group.

"It is so difficult to be hostess to-day!" exclaimed that lady. Then, laying her hand on Adrian's arm, "Come, you shall escort me to refreshments, cousin," she added. There was some distant connection between Willdeys and Wrays, and the two added it to their friendship as neighbours.

Scarcely, however, had they traversed one winding footpath, when Willdey abruptly halted. Before them was a smooth lawn of velvet grass, a beautiful drooping lime, a little canopied seat *à deux*, a table, and a deep, empty basket-chair, of the secondhand, undergraduate order. It was cushioned in faded green linen. For years Willdey could have told you every item of the scene, and that the little lawn was deserted, save for the one figure.

"Who is that?" he asked quickly. "What a beautiful old lady! I never saw anyone so lovely in my life! Cousin Charlotte, who is she? Introduce me, please, at once."

"Indeed, she is a lovely old picture," whispered his companion, for they were now rapidly crossing to the canopied seat, "and I will gladly introduce you. But I don't know her name. She brought the Hayward girls, because their mother is knocked up with the heat, and resting for the dance to-night. She is a friend of theirs, I suppose. I never catch people's names, as you know."

The introduction was over, Mrs. Solford had vanished, and Willdey had received permission to sink into the green linen chair. At that moment the glare and fret of the overpoweringly hot mid-summer day vanished also, or seemed to; and he stepped into Paradise. His mind seemed to be filling with all the loveliest ideas it had ever held: thoughts that were certainly those "white-winged birds" of the Flemish poet sailed over his soul; while that atmosphere of *peace* which, quite unbidden, will sometimes envelop the heart, surrounded, embraced, uplifted him.

His eyes rested on an old lady dressed entirely in white. What the rich materials were that composed her attire he could not have said, but it was all white, shimmering, dazzling, and yet soft and cool; costly laces, fringes, the sweep of a silken train, the depths of a trailing scarf, the folds of bodice and jupe, flashes of diamonds, and lustre of pearls, the drooping plumes of the large Quaker-like bonnet,—it was all white, white as the masses of soft, fine hair above the low, ivory forehead. She held a large white fan in her hand, and on her lap a small volume bound in white brocade. As Willdey sat down, she closed the book, saying with a charming smile, "Do not imagine that I can require anything but your beautiful University to occupy my thoughts as well as my eyes! It is only that this little book is my constant companion and friend!" As he said nothing, she continued, "Your town has completely captivated me. I have had here all the most lovely thoughts that time has accumulated for me; and such pictures for a blissful solitude! I only arrived yesterday, and to-morrow I shall be on my way to Paris. I had no idea what I have missed *all these years*." Her voice was rather low and very sweet, but at these last words of hers she deepened its tones in a somewhat singular manner, at the same time turning upon Adrian the full regard of her large, dark-blue eyes. There was, he surmised, a shade of delicate mockery in them. Willdey, being as he supposed in Paradise, had discarded the ordinary nothings of mortal conversation. "That is exactly what I have felt since I first saw you," he said, quite calmly. The little white book had fallen on the grass, and he picked it up, still opened at her reading. "'*There is about neat and clean clothing a sort of youthfulness in which it is well for old age to envelop itself*,'" he murmured from the page;—"only . . . but I am quite at a loss for words!"

"I remembered what Joubert says when I was attiring myself for this *fête*," she said, laughing a little, "and as even the oldest of the old, among ladies, will not bear to be ignored, I donned my finest feathers. Do they really please you?"

"I have seen a young lady dressed all in white," he answered—"many of them. I am ashamed to say I rarely wish to speak to them. But, this afternoon, when we came suddenly upon you—a vision of loveliness!—I asked my hostess who that beautiful old lady could be—the most beautiful person here—the most beautiful woman I had ever seen! And know you I must! And, now that I am with you, I am so perfectly happy that, if I tell you all my most secret thoughts and ideas, it will not seem to *me* remarkable, although to you I shall only be just one of those foolish young men that every

English town affords! Tell me, why are you like this? Why are you dressed in white, instead of—of——?”

His voice broke off curiously, and he did not venture to look at her.

“If I thought we were never to meet again, I would tell you,” she said gently, “and, perhaps, a great deal more about myself. But just now it shall be as *you* say,—you shall talk to me about yourself, and your ideas, and hopes, and aims, not forgetting to describe to me, as you are really a *young* man, although so learned—not forgetting to describe the kind of woman you love—or will love!”

She had a pretty trick of poisoning her accent upon words sometimes unimportant, which gave her speech a kind of gentle melody, like the falling or rushing of waters. She spoke, also, very rapidly, as persons who are much alone often do.

Half an hour may have glided by while the one was speaking, and the other listening. Adrian hardly knew afterwards what he had related to this new and yet old friend! His age?—thirty. His father?—a very hale, athletic old squire. His mother?—a scholar, an artist, a linguist, pious and sweet as Lady Jane Grey. His brothers and sisters?—none. His tastes?—fishing, alpine-climbing; yes, yes,

Music! And his ideal woman?—he had always nourished a peculiar requirement: she must be mother, wife, daughter to him! Yes, a strange fancy; but then a man wants all that, poor fellow that he is: a mother to make him a child again; a wife to cherish; a fair creature to be the light of his eyes!

“Who knows,” said his companion dreamily, “whether you may not realise this in one woman gentle and kind? Even our poor old world still holds a measure of satisfaction for her children. But I confess I have never before heard the matter thus stated.”

As she spoke she rose—an exceptionally tall and striking form—and, folding the large white fan, and placing the little book in her hanging satchel, she began to move towards an advancing group of guests, leaning the while somewhat languidly upon her sunshade of brocaded lace. Willdey felt himself dismissed when, a few moments later, the Hayward party claimed her, and she bent suddenly before him in a deep, old-fashioned salute. He turned, and strolled out of the College gardens.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, *dolce mio padre*, what may be that strange figure which faces us on the circle above, and what is the chant which it utters so monotonously?"

Professor Denton of the Museum and his satellite Philip Parsley—said to be the greater light of the two, a writer of Greek *menus* which had introduced apoplexy into the upper regions of Gaudy—had promised themselves a few hours' pleasure at the College dance, and were hastening up the outer flight of steps leading to the hall, when their advance was thus arrested. Dancing was going on vigorously in the brilliantly lighted College hall, the gardens were beautifully illuminated, and that feeling of festivity peculiar to the University at such times had taken possession of everyone.

"It is the 'Fretful Midge' buzzing furiously on the edge of the abyss apparently," returned the Professor, hurrying up the remaining steps, but halting beside a small, gyrating form, which there awaited him, retarding further progress.

In the conventional dress of evening, and his gown, in addition, Professor Stanley Broxbourne, known as the "Fretful Midge" among certain circles, presented no very remarkable appearance. It was, perhaps, in the less circumscribed attire of daylight that it was so difficult to believe him to be one of the pillars of the University, prominent among its governors. This small, lean man, dressed in the tightest clothes, with that hat so fatal to dignity, such a mockery of fashion and art—I think it calls itself the *Trilby*—this hat, to which, in his case, the imagination must add a tuft of feathers *à l'Empereur*—this devotee of that execrable musical instrument known as the *fortola*—he now was performing a kind of *pas seul enragé* to an accompaniment such as this:—

"No one told me she was here. . . . I can't find her. . . . I tell you, I knew her father. . . . I can't imagine how the Haywards got hold of her. . . . I tell you, I often went to his house in Paris. . . . My wife knew. . ." But here words failed him completely, and chant and dance came to an end.

When a man's love for his wife has ceased, the love of annoying her becomes almost as powerful an emotion, and exhibits quite as much activity. Professor Broxbourne had determined to punish his lady for this lack of attention on her part (whatever it was), but as yet circumstances had prevented his doing anything but "get up steam," so to speak. The buzzing continued.

"I say, you fellows there, is it not shameful? She was at the party this afternoon, I hear. I never saw a sign of her! Weltered about in the grilling heat, had a limp ice, and my wife . . . Then someone said, 'Who was that with *Willdey*?' Only think! Just like the fellow! All the afternoon *Willdey*, *Willdey* if you please, was talking to her, and I never even knew she was staying here! She's here now, they say, and I mean to shut the gates if I don't see her in the next hour!"

The buzzing ceased and the gyrations began.

"My dear Parsley," whispered Denton into his companion's beard, "here's some wonderful game! Let us cut in before the fun's over! It's a mystery, and it's a lady, and *Willdey*'s had the running, with his usual check." Aloud, he added, "Say, Professor, don't you remember *Willdey* with those Americans last year? No one got a chance of coming near them!"

He drew his companion past the now exploding *Midge* into the crowded hall. "Let us take one turn round, and see who is here," he whispered; "Broxbourne won't move yet." To their surprise they found Adrian *Willdey* nonchalantly talking to a group of dowagers. Denton touched his arm. "We are in the midst of a wonderful mystery," he announced, "to which I fancy you have the key. Broxbourne is nearly dead with rage on the stairway outside, and declares that there is some lady here whom *he* knows, and whom the fates and probably *you* are preventing his attending! He uttered the most awful threats to Parsley and me just now." Moving towards the doors, and followed now by Adrian, he continued, "We thought we had better find you at once; you can manage the *Midge* better than anyone in the place. Philip and I promise to support you, and if he *foams*, or anything, or the Missus turns up, I could do the *frog-twist* that fencing-man taught us. You remember. . . ."

Adrian had not heard one word that he had uttered, but he still pushed on after Denton and Parsley. It took them quite five minutes to get clear of the couples, and to come within earshot of the angry Professor outside. Strange, indeed, his figure seemed to *Willdey*'s glance—which, still enfolded by the afternoon's peaceful atmosphere, could have passed it by altogether, and have rested on moonlight, garden-spaces, and the dim radiance of the slowly-moving river beyond, with undisturbed content.

"Here he is—be careful!" advised Denton at his elbow.

"I knew her father. . . ." came the buzzing sound again.

"I went several times to his hotel, he called it, in my student

days. He liked seeing young Englishmen. He was the greatest living authority on Eighteenth Century *belles lettres* then, and now. And quite the most charming man I ever saw. His little daughter. . . ."

But here Parsley interposed, a gyration bringing the poor Midge at this point within reach of his arm and eye.

"Professor," he shouted, and then in clear, slow tones—as a man may address a foreign servant—"Do you know where the supper-room is? Let's go there at once, all of us. If the Lady is to be found anywhere it would be there—that is, if she has a partner. And Mrs. Broxbourne and Mrs. Hayward are probably there also. Neither of them is in the hall. We have brought Willdey to help in the identification. Come along." He began to push the Professor down the stairway, and the other two behind prevented his turning.

Supper was in full swing, served in the Master's lodgings: all the beautiful old College plate glittered on sideboards and *buffets*; the long suite of rooms was filled with guests, many of them visitors. The College, whose ancient walls the river had long pleaded for with his good friend Father Time, had lately undergone very searching repairs, and scaffolding and its accompanying *débris* were still around the place. But moonlight and festivity hid everything unsightly, and the scene was one which only an ancient University can command, and which no wealth could purchase.

"There is Mrs. Hayward!" cried Denton. He pressed forward to a little round table, and bowed to a tall, commanding woman dressed in crimson brocade, a heavy black lace mantilla floating from her head, and thick, black *gants-de-Suède à la mousquetaire* vanishing far up her very long arms. She smiled generously on the four men, and asked for oysters. She had just taken a place at the little table, and was unattended.

"'Oysters' quoth a',"—broke in the Midge wrathfully. "Mrs. Hayward"—he laid his hand on the plate Denton was placing before her—"not a mouthful till you tell me where Mlle. de Fleurville is, and also why you have concealed her for I hardly like to surmise how many hours? It is simply inconceivable. Why, I knew her father! . . . It is monstrous . . . Of course she must have been asking for *me* everywhere. . . . When did she arrive? Who is she staying with? My wife knew . . . and Willdey. . . ." Had there been room, which there was not, buzzing and gyrating would have begun again.

Mrs. Hayward, who was calm as well as large, and who had not the smallest connection masculine, feminine, or neuter with Broxbourne, swallowed her oysters deliberately, drank some cup, ate some brown bread-and-butter, thanked Denton warmly, and then, fixing her large mournful black eyes on the group—those eyes which in an unlucky moment someone had pronounced “*Spanish*,”—hence, alas! the mantilla, and the winter turban *à la Carmes*—she said, “*Mlle. de Fleurville is here. I am not in any way responsible for her movements, although she is a friend of mine. She is staying at the ‘Swan and Garter.’*”

Here Denton, returning with a plate of sandwiches, bent over Parsley to whisper: “I believe the Divinity is coming this way! Keep quiet.”

Scarcely had he uttered the words when an excited ripple of voices, a rustling of ladies’ dresses, and the deeper hum of elderly men’s talking, announced the arrival of a long stream of visitors to the supper-room. The centre of the group was a lady, young, very tall, whose high *coiffure*, apparently *poudrée*, sparkled with diamonds. She was dressed in pale rose-coloured brocade, the immense train guarded respectfully but firmly by a band of young men, who kept very close to each other. She was leaning on the arm of the Vice-Chancellor, whose face, wreathed in smiles, expressed homage and delight: the look that a man will have in the presence of perfection. He led her to a table, and sat down beside her. All eyes were fixed that way; and, indeed, a more lovely being had never graced those beautiful old rooms! The extraordinary fairness of her face seemed to lead up to, or introduce, the wonder of her hair, which was of a silvery, shining *whiteness*, that gave her whole appearance something romantic, something unusual. Indeed, those white masses above the ivory brow and pearly neck served to heighten, if anything, the brightness of the blue eyes, to soften the roses in the cheeks; and when the enraptured eye found the small, tender hand, covered with its delicate glove, a vision of something not met with every day, was fixed in the mind! She wore a quantity of jewels, but not as English fine ladies wear theirs. Hers were disposed about her dress in some skilful manner, so that unexpectedly there was a flash or a glitter, delighting anew the spectator. Her elderly adorer had summoned waiters with refreshments; now the two leaned back in their heavy elbow-chairs, and chatted together. They conversed in French. Denton, Parsley, and the Midge did not dare to enter the charmed circle. But they held rigidly to the spot, kept, however, at a considerable distance by the guard of undergraduates.

Unable to join in the conversation, they all listened and looked their utmost.

Willdey, transfixed, thunderstruck, had edged himself back into a curtained window-seat. At the first glance, which had revealed so much to him, he felt as though turned to stone. He dared not look at that dazzling figure, and yet to leave was impossible. What could it all mean? Was the afternoon a dream, born of summer and his empty heart?

Would she see him? Would she know him again? Would she speak to him? *Patuit Dea! Patuit Dea!* Oh, mortal mists that had blinded his eyes! And yet—was it the same face?

That question was settled ere many more minutes had passed. Adrian heard his name uttered, and found himself in the nearer radiance, with the Vice-Chancellor's hand on his arm. "Mademoiselle la Comtesse de Fleurville is anxious to see our library," he explained; "there is a portrait of an ancestor of her maternal grandfather, one of our founders. No likeness could be traced, *chère mademoiselle*, I need not warn you! But it is interesting for you. And Mr. Willdey knows all that is curious in the place to show you! I must be gone: I leave you in the best of hands. This young man's father and I are the closest friends."

Adrian had bowed, and the small gloved hand lay on his arm. Somehow, without opposition, he was leading her down a deserted corridor—the ball with its lights and heat, its noise and crowd, was miles away. Presently he opened the great door into the wide, lofty building lined with books, angled with books, haunted by their presence and their very breath; a ghostly place, with its dim pictures high up on the panelling—ghostly, but for the quiet moonlight and sweet scents of the summer night floating in through the opened casements. Two large chairs were drawn up by the mantel, on which great candelabras with candles burned. She sank into a chair, and her little slipper rested on the huge square footstool near it, carved with college emblems.

Willdey stood mute before her.

"Sit down," she said, a little timidly. Then, as he obeyed her, turning to him with a smile no one else had seen that evening: "*The picture of my ancestor is only a feint! I saw you all the time, standing in the curtains—wounded, perhaps vexed; is it so? But you will forgive me, will you not? And I will explain.*"

Willdey's face, like all faces cut with extreme regularity of feature, showed emotion but rarely. There would be the quiver of mirth in the finely-chiselled nostril, or the blaze of anger in the dark-

grey eyes ;—the latter had never been seen yet by anyone who knew him. Now not a muscle stirred, but he could not have commanded his voice.

“Are you vexed? See, we must speak as equals now. I never meant to vex you!”

“Oh, you have been accustomed to all this, of course,” said Adrian, in a low, strange tone. “Is it the hundredth time, or what, that a man has laid bare his soul to you? But now, now, we are equals, as you say! Tell me, then, who you are that came here to play the *Lorelei* with one poor bark!”

He hardly knew what he said, and that there was a kind of sting in his tones.

Mademoiselle looked at him gently. Full well she knew that her hand must wound yet more deeply. She sighed, and murmured pathetically: “If I must be chidden, do it quickly, and ‘let us get it over,’ as we used to say as children. Come, let me have that growl you have got bottled up so tight! And we have not too much time, I can tell you! The good Professor, who knew my dear father, is on our tracks! It was only because your charming Chancellor told me that you have here a second exit and staircase that I consented to leave his protection. . . .” She stopped as quickly as she had been speaking, and looked with a kind of plaintive beseeching into Adrian’s face. “To-morrow I shall be in France—past your forgiving!”

“Ah, mademoiselle!” cried Willdey, in a perfect torment of emotion. “Am I to be mocked twice? Yes; perhaps thrice. But no! You said we were equals *now*; and you shall answer to me, as a young woman to a young man!”

“So, so. I am to be scolded and upbraided *à l’Anglaise*; I am to be Griselda to your lordship’s ill-humour! Well, I will bring every weapon to my defence, and promise to come victor out of the fray!”

She challenged him with her beautiful eyes, now dancing and sparkling with fun and mockery. Adrian’s heart seemed to dance too!

“The combat shall be hardly won, I promise you!” he laughed. “And *Griseldas* are married women. . . . But probably that is another surprise you have in waiting for me. Are you married, mademoiselle?” His face had become quite grave, suddenly, and had something of the afternoon’s dreaminess in its expression.

“No, no, no,” she answered hurriedly. There was in the tone which she employed to utter her reiterated negative something of the gesture of a person who pushes what is hateful or impossible far

away from him. Willdey looked quickly at her. His eyes rested long and lingeringly upon the beautiful, the enchanting figure at his side. Was this, indeed, the lovely old lady dressed in white, to whom he had confided his inmost dreams and the secrets of his heart! This dazzling, wonderful creature! Made to be worshipped and won!

When she had finished speaking, when she had answered all his questions, it was as though years in his life had melted away. They had moved to the moonlit windows, a great bay window, latticed and carved with College devices—or, rather, he had moved there directly the first word of pain was uttered, and she had followed. Now that he stood there alone, and that the soft rustling of her vanishing robe no longer fell on his ear, it was as if the night outside became his companion, a friend to whom his heart confided all its new story, its new griefs.

That he loved her—how could it be otherwise? Both knew it. That, once having seen her—haunted by her beauty, her sweetness; soothed, enchanted, perfectly happy and blessed—he wished never to leave her. . . . Ah, there was the end of it all! This was to be a midsummer dream, and the end of it all was to be the beginning of Adrian's trouble, the awakening to a new and empty life.

Her name brought a smile to his lips as he whispered it—"Minerva." And many quaint things she had added when she told it to him. "Minerva de Fleurville," the darling of her old father, the scholar. Permitted to go where she pleased, to do what she pleased! Known and welcomed in many circles, in many cities; brought up in luxury, instructed like a *savante*, but with, finally, that greatest shield placed in her armoury—the shield that guarded her wherever she went. Gently she let him into this most private confidence of her girlhood's years. "My father would never speak with me of love and marriage. One day I told this to my *gouvernante*, a friend of the family, who remained as our companion when I was out of the schoolroom. She said, 'Oh, he will speak of it—give him time! Your poor father dreads this for you, and puts off the evil day. His own marriage was an unhappy one. Your mother left him after two years. I never dared speak of it. But we all know that she is dead; your father has visited her grave in Italy, whither she was taken by her lover, a young prince of evil life, who had followed her from her convent days. If he speaks with you, be very patient. You are too young to know, and I trust never will realise, what his private life has been.'"

Adrian had murmured his sympathy, and the sweet voice took up again the thread of narrative.

“ I was seventeen then, and he spoke soon after. I loved him, and do love him so dearly, that I have never—till now—regretted the promise which I then gave to him. ‘ My own father ! ’ I said, ‘ this matter is over now, and its consequences shall injure you no longer. Set your dear, tortured heart at rest. Will this content you, as it does me ? Your only child, your daughter, promises never to marry ! ’ How can I describe to anyone what followed ? ” continued Minerva, speaking in a very low and agitated tone, her little hand trembling violently as she laid it on Willdey’s arm. “ My father, proudest of men, knelt at my knees, weeping ! He implored me to think what I must renounce to purchase peace of mind for him ! His dear lips embraced my hand, my gown ! I had no wishes, then, but his. After that day all was as before, save that *he* was a changed man, light of heart, really gay ; and oh, such a father, such a friend to me . . . Does this explain what you thought mysterious ? And do you blame me for taking advantage of Dame Nature’s whim—my snowy hair—to play the old lady sometimes ? I never dreamed as I sat amid that academic calm, that towards me there was moving a cloud charged with electricity !—that, that . . . ” The soft murmur died away in a quivering silence, a silence whose pain her sensitive soul had responded to, and which checked the gentle mockery she had tried to assume.

“ That a young man should lose his heart to a beautiful old lady dressed in white ! ” he said passionately ; “ a beautiful figure whose name is *Love*. No matter what her disguise, did not my heart recognise its sovereign ? There is a question yet remaining that I could ask you, that you in your sweetness and compassion would answer ! But *I will not*. Stay with me, goddess—Dame Nature’s second pretty whim to name you thus ! Stay with me as long as . . . Nay, nay ; if you must leave me, let it be so. Your will is mine. See, victor before the battle ! I do not even require my chains ! ”

Each word fell like a blow on the tormented air. There are tones in the human voice that seem to rise from an agony of heart that thrusts them like tortured dumb animals upon a cruel mass of spectators. How those words thus uttered strike upon a tender, attuned ear ! Minerva’s head sank in her hands. “ Nothing, nothing I regret ! ” went on the low, passionate voice. “ But if one has entered Paradise—farewell, earth, hereafter. Oh, to be permitted to ask May I see you again ? No, no ; I have not asked that, either ! ”

That I might tell you what I feel!—what you inspire! Do you remember my silly rambling? You made me a child again! And now, now, Minerva! I am a man!" He drew back from her into the shadowy window recess.

CHAPTER III.

After all it was the Fretful Midge who had the honour of seeing the Comtesse de Fleurville off at the railway-station; indeed, he would gladly have gone farther and escorted her on board her steamer, had she consented. Frustrated at the ball, for both Minerva and Adrian vanished in the most unaccountable manner from that scene of prolonged festivity, the Professor called early at the "Swan and Garter" (his excuse a parcel of books for her father), breakfasted there, and entered her cab, carrying all the dressing-bags that he could lay hands on. He wore his new straw hat, a very trying imitation-Panama, with the college ribbon, and a brown holland coat bound with dark-green silk. Mademoiselle had a pale-grey travelling sacque with a large hood and cape lined with white crêpe-de-chine, and a broad white hat with a gauze veil tied round her neck. She looked very tall in this simple costume, and she was very pale. Her three servants did all that was required, without receiving a single order, the Professor's attachment to the bags creating the only temporary confusion that occurred. At the railway-station the Comtesse's eyes seemed to search the long vistas of that vast network of lines, and platform stretching apparently endlessly with them, for some object that might appear. When her escort had piled the little table in her carriage with every conceivable periodical, she thanked him with her sweet smile, but she was sighing also.

Perhaps it is fortunate that the environs of railway-stations are so exceedingly unromantic, for farewells to University-towns may be rather serious matters sometimes; and these grim streets act like a reprimand to sentiment. Occasionally, indeed, you are dismissed by a cemetery, a warning and reminder as apposite as a logical formula!

When July came Willdey was still up—as the phrase goes—and strolling in the Fellows' garden one hot evening, a hand beckoned him to ascend to the Vice-Chancellor's library, which faced the broad pathway. Dr. Winter was seated at his writing-table, half-buried in books. His secretary was just taking leave, his hand still busy with his typewriter.

When the old and the young friend were alone, Adrian sat down at some distance from the writing-table, and idly caressed the Master's

Pomeranian dog, whose nerves, much overwrought by the heat, found vent in repeated growls, snarls and jerks. Adrian's thoughts, if he was conscious of thinking at all, were far away, and he mechanically continued to stroke the dog.

"Willdey, are you off soon?" inquired the Master. "Your people are in Scotland, I see. I suppose it will be mountains for you again this year. We move next week. I wish I had taken to ballooning. But I suppose it's too late now. I would have liked the Saasthal again—the scenery is superb. But I can't stand the awful food, and the Low-Church Sundays! We were fed on some mountain animal that my boy called *Shamrock*, not quite a goat, and not quite boot-leather—but very nearly each. And the rolls were baked saw-dust. And the ghastly draughts from the hotel doors! I should have been driven to climb, if I had stopped much longer. But my heart isn't strong enough for that, ever. The Riffelalp was *stuffed* with people, and the Americans thought I ought to know everything they wanted to know! Decidedly, ballooning would be the best change of air and company!"

The Vice-Chancellor was, like many very short-sighted persons, a wonderful judge of other people's moods and frames of mind. He was quite aware that Adrian paid no attention to his talk, but he rambled on: "We shall go first to Paris, of course, and then, I think, to Aix. By-the-bye, I have a note from the Comtesse de Fleurville, begging us to visit them *en route*. They are still in Paris, she says, and deserted by everyone. I shall certainly go and see them."

He showed no surprise when Adrian, very pale, took two strides to the writing-table, murmuring something which might have been an inquiry, but was quite unintelligible. Before him on a candle-sconce lay a little lavender-coloured envelope. Adrian stood dumb before it, but its sight overwhelmed his memory, his vision, with picture after picture of his lost happiness.

"Yes, she is very well," said Dr. Winter, affecting perfect ease, although that attitude charged with emotion could not escape him. "Would you like to see the letter? *Cette belle dame* is *savante* also! I pity her adorers." He held out the letter to Adrian, who started back. "No, no," he said, "I cannot look at it."

For a few moments he was pacing up and down the room with folded arms and bent head. The good old man at the writing-table prattled on of everything that could be thought of at the moment, and it was well that his conversation was of an order not easily exhausted. Willdey's agitation came to an end ere long, and asking pardon, rather whimsically, for having "made such a bore of him-

self," he hurried away. But the Vice-Chancellor took a good deal of pains that his request for the one year's travelling Fellowship, then vacant, which entailed further the publication of a book, should be granted without delay, and before the autumn term began Willdey was in Athens.

He had been accustomed to travel, and the planning and note-making required for the book kept his mind from what might easily have become a dangerous brooding. It is true that he had not yet reached that term of years when, in the opinion of some august human judges, it is essential for the cultured mortal's *physical* well-being to indulge his pen, even unto literature. But it is certain that, had not Adrian's work lain in a totally new and unacademic direction, he would at this period of his life have acquired that strange sheath of reserve and melancholy so often to be observed in men of his class, and whose consequences added to the inevitable loneliness of life to which they lead, have ended more than once in tragedy.

The year had family losses in store for Adrian, also, but he was far beyond reach of home news when they occurred. And, beyond reach of all that concerned his inner life, he seemed to be thrust upon a new plane of existence. Willdey's heart had been like a fortress captured by strategy, and without a blow exchanged on either side. He was not of that order of men to whom the blooming English girl, with her matronly air before she is out of her teens, could possibly appeal. He "was ashamed to say he hardly ever spoke to young ladies dressed in white!" What did appeal to him was that something mysterious, that something to fathom—perhaps unfathomable—which has haunted many an imagination since the days of Homer, when goddesses whispered into heroes' ears, and fought their battles with them. There was no one to remind him now of the few—how few!—hours which had seen his inner history written. But there was a certain very much belated letter from Mrs. Wray Solford which he carried about Greek islands with him, and read more than once on narrow, badly-lit decks. Cousin Charlotte, quite unconsciously, fulfilled all good old "Daddy Crisp's" fatherly advice to the youthful Burney as regards the much-prized art of letter-writing. When you had mastered her copious, ingenious and elaborate abbreviations, interpreted her numerous italics, and made some—it must be owned a large—allowance for spelling weaknesses, there remained a masterpiece of information of just the kind required—the people mentioned, only those who interested you, the setting of time, place, weather, receiving its just proportion of notice.

Among other notabilities at the winter term plays, Dr. Winter had entertained the whole de Fleurville party. The Comte, a delightful and very learned personage, who spoke English beautifully, much older than all had expected, must have married late in life ; Madame la Baronne de Birley, a regular *Bas Bleu*, very absent-minded, and trying to drag the lovely young Comtesse to lectures ! They had stayed for one week, to the delight of the whole University. The Fretful Midge, ridiculous creature, made a perfect fool of himself, following the Comtesse about wherever she went. Her costumes had been exquisite. But, really, for a man of his age to lose his head so completely was beneath contempt ! Why did she not marry ? had been the question everywhere ; and—could you believe it ?—the Midge would shake his head mysteriously when this subject was introduced, hinting, it was evident, that the answer rested with *him*, with whom mademoiselle had, of course, fallen in love ! At a large supper-party after the Greek play, he had scolded his wife so violently (“*à l’Anglaise*,” Willdey seemed to hear a soft voice murmur !), that the poor woman had burst into tears, “the torrent instantly swelled by her three daughters” (by her first husband), who sat at adjoining tables, and were evidently overdone and over-excited. Cousin Charlotte added that her husband had been very near hysterics, of laughter *bien entendu*, such was “the comicality of the scene.”

Adrian made one unusual and delightful friendship ere the family budget, which put an end to his travels, reached him at Khartoum, and sent him back to England.

A young Egyptian of high birth, whose studies led him to visit several European Universities, not forgetting some months spent in England, was seized with cramp while bathing at Cairo with Adrian, who came to his rescue. He was of so shy and retiring a disposition, that the only way in which he allowed his preserver to receive his thanks was by sending him a ring, in which was set an Egyptian turquoise of exquisite colour and great value. Not less graceful were the lines in Latin verse which accompanied the beautiful gift.

Adrian called at his house, and found the young *savant* reclining in a garden of roses, magnolias, and palms which was like a dream of Omar Khayyam.

He was evidently very unwell, and Willdey, at his request, came to stay with him, their strange friendship growing as they discovered many mutual tastes. The young man furnished Adrian with endless notes for his book ; and, all unconsciously, the English-

man's mind, manners, disposition, conduct, became of the deepest interest—as might some new and fascinating study—to the sympathetic Eastern. How much, indeed, he read of his companion's heart would have seemed wonderful in any other onlooker. But love, born of gratitude and admiration, had unlocked the most secret doors to his timid sympathy.

The two had journeyed to Khartoum, and it was not till the very eve of Willdey's unexpected recall to his home that the other spoke.

They were seated in the old garden of the Palace, and the shadowy fountains' murmur brought the legend of the *Asra* to Willdey's memory.

"*Welche sterben wenn sie lieben!*" the words dropped on the air with the sweet cadence of the fountains' plashing, before Adrian realised that he had uttered them.

"Yours will not be our *Asra's* fate!" said Saldan's deep and melodious voice, quite suddenly, in answer. "Do not resent what I now say, dearest of friends. We may not, perhaps, speak thus together again. I have the deepest love for you—young, brave son of an oak-tree, and of the flower called forget-me-not! Therefore, I have read in the sealed book of your heart. Nay, you need not start, nor shrink. I could not wound you! You have loved, very deeply; you have suffered, very, very deeply! But see, my friend, there grows where the oak-tree fell a little slender plant—you call it the snowdrop. It does not bloom here. It is born of the chilly breath of winter, and storms nourish it, and very little sun its gentle heart asks. But deep, deep, and strong is its small immortal growth, and the rootlets are long and not easily destroyed. In summer it disappeared. But you will find it again in its own skies, where destiny now hides it for you!"

The strange, mystical prophecy faded with the sound of the cool palace fountains from Adrian's memory for many a long day after it was spoken.

CHAPTER IV.

IN mid-August of the following year, Professor Denton, whose comprehensive and exhaustive treatise on the "Lesser Blue-bottle Fly" had brought him much renown from many quarters, was spending as many idle hours as he deserved at the sketching-casel of Miss Portia Whiskall, B.A., Columbia College, U.S.A. The University had rarely borne a less deserted air than it did just now;

for many reasons all the old faces were recognisable about the town. For one thing the summer weather had been unpropitious, and the reports from favourite Swiss, Scotch, Norwegian haunts were of an alarming nature. You were "either burnt or avalanched out of your hotel," as one young professor expressed it. Therefore it happened that, when the voice of the American is heard in our land, when the merry, jewel-laden East-ender seeks his Norfolk broads and beaches, with the exception of a few of those ardent fishermen and women who rush north, as far north as possible, directly they can, the society so ably controlled by such leaders as Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Wray Solford, and the Fretful Midge, was still gathered together.

Dr. Winter was detained by examination business, but he was not without consolations in the form of visitors. These did not, however, include Miss Portia Whiskall.

That lady, thin-featured, well-dressed, sharp-voiced, found Professor Denton the most delightful company. He loaded her with books, information, and flowers. Philip Parsley, who hated her cordially, and who suspected that his chief was paying his addresses to her—she was reported enormously rich—had refused absolutely to take her over the museum, or, indeed, to speak to her at all. The other ladies were as civil as was necessary, knowing that she would certainly "turn up again," since Denton had probably promised her tickets "for every possible diversion," so Philip put it, "for years to come!"

Her presence, with the latest conveniences in the shape of drawing paraphernalia, was now to be encountered constantly in the College cloisters or gardens, and the oft-repeated "Say, Professor!" had got upon even the irritable nerves of the master's Pomeranian dog, who growled from the sunny window-seat every time the shrill phrase reached him! Dr. Winter's windows facing the broad pathway were observed also to be often closed now.

On this dewy morning, promising a hot day at last, the lady was seated at her easel in the quaint and tiny cloistered spot beloved of artists. She was a good draughtswoman, and an indefatigable worker. She wore an alpaca over-all, and at her thin waist a bunch of crimson clove-carnations, Denton's daily gift. He lounged beside her, dipping now and then into a French scientific pamphlet which he held in his hand. Miss Portia was, as usual, at interrogations.

"Say, Professor!" she was saying (growl from window above), "I've not seen anyone so handsome just around here yet. Don't be offended with me! And he looks so ver' int'*rustin'*, with those plain, cold features. Oh, *we* don't mean *plain* like you do, you

know, in *my* country! He reminded me of the face our best draughtsman is always giving us now in the journals; really, he might be an Amw'can. You must introduce me as soon as possible. I'm just dying to sample him!"

Denton professed not to be able to imagine whom she meant, and returned to his pamphlet.

"Oh, now, really, Professor," began the harsh voice once more, work with brush and palette going on vigorously all the time. "He was sitting close to you at the Assize sermon in the University church. I think he was asleep most of the *while*, and I daresay you were too. I was counting the people asleep, as far as I could see! I think he's lately back from the East—he's so sunburnt; and he's got an Arab servant. I saw them arrive from my *apartments* the other evening, when I was drawing at my window. *Now* do you know whom I mean?"

Miss Portia was losing patience. A person of "her country" moves quickly in the desired direction!

"I suppose you must be thinking of Willdey," at last said Denton in an indifferent tone. There had been some slight coolness between the two men for the last year past—unexplained, perhaps inexplicable. "He had to go back to Egypt, I believe, about his book, and I think you are right that he has just returned here. But I don't suppose we shall keep him with us much longer. He has succeeded to his father's title (an old barony), and, of course, he will have to marry, and all that . . ."

As Miss Whiskall, brush in air, mouth open, and aspect of interest, bent forward to drink in her companion's words, the little iron gate (it is very ancient, and exquisitely wrought—one of the College "glories" indeed), leading from the master's private garden into the small cloistered court beyond, was heard to open and shut, and, immediately after, two ladies issued therefrom, and entered the cloisters.

How much of the previous colloquy had reached their ears no one could have determined, they had come so rapidly upon the other two; but it may have been on account of it that one of the ladies, the elder, turned to look rather fixedly at the artist and her *beau* as she passed them.

Miss Whiskall's cup of surprises was full! Scarcely had the strangers disappeared in the gardens beyond, than, flinging her brush and palette into the very complete receptacle provided for such emergencies, she rose to her feet with a cry of rapture.

"Say, Professor, did you know who *that* is? I could hardly

have believed my eyes but that she spent two months in Boston one winter that I was there too. Oh, isn't she *perfectly lovely*! Everyone in *my* country raves about her! They do say she's partly Amur'can. I guess I'm proud to hope so!"

Denton burst out laughing. "Oh, you Americans know all that's to be known worth knowing!" he cried. "Yes, I am also a very humble worshipper at that shrine. But the Comtesse de Fleurville is in the deepest mourning, and only here quite privately as the guest of the Master of our College."

He was not sufficiently enslaved to be capable of facing Dr. Winter, accompanied by the fair Portia resolved on a *little-dittle* with his cherished and secluded visitor; but he knew the demand hung over his devoted head. Never had he welcomed friends more cordially than he now did the really providential arrival of Mrs. Hayward and Mrs. Wray Solford, both chatting delightedly with a well-known figure at their side—grey-clad, much thinner, bronzed, but with the same air of half ease, half reserve, which had characterised him of old—Adrian Willdey.

The change that there was in him, however, good Cousin Charlotte was far too happy in having him back, to notice. Denton had remarked and summed it up as "side"; the Master had hardly seen him yet to observe, or formulate an opinion. Willdey sat down with the rest, and bowed his head to the torrent of Miss Whiskall's enthusiasms, rising to greet the Broxbournes and Philip Parsley, who soon after clustered round him. What a lot there was to talk about, and how kind and friendly they all were! The Fretful Midge was in raptures at his book, which, his wife intimated, he was reading aloud to her in the evening, and *very much annoyed* because she always nodded after nine o'clock! She had always so nodded from childhood, &c.

A sweet bird was singing to his mate when, later in the day, Adrian turned through the carved iron gate into the Master's garden. All was very peaceful there, and the place at first sight looked deserted. The little fountain, another cherished "glory," was sending up a soft spray into the warm air. The day had hardly been hot, but in this enclosed spot the atmosphere seemed still, although quite pure. Adrian had come from Egypt, from the dying couch of his friend. Saldan was dead; and the sight of English roses, English fountains had other associations for him from that time for ever. A sadness, which seemed now his constant element, swept over him anew as he trod the familiar path. Ah, there was a little table with books, there a canopied seat *à deux*, there an empty,

green linen lined basket-chair! All empty, empty as his life. He smiled to himself as a man may at some remembered childish folly of his past years, and his idle hand lifted first one volume, then another.

Whose had been the little trick of putting her books into brocaded covers? He smiled again. These were sheathed in black: old friends, "Pensées de Joubert," and a volume open at such familiar lines as these—the voice mechanically utters them aloud, that their beauty may sink into the ear, be shared by the surrounding peace:

Some future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters, say!—
Meet yet again upon some future day?¹

Adrian's voice was suddenly silent; a figure was standing by the little table, and a soft sigh greeted the close of the poem.

What *was* that change that had taken place in Willdey? The figure before him seemed, for one moment, that of a stranger! And yet, he guessed who it was.

There was but a short pause, and he said, bowing low:

"Mademoiselle la Comtesse, have I your permission to leave you?"

She answered nothing.

"Mademoiselle, have I your permission to stay?"

Still she said nothing; but if the whiteness of the snowdrop is whiter for the first kiss of the snow, her drooped cheek had that whiteness.

There was a long, long silence. Adrian's eyes, whose cold questioning she could not bear, were resting on her now; how long he looked he did not know, and she dared not realise. Again the old strange wonder made the old strange words rush to his lips: "Why are you thus?" And again he smiled at himself, as at an old, pretty folly. Before him stood,—was it the same? Was it Minerva—that beautiful, that dazzling being in rose-coloured brocade,

¹ Clough.

sparkling with jewels, who had kindled the fire in his heart which had burnt it to ashes?—who had vanished from the lights and glitter of a ball, leaving a desert behind her!

Now there stood before him, separated only from him by the little garden-table, the very tall, the very slender figure of a young girl, dressed quite simply, even childishly, in a plain school-room frock of black cashmere; round her shoulders a fichu of fine crape fringed with black, fastened by a miniature brooch of black enamel,—the picture of an old, white-haired man. The only token of luxury seemed to be this touching tribute to the dead, and the heavy belt of ancient carved silver and ebony which girdled the small waist. Above the sweet, pale face was the shimmer of the wonderful hair,—soft, glittering, fine as newly-fallen snow; its masses were gathered back into a simple girlish knot, and tied with a broad black riband. From her quaint, curiously wrought girdle hung a satchel of black brocade, the little finely-laced handkerchief half falling from it, and clasped by one of her small hands. Adrian, looking at her, felt something stir quickly in his heart, felt something melt within its frozen zone. Who was this sweet, tender *child* before him?

“Mademoiselle,” at last he began, but timidly and gently as to some delicate, easily affrighted being, “am I permitted to talk with you, to ask you of . . . of, many things? Things which concern you . . . and me? Sit down, then, and listen. Am I changed, Minerva? Do you fear me—you, who once commanded?”

She had seated herself on the other side of the little table, and as he spoke she shielded her cheek suddenly with her hand, as though to ward away the bitter laugh he added to his words.

“Mademoiselle, why do we meet? Why do we speak?”—the bitter tones were low, but more and more intense grew their bitterness. “All is as it was! Is it not so? You have lost your father, I know it all, and I . . . I have lost them *all*! But, much more than you, much more, much more! For I have lost what you never had!” She raised her beautiful blue eyes to the cold, sad face of the young man, still speaking in those low tones of intense feeling.

“See, Mademoiselle,” he cried piteously, yet cruelly, for she trembled visibly under the storm of his emotion, “I have lost my love! Ah—have I! I think I shall die, if it is really so! But, I cannot love, if I am not loved again! And my heart owns but one love, who may not, cannot dwell there . . . This wretchedness shall cease! And you, beautiful, tender child, that I could gather to my breast, that I could cherish, that could be nearer to me now than in any of your wonderful, your captivating disguises—you, the real

Minerva, no dream could picture for me fairer, sweeter, more appealing—you shall bid me leave you for ever !”

Ere Willdey had ceased speaking, she seemed to be recovering her lost self-possession, and to be gathering together all the hidden forces of her nature to meet some difficult task. Her small hands were tightly clasped, and although the effort made was quite apparent, it was with an almost firm and steady voice, and with increasing composure that she answered him. “Milord,—I know not whether I address you becomingly,—we have met again, and we *‘have much to say!’* Is it not so?” Something of her old gay smile shone for an instant in the blue eyes. “Why should I not be bold as a man, when I have to face troubles like this?”

She leaned over the table to gaze earnestly into his face; her own was calm and brave. “I had not thought to find you again, like . . . like this. So changed! so stern! so sad! How have I the courage to speak at all? Yet I remember that it was for *how* short a time we met, before, a year ago, and my memory is only of *that* time; that is all I know . . . of you. But, am I mistaken? When we parted . . . did you not love me?”—The soft sweet voice died away into tremulous silence; but the clear eyes did not leave his face.

“Indeed, yes,” the young man faltered, very low.

“This happened,” she went on, very quietly, very calmly. “There was a day, not very long after, when my dear father found out all. He wondered to see me unhappy: a kind father soon reads his child’s looks. He was kinder, a dearer friend than ever to me after that. I think he spoke of you with our good friend, the Master, when he visited us. But never again with me. I know we came here last winter because my father wished something that was to be for *my* good—he wished to talk with people here, to talk again with Dr. Winter. Perhaps he expected even to see . . . I do not know! He had not visited anywhere for many years; and he *proposed* this visit himself. He liked it all very much, I know.”

Minerva stopped, and at that moment a pale-rose blush, very faint, very lovely, spread gradually over the fairness of her face. It was a flush as soft and melting as the Alpine glow. As the sweet colour faded again, and she became much paler, now visibly trembling, and nerving herself for a further revelation, Adrian could hardly control his wild impulse to seize her hands, to soothe, to sustain her. As she began to speak again, her courage returned, and the wonderful transformations of which her face seemed to hold

the spell, once more brought before his memory the pictures of the past. The stateliness of that "lovely old lady dressed in white," the magnificent, proud beauty of the College ball—all that he had buried in his secret treasure-house appeared again.

"Then came the time of his illness, when he was too weak to do more than *look* at us. To the last, almost, he sat in our sunny garden—our little château in Normandy, where we spend the summer, sometimes. One day—the one before he was taken from us—he could speak ; and much, much he confided to me. I was given the charge—all was arranged with special agents—of the man who had been his life's enemy, and who, poor wretch, is my father's pensioner till his death. And, very tenderly, he spoke of *my* future ! And, dying, he gave me a letter, which I saw he must have carried always about with him. . . ."

"The letter is for. . . .?"—Willdey's voice was broken.

"The letter is for you !" answered Minerva firmly. "He said, 'Minva, you are to give it to him yourself, into his own hands.' Minva was his little-name for me always."

She was very near weeping now, but kept bravely on. "I shall give you this letter," she said, "as, indeed, I must. I am ignorant of its contents ; it was sealed, and has remained so. But, knowing him and all he knew—milord, I have guessed what this letter contains ! I must give it to you . . . but, but"

Adrian's deep, dark-grey eyes, piercing now, hard, invincible, were turned on the pale young face, and pitilessly they commanded and held her shrinking gaze. She covered her eyes with her hands. Then, looking up again, something of the pride and dignity of an ancient race seemed to environ her, as with an armed host !

"Give me the letter," said Willdey.

"I must give it to you," she repeated. "But, but, I ask you, I entreat you, *do not read it!*" She drew the missive from the folds of the little black crape fichu, and laid it in his outstretched hand. "Ah, if you will not do as I so greatly wish. . . ."—he had already broken the seal. She rose hurriedly, and placing her hand on his arm, said in a low, rapid tone, "*You* are not bound by the dead ! I have understood all. You will understand all ! At last, I bid you, *Farewell.*"

Did she vanish ? Did she leave him, for the third time ? Was it, at last, *Farewell* ? Ah, no.

The letter, opened but unread, was thrust into his breast. He was at her side, like a flash, and was pleading, "Mademoiselle,

give me your hand!" He ventured nothing more, and she saw that he trembled from head to foot. She gave him her two hands, smiling a little.

"Mademoiselle! I dare not ask you to say it! No, no. . . ."

The strong, dark head bent down over the little hands. But he ventured nothing more than to hold them. Minerva seemed to feel Eternity in that clasp!

"Mademoiselle, you are further from me than ever! I cannot say it—that you love me!"

She stooped then, and whispered, mischievously, "I will say it, in the classical language which befits you, and this learned scene: Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, does *not* love Adrian Wildey, but . . ." The dark head seemed to be content with its resting place. "But she loves another man of the same name!"

When he had led her back to the "battlefield," as she called it, Adrian's mood had undergone the subtlest change. Very shyly he asked her those questions with which his heart seemed charged. "Many, many, *hard* questions," Minerva observed. "Had she loved him . . . when?"

"Always; from the first!" answered Mademoiselle. "But, her tone was tormenting! Surely . . . when she sat so languidly, playing the old lady, under the lime-tree, last year, sitting in the canopied seat *à deux*. . . ."

"Yes, yes, he had pleased her old lady's fancy. Old ladies sometimes 'fancied' young men!"

"*What* had pleased her fancy? He could not remember what *necktie* he had on! *She* had the most beautiful white dress! She was all dressed in white! Had he *said* anything to take her 'fancy'?—as she called it!"

"That quaint idea of his about . . . Oh, had he forgotten, perhaps? His Ideal, he called it. No one could fulfil such conditions. He need not expect it."

"Did he *really* please her? She was so beautiful—always—no matter what she chose to be."

Then Mademoiselle la Comtesse had her turn of shyness, for Adrian was looking at her very fixedly, with eyes that worshipped. But she said, quite simply, "You are—you know it—so very handsome!"

It was then that a deep voice from an adjoining bush uttered the words, "*Tea is in the draw-room, mum!*"

CHAPTER V.

It is safer to stand beside Madame la Baronne de Birley when she makes tea. She does not, perhaps, understand the English tea-pot, and she is so very absent-minded, that she goes on pouring out tea, straight on, till the tea-leaves come out of the tea-pot and fall over on the tea-tray. Mrs. Winter is in Devonshire for a few days, so Madame de Birley thinks she must preside at the tea-table. She does not know how *beautifully* any one of the five gentlemen present can do so! Minerva stands at her elbow, and chants "*Cinq minutes d'arrêt,*" when she sees catastrophe impending.

They have all met in that delightful, low-ceilinged, long, cool, many-casemented drawing-room of the Master's lodgings. Mrs. Winter has green cushions in summer, and scarlet in winter. Miss Portia Whiskall, very radiant, has got several subjects of conversation ready for the five men present; someone, in *her* country, once told her that she was a "brilliant conversationalist"—you must be an American to live up to this standard in mid-August, in a University town! Willdey was pretending to talk to her—his eyes all the time intent on Madame la Baronne's far-distant corner. Miss Portia, beaming, was on Mr. Marion Crawford's novels, which, she understood, were "much admired over here." She pronounced his name *Merryon*. "Now, he thinks he knows all about us, about women!" she was proclaiming to Adrian, who did not hear a syllable that she uttered. "What do you say, Doctor?" she fastened on the Master, who was carefully handing one of the over-filled cups to Mrs. Hayward.

"There is a good deal to know," he answered cautiously, perhaps overcome by the difficulty of subject and cup combined. "But I think his volume adds to the gaiety of Christmas."

Miss Whiskall here threw out a bomb, in the shape of a comparison with George Eliot. This was bold enough even for Dr. Winter, who was led on therefrom to a discussion, even an argument, about *Maggie Tulliver*—was she honourable?—were the last pages of the book a blot on the rest? &c., &c.—till Philip Parsley whispered to Mrs. Solford that *his head reeled*. Yet, it must be owned, the atmosphere of Mrs. Winter's drawing-room, with its files of morocco-clad volumes, softened the harsh vibrations of Miss Whiskall's tones to a murmur that was nearly gentle, and that acted like a lullaby to Mrs. Stanley Broxbourne, who sat near by.

"I always hate books by people that I know," she interposed, ignoring Cousin Charlotte's nudges towards Denton and Willdey—

Denton, who hovered near Madame la Baronne, with his scientific pamphlet sticking out of his pocket—there was a page in it absolutely beyond comprehension, but which she might, possibly, be able to unravel.

"Nonsense, Maria," cried the Fretful Midge, balancing a dripping tea-saucer as best he could. "You might as well say you hate your pudding because you know your cook!" He spoke rashly. "I do," said she sleepily.

"Adrian!" cried the Master, "they've voted against your book, because you wrote it! I can't see any way out of the difficulty."

"Let us consult Mademoiselle la Comtesse," Adrian then advised, moving, at last, whither his feet seemed to fly with, rather than carry, him.

Miss Whiskall's glance followed him, enraptured. "Oh, what a delightful *coterie*!" she exclaimed, rolling her light-blue eyes on Denton, who now sought her side: "Oh, to belong to—to share the life of this magic circle!"

Shall we linger with it? The hours we shall count may be only serene; but it is time to write *Finis* on the page.

AN AFRICAN POMPEII.

MEMORIALS of numerous races which formerly governed Northern Africa vanish as though written in running water or in shifting sand, but the characters of the Latin occupation remain chiselled in the living rock of an imperishable past. Proconsular Africa, Numidia, and Mauritania exist not only in the scroll of history, but crystallized in mosaic picture and monumental inscription, which preserve with definite outline and unfaded colour the indelible records of Roman antiquity.

The mountain chain of the Aurés, grim and grey on the southern side, where gaunt ribs of granite project from the dark forest of cedar and thuya mantling spur and cleft, hides from the world a Latin city only second in interest to Pompeii. The starting-point for Timegad, the Thamutada of Ptolemy, also denominated Colonia Ulpia Thamugas, is the mountain town of Batna, signifying in Arabic "bivouac" or "we have spent the night." This fortified outpost is the gate through which nomadic Saharian tribes periodically enter the green pastureland of the Tell, fertilised by rivers rising in the watershed of the Aurés, and filled by melting snows. A negro village of sunburnt brick nestles beneath Batna's crumbling walls on the Saharian side. Here many a weary pilgrim from the African interior paused after his perilous journey, lacking energy for onward progress into an unknown world, after escape from famine and drought, simoom and sirocco, in the burning desert, as he directed his course by the great stars blazing in the sapphire depths of the African night. A breeze blowing through a purple gorge tempers the heat of an Algerian May, and mingles the breath of frosty peaks with the sultry air of the unseen Sahara. Snow lingers in shadowy glens, but a scarlet stain of poppies flames across pale green corn in the plain below, and the glowing blue of a lupin-field looks as though a patch of sky had fallen to earth. On the horizon, a white-robed shepherd, crook in hand, followed by shaggy sheep, mounts a ridge of outlying rock, but the momentary glimpse of life only accentuates the weird solitude. Our Arab horses approach a brown village of the

Chawia tribe, a branch of the Berbers, who once peopled Northern Africa from the Atlantic to Egypt. Traces of Roman ancestry modify the original stock. Classical profiles suggest Latin descent, and the Chawia language abounds in Latin words. Later associations denote Christian influences. December 25 is kept as the *Moolid*, or "Birth Feast," and a Spring Festival resembles the ecclesiastical Easter. The lunar year of Islam is ignored, and the Chawia, like ourselves, reckon time by the sun. Agriculturists and shepherds, they only leave their native valleys for needful change of pasture, and the mountains which bound their wanderings preserve them from external contact.

Marsh and moorland, carpeted with flowers, surround Lambessa, headquarters of the Third Augustan Legion, stationed here for three centuries. The stately Pretorium dominates the scene, the yellow walls honeycombed with niches of creamy marble for statues of the gods. Above the stone gateway, a Roman standard with sculptured eagles surmounts the inscription *Legio Tertia Augusta*, and a triumphal arch dignifies the site. An amphitheatre and a temple of Esculapius memorialise social and religious life; white tombs rise from thickets of ivy and periwinkle, and the sepulchre of Maximus, commander of the legion, towers above the lowlier tombs of his subordinates. The French, seldom impressed by historic associations, made a notable exception with regard to this ancient sepulchre, and when the bones of the Roman general were replaced in his sarcophagus after restoration of the pyramidal structure, the garrison of Batna marched past, and fired a salute in honour of the long-dead warrior. A strange solemnity broods over this Latin cemetery in the shadow of the unchanging hills. A brook babbles round broken marbles, a black thuya, the mournful "cypress of the Atlas," pierces the blue air with a spire of motionless foliage, a wandering breeze stirs the ivy round a fallen column, and through the haunted solitude the tramp of Roman legions, the clang of armour, and the shiver of spears echo across the buried centuries, as the footprints of the race which brought order, law, and civilisation to savage Africa, crowd thick and fast on memory and imagination, for the permanency of the Roman past shadows the present, and projects into the future of the world which it moulded. Two triumphal arches mark the site of Verecunda, a vanished city of which the name inscribed on these marble portals alone remains, though mounds of red ruins indicate some catastrophe of fire or sword which effaced this unrecorded page of Roman history. Grey towers defend field and farmstead, a rivulet winds through corn-

fields and turns an Arab mill on the way, mimosas wave golden tresses in the wind, and the subtle fragrance of blossoming bean-fields steeps the air in that wistful sweetness which touches some mystic chord of memory with the gentle insistence peculiar to this humble and homely flower.

At length a maze of ruins, yellow, white and grey, crowning a ledge of rock, denotes our goal. Timegad commands six Roman roads, traceable through overgrown brushwood and fallen marbles. Two highways led to the coast, two to Tebeste, one to Constantine, and one to Zama, keeping the Latin city in touch with all the African provinces. Stately proportions and classic purity of architecture distinguish Timegad. Above the triple arch of the grand gateway called *Arcum Pantheum*, the white drapery of a headless statue relieved against vermilion stone, seems swaying in the breeze as light and shadow chase each other across the snowy folds. Roman triumphs encrust frieze and cornice, above inscriptions explaining these noble reliefs of Parthian conquests. One marble panel lies in the waving grass, but otherwise the glorious arch remains intact. Happily for the dreamer who would conjure up Timegad in her power and prime, the comparative remoteness of the ruined city deters the madding crowd of Algerian tourists from including it within the ordinary radius, and the May sunshine falls on deserted streets and lonely temples, hushed in unbroken silence. Brazen chariot-wheels have scored deep ruts in the flagstones of street and Forum, stepping-stones trodden by Roman dames and attendant slaves on their way to the baths, still cross the dry bed of the stream which filled the porphyry *frigidarium*, and entered the red pipes of a heating-apparatus resembling a Turkish bath. Timegad was musical with plashing fountains, and rippling brooks, flowing in marble conduits through pillared *atrium* and colonnaded peristyle; in sultry noon and moonlit night lending a perennial charm of coolness and repose to the mountain-girt city. The noble *Via Triumphalis*, from gate to Forum, was flanked with statues of gods and heroes, but though the marble figures have fallen from their pedestals, clear inscriptions enable fancy to reconstruct the scene. Mosaic pavements glow with brilliant colour, legends on the lintel dedicate ruined palaces to household gods, and columns, once supporting the bust of the owner, retain his sonorous name. A stone-coped flower-bed flanks a miniature palace, and the well supplying the fountain in the marble court still contains the pipe which preserved the verdure of the little parterre, planted by some exile to African shores in memory of green Italian gardens far away. The stone stalls of a circular

market-hall are scored with rude initials, and grotesque caricatures form quaint sketches of forgotten lives. Red *amphora* surround the pillars of the ancient tavern which once echoed with jest and song, as soldier and civilian thronged its gateways. The beautiful Forum, with massive public buildings and graceful temples, commands a noble prospect from the arcaded colonnade, cool and dim on the hottest day of an African summer. The guardian mountains deepen to velvety plum-colour against the greenish-blue of the pellucid sky, and violet shadows of winding ravines seem but intensified gleams of amethyst light in the sharp brilliance of the waning day. From the shallow steps of the judge's tribunal in the Hall of Orations, the city lies bathed in molten gold, a marble *arsa* in the foreground struck by a shaft of light as though the Sun God descended upon his altar. The unexcavated quarter lies in shadow, the carven tablets of the burial-ground projecting from long grass and trailing verdure, wreathing monolith and column. The square pillars of the Capitol record the laws and customs of Roman days, and relate the circumstances which governed political and social life. A Christian basilica indicates the second phase of the city mentioned in the Theodosian Code. In the fourth century the bishop of Thamugas headed the Donatist faction, and St. Augustine asserts that for ten years Northern Africa bore the heavy yoke of this militant prelate. African Church councils mention three subsequent bishops of Thamugas, the last of the trio being banished by a Vandal governor in A.D. 484. The basilica, with rounded apse and pillared aisles of rosy marble, chronicles her story on a white slab above the threshold :

IN TEMPORIEUS CONSTANTINI IMPERATORIS, FL. GREGORIO PATRICIO, JOANNES, DUX DE TIGISI, OFFERET DOMUM DEI + ARMENUS.

This hall of justice, adapted to religious uses, supplies a spiritual interest to the city which epitomises contemporary history. The force and fervour of primitive Christianity stamps the venerable fane rising amid monuments of Pagan power, their solidity and finish emphasised by the Byzantine remains recalling another chapter of Timegad's eventful life. The fort and dwellings of this foreign usurper are composed of brick, rubble, and marble, annexed by the disorderly invaders. Loose stones roofing brick domes and piled up in uneven walls, exemplify the barbaric methods of the destructive horde, and appear mere rubbish-heaps amid the consolidation of the Roman past in the architectural background. The marble archives

of the Fourth Legion, *Ulpia Victrix*, state that it was established here by the Emperor Trajan as a reward for service in the Parthian campaign after the erection of Timegad as a military capital. Allusions to the civic status of the city may be read on two octagonal columns which show the commercial importance of this emporium in the granary of the Latin world. The Byzantine rule, dependent on the weakness of foes, and destitute of inherent strength, was necessarily of brief duration, and the absence of domestic articles for use and ornament, excavated from every quarter of the Roman city, implies an imperfect civilisation. Roman and Christian souvenirs, sacred and secular, crowd the little museum, lamps and tear-bottles from unknown graves, ivory *spilla*, and intaglio seals engraved with a winged Mercury or Psyche. Stone tablets of leases and agreements testify to the value of olive grove and vineyard, while finely-wrought rings and clasps show the perfection of the goldsmith's art. The pathetic interest of these dainty trifles links human sympathy with the family life of the Latin past. A mosaic picture of a farm, with steep roofs of barn and granary rising above the long low house, delineates the form and colour, dress and architecture of rustic life in the reign of Trajan. A tree espaliered on the red wall bears a golden weight of apricots. A man with broad-leafed hat and close-girt tunic of blue and brown stands in an arched doorway, and white pigeons hover round a heap of corn. Mattock and spade, wooden ploughshare, and curved pruning-knife litter the ground, and a yellow dog lies at his master's feet. Another mosaic depicts a chariot-race with armed figures full of vigour and animation. Acanthus and vine, rose and lily, ivy and pear-blossom, wreath tablet and panel with unfading bloom. Gods and men, birds and animals, live for posterity in the imperishable mosaic, and the conservative properties of African air are evidenced by the condition of the Roman dead. The skeleton of a bishop was found intact after a lapse of fourteen centuries, the long brown hair unchanged, and the figure resting on a bed of laurel-leaves. A Roman lady, whose memorial tablet bears the name of "Marcella," retained her luxuriant golden tresses woven into a coronet. Tombs are marked with the Sacred Fish, the Alpha and Omega or the Holy Cross.

The two shallow rivers which fed fountain and conduit were divided by a transverse watercourse, either surmounted by a causeway, or embanked with masonry and spanned by bridges. The historic streams still flow through the green plain, and though the shrunken current no longer threads the artificial channel, the running

water, vocal with memories, remains the only *living witness* of the Roman past. Here gladiators from the adjacent amphitheatre washed their wounds, soldiers of the Legion watered their horses, and the Roman lady beside the marble fountain in the pillared *impluvium* listened to the song of the mountain-born flood which still makes music among the reeds and pebbles of the shallow bed.

Overthrown columns, bases of lost statues, flights of broken steps, and marble altars of forgotten gods lie amid a chaos of carven capitals, shattered cornices, and engraven pediments. Aloes push sharp blue spikes through the vestibule of the temple where Roman girls with filleted hair and sandalled feet brought offerings of fruit and flowers to the colossal image of Jupiter. Green lizards dart between the splintered shafts which strew the ruined sanctuary, and across the spacious marble platform slender columns stand out in snowy purity against the azure sky. The unearthly light of the divine Algerian evening transmutes the mountains which encircle the pastoral plain into wedges of gold and amethyst. When the pink afterglow fades into silver and the full moon rises above the silent Forum, Timegad is transformed into a dreamland city of ghosts and memories. Ebon shade and pearly light are fraught with haunting mystery, and the pathetic legend of the forsaken Roman gods, bound with chains of dead leaves from vanished autumns long ago, revisiting their deserted shrines on moonlit nights, is suggested by the desolate ruins. The fitful moaning of the wind, the rustle of the whispering reeds, and the weird cry of a mountain eagle, harmonise with the low undertone of the twin rivers, and emphasise the brooding hush of the spellbound city. Architecture reached the climax of classic perfection in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, whose soul, according to Latin tradition, was released by the prayers of St. Gregory the Great from the limbo of the Pagan dead. After the death of Belisarius, the succeeding Byzantine General found Thamutada in ruins, but although he restored the citadel in the usual barbaric and perfunctory manner of his nation, the remaining public buildings bear no trace of Byzantine disfigurement. Timegad, the African Pompeii, remains an imposing monument of the Roman past, bearing "the very form and pressure of the time" when architectural beauty culminated in the capital of the world, and in the provincial city which followed closely in her wake at the period when Proconsular Africa was the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown.

EMILY A. RICHINGS.

CAPTAIN PANTON'S VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

1668—1676.

IN 1671 Panton published his book entitled "Speculum Juventutis; or, a true Mirror where Errors in Breeding Noble and Generous Youth, with the Miseries and Mischiefs that usually attend it, are clearly made manifest; As likewise Remedies for every growing Evil. Portray'd to the Life in the Legend of Sisaras and Vallinda."

During the Commonwealth,¹ an age set in of translations of French novels, such as "Cassandre," "Le Grand Cyrus," "Clélie." Amongst the best known of these authors were La Calprenède and Mlle. de Scudéry. Not only translations abounded, but there were many imitations, and, in course of time, original works of a similar kind in English. Captain Panton displays distinctly the influence of this group of writers. He wishes to treat of the errors of youth and to point out the remedies. His chief theme, therefore, is education, interpreted in a wide sense.

In his dedication to the King (Charles II.) Panton observes that he would not dare to appear before him with a book if he "had not a rarity to present, which is the ways of a Young Man; which that wise king said was as hard to find out as the Flight of a Bird in the Air, the Course of a Ship at Sea, or the way of a Serpent on Land; which I could not have done without his assistance who is brought in here by an *ore tenus* confessing the Errors of his Youth, which, for want of good Instruction and Education, had brought him to that condition he was found in."

The irony of addressing an educational treatise, in which a confession of errors of youth is the machinery made use of, to Charles II., is delightful in its unconsciousness. "You have," he tells that monarch, "had more than forty years' experience." And

¹ See *The English Novel*, by Professor Walter Raleigh, p. 89 et seqq.

again, "It is your subjects' expectation that, being arrived to the full Meridian of Your Age, You would ascend to that of Your Glory too." Panton suggests to the King that this "loose evil" must be cured at the "root," not in the branches. This can only be brought about by a "more consummate way of Education over Youth." The "Errors of Youth" are due largely to the influence of French manners and customs. The carrying out of remedies, Panton says, "I therefore leave to Providence, and your Majesty's great prudence and greater experience, both at home and abroad, of any of your predecessors."

Here, then, is a literary curiosity: a treatise against French influence on the bringing up of youth, written after the manner of a French romancist, and addressed to the Pensioner of the French King, who had just concluded the secret Treaty of Dover.

Book I. of the "*Speculum Juventutis*" treats of the "Original of Nobility." A description is given of the Castle of Tinoe, near the town of Carasta, in the province of Deucalia. Certain people meet at the Castle, and on an expedition encounter Sisaras in a "languishing lassitude," and induce him to tell the story of his misfortunes.

He has been "undone with too much idleness and liberty," and passed his early life without learning anything. At eighteen years of age he falls in love, and this serves to bring in Vallinda and a description of the love-making. The parents object, and at last Sisaras is sent to an academy to learn his (martial) exercises. He stops in his story to wonder at the group of nobles he sees around him, and inquires as to their beginning. The rest of Book I. is taken up with a discussion of the institution of nobility.

Book II. contains the treatise on education. It deals with the "Advantages of Education, with reasons why the nobility and gentry ought to study." The story is still continued. Sisaras, at the first opportunity, after studying exercises in the academy, resumes his addresses to Vallinda, but he was driven away by his parents. Hereupon one of the characters in the story, Palamis, undertakes to instruct him as to his error in not following study.

It should, he says, be held as a maxim that no man, especially that is noble, can have any quality more advantageous than that of education and learning. If any man doubts this, then it can be proved by irreproachable witnesses. Read the words of divine Plato. The Orator says, "That as far as men surpass beasts, so far do philosophers excel ignorant men." So, too, consider the precepts of Mæcenas to Augustus. Or, again, in modern times, the Princess Ama la Southe in "*Cassadore*." If these witnesses are suspected as

being "bookmen," Palamis will cite the testimony of those who cannot be refuted. Such are, in his opinion, Alexander, Caesar, Demetrius Phalerius. Amongst the moderns are Foulk, Earl of Anjou, Alphonsus IV., King of Arragon, Robert, King of Naples. "What think you of these witnesses? . . . Certainly, if you suspect the first as being no swordsman, you cannot reasonably refuse the latter."

Nature is perfected by art. "The polished diamond appears more lustrous than that in the rock; the managed horse is more estimable than what is not; even women that we most esteem make themselves more considerable by it." Therefore children should be trained. All parents should endeavour to "put some figures into those blank tables (*tabula rasa*)." If this is true even of those employed in mechanical arts, how much more should it hold with noblemen? He ought to exceed "in parts" as far as he does in birth.

Palamis will maintain "against any man" that it is time enough to begin "martial exercises at eighteen years of age." What will you do with the boy, then, up to that time?

His time should be given to mental industry, for it is "only by industry that a master-workman makes pieces that give admiration to the beholders, when another of the same trade cannot do the like."

"We may say much of the exercises of the mind. How comes it to pass that one speaks well, and by the strength of his conceptions and reasons strikes others dumb? 'Tis because he has refined his understanding to that height that his knowledge is as much honoured as the others' ignorance is despised."

Moreover, everyone would admit that virtue should be conspicuously characteristic of a true noble. But virtue, in its highest form, can only come through learning. "The will is never carried to any object that the understanding allows not of." Understanding must direct the will as a councillor of state directs a king. This is impossible without learning. Therefore a noble must be learned. "I could show you," adds Panton, "infinite examples in antiquity of monarchs, kings, princes, and great lords, that have as much addicted themselves to Mercury as to Mars." Still it may be objected that experience is sufficient for the affairs of life. Even at the cost of making a digression (to which Panton seldom shows any reluctance) a reply must be made to that objection. He admits that experience and learning are better together, but if it is a case of choice, then it is certain that science (which he identifies with learning) is to be

preferred. "Books," Panton argues, "will show you more in one hour than experience in your whole life." Book-knowledge is more "general and certain." Experience simply shows effects; books state causes. Trusting to one's own experience one may be deceived, but "science" never deceives. Panton's argument is sophistical, for he maintains that if we are deceived it is not knowledge which deceives us.

It is true, we are told, that the common people can get on without learning, but so much the more is learning necessary to the governors. Nor is it any answer that ignorant and rude nations have conquered learned nations, for who shall say that, had the Goths been learned, their empire would not have lasted till to-day?

Panton has little more to say of formal instruction in learning. Book III. contains maxims and rules to be observed and followed by such of the young nobility and gentry as live at court. Book IV. treats of the camp; Book V. of nobles and gentry in their families; Book VI. of quarrels and duels; Book VII. of satisfaction and the avoidance of duels.

Panton's aim, then, is the portrayal of the education in fitting qualities of the nobleman, somewhat similar, though *longo intervallo* in merit and earlier in date, to Locke's view. In the "Speculum Juventutis," Panton is unduly clogged by the exigencies of getting back to the story of Sisaras and Vallinda. The moral of the story, as a story, is that "of all the precipices to be shunned, there is none more to be feared than this foolish passion" (of love). When "once it overflows its banks, and when it usurps a sovereignty over our reason" &c., all control over body and mind is gone. The love Sisaras "bore his mistress had so great empire over his will that, although reason showed him his faults, he *would* not take notice of them."

CAPTAIN PANTON'S PROJECTED NATIONAL COLLEGE.

There is in the British Museum a copy of a pamphlet by Edward Panton entitled, "Design of an Academy." It is dated 1676, but it is clear that the scheme had been in his mind from 1668. It recapitulates his arguments against the sending of the best English youth to France to be educated.

Panton draws up a comparative sketch of the advantages of the plan of his Academy against the sending of young gentlemen abroad. As his own words bring out vividly his point of view, I give them verbatim :

"And forasmuch as nothing is more effectual and conservative

of the weal and happiness we see and enjoy within this island, wall'd, water'd, warm'd, and enriched with the daily flowings of the sea, than that the successive nobles and infinite gentry of his Majesty's kingdoms and dominions stand qualified and enabled to serve his Majesty substantially in the support of the Crown and Government by an exemplary life and behaviour to the rest of their fellow subjects and foreigners flocking to us; and that experience hath showed how troublesome, dangerous, and costly it hath been, and is sure long to be, for our young nobility and gentry to be sent abroad raw, with or without governors and tutors or servants, ere they be principled and seasoned in good measure at home, and have languages, exercises, and competent judgment to use their travels with advantage, as may appear by the following disparities.

"A SHORT SURVEY OF PROFITABLE DISPARITIES INCIDENT TO THE DESIGN OF THIS ACADEMY.

"Whereas noblemen's and gentlemen's sons are not sent beyond seas at any age but under a very sensible charge and yearly expense, and are the more exposed to the humours and self-concerned practices of strangers, being at great distance from home.

"Whereas at Paris and other Academies beyond the seas our noblemen and young gentry are not much esteemed if they spend not £500 or £600 per annum apiece at the least, and more as they advance in age.

"Whereas diseases are frequentest upon youth from 15 or 16 years old downwards, and more afflictive to parents and dangerous to themselves, when

They will in this Academy, close to London, be entered from their parents' own laps and coaches, unchargeably and safely, and will be there cherished as their tenderness may require, observed how they profit and grow capable for travel, secured so long from the plots and humours of unknown and unseen teachers and debaucheries in religion and manners, till reasonably confirmed in both. They may in this Academy learn twice as much and be better treated for two-thirds, with full reputation; and by consequence in five or six years save at least so much as they will need to spend in their travels abroad, if requisite.

The like accidents will be more tolerable and hopeful for recovery in this Academy; whence, as occasion presses, patients will be easily removed to parents, friends,

over-early shifted to a foreign climate.

"Whereas some of our neighbouring and remoter countries have undervalued and disesteemed our noblemen and young gentry, sometimes for not having lived or studied in their academies.

"These previous arguments, beside the love of my country, with the encouragements following, made me, to my great charge and trouble, set up this method of breeding at Piccadilly, which as soon as it was made practicable, was obstructed by certain persons whom I forbear yet to mention, reserving them for another time and place; hoping now all noble and generous patriots will give assistance to so worthy an undertaking, and have their names recorded in the book of fame for true lovers of their country."

Panton then drew up a petition to the King suggesting the creation of a Society to carry out those objects at Chelsea or some other convenient place near London, and that the King should bestow upon the intended Society the name of "Royal," and constituting by royal warrant Edward Panton as Regent for life. As a Council, he desires to have colleagues chosen from the Royal Society and other personages of "learning, quality, and known reputation." The constitution is modelled after that of Sir Francis Kynaston.

Edward Panton quotes the minute :

"At the Court of Whitehall, February 4, 1668.

"His Majesty, being graciously inclined to encourage this design as tending toward the laudable education of youth and good of the public, is pleased to refer this petition to Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor General, or to either of them, to consider of the nature of the thing, the proposals made, and the power and privileges desired to be granted: and upon the whole to make report to his Majesty of their opinion, how far his Majesty may gratify the petitioner; and then his Majesty will declare his further pleasure.

"ARLINGTON."

Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor-General report favourably on April 10, 1668; after which, Captain Edward Panton

presents his prospectus of the new institution, patented as the "Royal Academy."

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"To be settled at Chelsea or some other convenient place near London, is to be framed to an exact method for the well breeding and education at home of the youth of condition, natives within this of England and other of his Majesty's kingdoms, to fit them for the service of God, of the King, and of their country, with freedom for any youth of quality also from parts beyond the seas to be admitted students with us, under the rules and institutes of this our academy. The institutes whereof will consist of two distinct parts or schools. The first for youths from 8 years old to 10, the second for youth and young men under 20 years of age. The space of time for their abode and continuance in both schools not to exceed three years, except for reasonable causes. And in each of these schools to be three forms, or classes; in which the students not to stay past one whole year, except for causes as before.

"Sch. 1, Ann. 1.

"The 1st year the said youngest students are to be carefully principled in Religion and Morality, and taught to speak Latin, French and other languages, according to their parents' desires or the children's propensities and capacities. Also Fair Writing, Arithmetic, Dancing, Behaviour, Fencing, Shooting with all sorts of bows, Wrestling, Swimming, etc.

"Sch. 1, Ann. 2.

"The 2nd year such as please may begin to study Greek, Instrumental and Vocal Music, Arithmetical deeper rules, with mathematical introductions and Triangle doctrine, Turning, and other elegant mechanics, not intermitting the principles and exercises before specified.

"Sch. 1, Ann. 3.

"The 3rd year they are to proceed to be perfect in, as before, Latin and French, to study Heraldry, Architecture, Politics and some other liberal sciences; constantly heeding to speak and write proper and short without tautology and repetition.

"Then will follow the

"Second School for Young Men.

"Sch. 2, Ann. 1.

"In this 2nd school will be no other speech familiar but Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, and then will be taught the further

sciences and what belongs to perfecting this exercise aforesaid. Also riding, with the manage of war-like Arms, Drilling, Embattailing, Fortification and Surveying Lands.

"Sch. 2, Ann. 2.

"All this to be further studied, exercised and cultivated. And now will be laid the elements of Navigation, Drawing, Painting, Graving, Etching, the use of both Globes, Maps, Instruments and Books, especially those relating to the knowledge of his Majesty's kingdoms and dominions, with the antiquities, nature and customs thereof—all the said exercises meanwhile duly proceeding.

"Sch. 2, Ann. 3.

"The 3rd year all these sciences and exercises to be more exactly completed in every student as his genius and abilities dispose him.

"For it is to be presumed that by this time these students will be rendered capable of University-learning, of the Inns of Court, of attendance at Court, of employ in the Army and Navy, or to travel beyond seas with credit and profit; and so fortified against evil impressions, which undisciplined youths are frequently ensnared withal in other countries.

"For it is intended that in every Form or School and Classes, history shall be constantly read and expounded in the learned and other languages before specified, suitable to the level of the School and Scholars. And that the hours of rising and going to rest, prayer, studying, exercise, refection, disport, etc., shall be only apportioned according to the seasons and matters to be treated or done therein. As also that the Regent and his Assisting Council will provide a sufficient number of able professors and other ministerial, well provided persons to perform all this with order and decorum. Such assisting council to consist of about ten or twelve learned, sober, public-spirited persons, by whose advice once a month, or oftener as need shall be, he may from time to time be enabled, with them, to carry on this work to God's glory, the honour and satisfaction of the King, and the real service and benefit of his Majesty's friends abroad, and loyal subjects in his united kingdoms and dominions."

With the issuing of the prospectus, apparently, Edward Panton's scheme came to an end. Verily, there was no royal road to learning, or, at any rate, the royal name did not guarantee success to educational enterprise, even with so patriotic an aim as that of Panton.

MOTTOES OF NOBLE HOUSES.

THE Peerage has often been said in scorn to be *the* Bible of the English people. It may be that many read it without other purpose than a factitious and vulgar one, but to the student of history it is full of use and suggestiveness. As he reads, the names recall great events or stirring crises in the country's history, in which those whose names are blazoned here figured more or less effectively. For whatever may be said of the hereditary principle in these days, when so many institutions are on their trial, the bulk of the founders of noble families contributed to make the history of their country. If we trace back to their source even titles which have in later days been dragged as it were through the mire, we shall find that generally real power of service and of rule lay at the root of nobility and supported it. It is under a sense of this that we now invite our readers to turn over the pages of the Peerage with us for a few moments, and see whether in many of the mottoes of noble houses we may not find proof of what we have said, and at the same time some amount of amusement and instruction. We cannot in any rare exceptional case trace the mottoes to their sources, or dwell on the significant circumstances that often gave rise to them: that would occupy too much space, in fact would lead to a book instead of an article.

I.

Passing over the more unsuggestive mottoes which come in groups, committing the bearers of them to "Trust in God" or pledging them to be loyal to king and country, or declaring them to be devoted to king, laws, and people—"Pro rege, lege, grege"—as do Lords Bessborough, Brougham, and De Mauley; or to be without change—"Sans changer"—as do Lords Derby, Eversley, and Stanley of Alderley; or who promise to progress slowly—"Festina lente"—as do Lords Fingall, Onslow, Dunsany, Louth, and Plunket; or who declare themselves loyal to death—"Loyal au mort"—as do Lord Rowton and several others, we shall arrange our mottoes in groups of salient character or type.

First, as we ourselves would be loyal, we note how admirable is the motto of the Prince of Wales, as the heir apparent of the Crown, recognising as it does the fact that he who rules also serves, that he who suffers conquers. "Ich dien" (I serve) is a good royal and loyal motto. The manner in which it came to be adopted by the Princes of Wales carries us back to a remote time in English history, and to a very famous battle. On the hill of Crécy, in a position of comparative security, Edward III. watched the fight, and saw the Prince of Wales struggling in the midst of it, but refused to lend a hand with a pike himself, crying out, in his peculiarly idiomatic English, "Let the boy win his spurs." The boy won his spurs, and with them the three feathers and "Ich dien" of the poor old blind King of Bohemia.

Good, too, is the motto of the Duke of Albany as indicating serious purpose and devotion—"Fideliter et constanter" (Faithful and constant)—the Latin version, indeed, of the Prince Consort's excellent German motto "Treu und fest," which is the motto of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. And as the young Prince promised in so many ways to be true to his motto, well may we mourn him.

And now let us see if we cannot tie our groups of mottoes attractively together, to aid effect and recollection.

II.

One very interesting set of mottoes are those which tell of the origin of great families in glorious victories. Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, has "Algiers" with the scroll on the crest "Deo adjuvante, fortuna sequatur" (God assisting, success must follow). The Pellews had long had a high position in naval warfare; Admiral Sir Isaac Pellew, K.C.B., commanded the *Conqueror* of 74 guns at Trafalgar; his brother, Sir Edward, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, was more distinguished or more fortunate; he did noble service in the war with France, and was made a viscount for his gallant bombardment and destruction of the fleet and arsenal at Algiers in 1816. Viscount Gough has "Goojerat" and "Faugh a Ballagh" (Clear the way); than which nothing could be more appropriate for the first Lord, so well known as Sir Hugh Gough. Lord Radstock bears "St. Vincent," where his brave progenitor did signal naval service as elsewhere. The Earl of Camperdown bears "Camperdown" on the centre of his shield, and his motto is "Secundis dubiisque rectus" (Firm in every fortune), very expressive of the character of the brave Admiral Duncan, who won the great naval victory over the

Dutch off the French village of Camper or Camp on October 11, 1797, taking eight Dutch ships and over 6,000 prisoners. Sir John Jervis, who became Lord St. Vincent, derived his title from Cape St. Vincent, off which place he defeated the Spaniards on February 14, 1797; and his motto is one of the shortest and most expressive in the Peerage: it is the word *Tuis*. "Trafalgar" has received more honour in this respect than any other famous victory. Though the word itself does not appear on the armorial bearings of Earl Nelson, Lord Trafalgar is the second title which is borne by his eldest son. Carnegie, Earl of Northesk, carries "Trafalgar" across the shield, with the motto "Tâche sans tache" (A work without a blemish)—a very good motto for a fighting family. The seventh Earl of Northesk was third in command at Trafalgar. The famous Hood, who was one of Nelson's seconds at Trafalgar, and became Lord Bridport, has "Trafalgar" prominent on his quarterings. Lord Keane has "Ghuznee" and "China" over his crests with the motto, "Deus mihi providebit" (God will provide for me).

But only a few of our great warriors have *thus* sought to associate their names with the scene of their great achievements, and have adopted mottoes, of quite as characteristic a type, of another class. "Strike" is the short and emphatic motto of that great naval soldier—"sea-dog" we had almost said—Baron Hawke. Certainly no word could better express the vigilance, the energy and decision of that redoubtable naval captain, who acted on this motto on so many seas, and always with effect. Rodney served with distinction under Hawke, and his motto is "Non generant aquilæ columbas" (Eagles do not beget doves). The motto is, we have read, traced to the following incident. When Hawke attacked and defeated L'Etenduère off Finisterre, Rodney's ship, the *Eagle*, was at one time engaged with two ships at once. Her wheel, braces, and bowlines were shot away, and her topmast gone, when Hawke crowded down to her assistance. Thus relieved from a cross fire, Captain Rodney boarded the French ship nearest to him, and made her surrender. The vanquished captain, in giving up his sword, kept up sufficient good-humour to say, "I would rather have met the *Eagle* in the shape of a dove with the olive-branch of peace." To which Rodney replied, "Eagles do not beget doves," which became his motto.

"Waterloo" is not found on the escutcheon of the "Iron Duke," but his motto is "Virtutis fortuna comes" (Fortune the companion of valour), which certainly he found it to be. The motto of Lord Seaton, who fought along with Wellington in the Peninsula, is

"*Sperat infestis*" (He hopes in adversity); and that of Lord Vivian, who also fought with Wellington, is "*Vive revicturus*" (Live as to live again). That of Sandhurst (Mansfield), likewise a great general, is "Steadfast." Lord Hardinge has "*Mens æqua rebus in arduis*" (An even mind in difficulties); and Lord Harris of Seringapatam and Mysore has "My prince and my country." Lord Napier of Magdala has "*Tu vincula frange*" (Do thou break the chains), which has a special application to the great service of freeing the captives in Abyssinia, which won for General Napier his peerage—crown of a grand career, in which an engineer officer first rose to the rank of field-marshal. Scarce anything could be more appropriate for Lord Strathnairn, so long familiar as Sir Hugh Rose, than "Constant and true." The motto of Lord Clyde—as well as of Lord Cawdor—is "Be mindful," surely very well suited to the character of Lord Clyde, and that of Lord Lawrence, "Be ready," is equally expressive of his. And surely for him with whose grand exploits the expression "England expects every man to do his duty" is so closely associated, few mottoes could be more fit or expressive than that the arms of Earl Nelson bear, with the motto, "*Palmas qui meruit ferat*" (Let him bear the palm who merits it).

Mackay, Lord Reay, has for motto "*Manu forti*" (With a strong hand), which expresses well the characteristics required for success in the exploits in which his predecessors engaged. "Lead on" is the motto of Lord Hotham, whose splendid naval victories procured him his honours. The motto of the Moores, Marquises of Drogheda, is "*Fortis cadere, cedere non potest*" (The brave may fall, but cannot yield). The motto of Lord Bridport (Hood), who fought so well under Nelson, as well as of Lord Aylmer, is "Steady," with the augmentation "Trafalgar," twice on the shield. The motto of Lord Graves is "*Aquila non captat muscas*" (An eagle does not catch flies); and the arms are a spread eagle supported by two eagles rampant.

III.

A very marked contrast is to be noted between the spirit of the two next to be cited. The motto of Lord Curzon, Lord Zouche, and Earl Howe, who of course are Curzons, is "Let Curzon hold what Curzon held." "Love, serve," is the motto of the Ashleys, Earls of Shaftesbury, and certainly most appropriate to the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury, for surely his constant and loving service towards the needy which made him, as Carlyle said, the "one Abdiel, faithful among the faithless found," makes it more appropriate than are mottoes

in most cases. On his successors let us trust that his mantle may fall, to enable them to fulfil the difficult task of living up to the spirit of their motto as he did, and left a name imperishable in English history and in the hearts of Englishmen. "Ne quid nimis" (Do nought in excess) was the motto of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke, and surely nothing could better express his cold, precise, and cautious mind and character. "Sero sed serio" (Late but seriously) is the motto of the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Lothian, and may well express the attitude of mind of a faithful and consistent Conservative. Lord Penrhyn's motto is "Æquo animo" (With an even or equal mind), which many sympathisers with the quarrymen would, we are rather afraid, insist is certainly not expressive of the character of the present peer.

The motto adopted by the Barons Lisle, "Bella, horrida bella" (War, horrid war), was certainly not due to any failure of the early Lysaghts to take their share in the battles of their country. The very name Lysaght is said to be derived from the appellation Guilysaght, which was conferred on one of this noble family's ancestors, on account of his prowess displayed in the provincial wars. And Lysaghts bore a good share in later warfare. They reaped honour both at Knockoness, County Cork, in 1647, and later at the battle of the Boyne. "Persevere" is the motto of Lords Monkswell and Romilly; and for the latter, at all events, in his brave and unceasing efforts, in face of the greatest prejudice, to reform and ameliorate the criminal law of England in some of its cruelest aspects, it is especially appropriate. "Palma Virtuti" (The palm to merit) is also significant and fitting as a motto for the Earl of Selborne, Roundell Palmer. We are not sure that the Earls of Minto in all earlier cases observed the rule, "Suaviter et fortiter," as later Mintos have done, but that is their motto; and the same may be said of the Lords Newborough, whose motto is "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re." The Earl of Aberdeen has "Fortuna sequatur" (Let fortune follow), and "Ne nimium" (Not in excess); phrases which express pretty faithfully the high character of that house. Keppel, the Earl of Albemarle, has "Ne cede malis" (Yield not to misfortune); that motto, with the addition "sed contra," is taken by Lords Garvagh and Clanricarde.

There is a class of mottoes whose most obtrusive meaning is a kind of subdued protest against the very nobility that it seeks to illustrate. "Virtus, non stemma" the motto of the Grosvenors—the Duke of Westminster, Lord Stalbridge, and Lord Ebury—must be relegated to this class. There are others to the same purport, merely

differing in words. But the motto of Baron Templemore carries that sentiment to a point beyond any other: "Invitum sequitur honos" (Honour follows against his will), seems to go as far as this sentiment well can go. The motto of Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, Baron Ventry, is good: "Vivere sat vincere" (To conquer is to live enough) and Lord Sefton shares it. This is matched by that of Lord Tollemache—who, through his disinterested labours for his tenantry and the good of the poor in his district well deserved to realise it to the full—"Confido, conquiesco" (I trust and am content), which is also the motto of the Tollemaches, Earls of Dysart. Loyd-Lindsay, Baron Wantage, chose what was fine in sound and sentiment if in nothing else: "Astra castra, numen lumen" (The stars are my home, and the Deity my light). Our late Poet-Laureate, Lord Tennyson, chose, as was fit, a rhyming motto; but it is shrewdly practical in tone, as befitted one who was truly Liberal-Conservative: "Respiciens, prospiciens" (Looking forwards and backwards). This is but the Latin of his own exquisite rhymes against "raw haste, half sister to delay," and the verse which celebrates the wisdom of taking

Occasion by the hand to make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

Grimston, Earl of Verulam, also sets forth the safety of moderation, "*Mediocria firma*"; and the Earl Waldegrave easily combines speculation and practice in his double motto, "*Passez avant*" (Push forward) and "*Coelum non animum*" (You may change your country, not your spirit).

IV.

Some famous lawyers have been happy in their mottoes: Ellenborough, as we shall see, by a clever play on words. Abbott, Lord Tenterden, has "*Labore*" (By labour); Lord St. Leonards, "*Labore vinces*" (By labour thou shalt conquer). Lord Erskine has "Tried by Jury," as good a device as he could have; and Earl Cairns has "*Effloresco*" (I flourish). Better still, perhaps, for a laborious lawyer, was that of Baron Bramwell, "*Diligenter*" (By diligence).

"*Odi profanum*" (I hate what is profane) is the motto of the Earls of Listowel—a very good one, and better if acted on. The Earl of Ducie and Viscount Halifax both have "*Perseverando*" (By perseverance). Lord Aberdare, in addition to "*Fuimus*," the general motto of the Bruces, has the expressive Welsh, "*Ofner na ofne angau*" (Fear him who fears not death). The Earls of Lindsay have "*Débonnaire*," fit surely for the "lightsome Lindsays."

“ Nil admirari ” (Admire nothing) is the motto of Lord Carew, and was the motto of the now defunct Earls of Clare, which it would be found hard to practise ; and “ Nil desperandum ” is the motto of the Earl of Lichfield, which it is possible for him always to practise and to profit by. The family name of the Earl of Erne is Crichton, and the motto is “ God send grace.”

Lord Taaffe, whose family has long been settled and held high official position in Austria, and whose motto is “ In hoc signo spes mea ” (In this sign [the Cross] is my hope), like Lord Fairfax, now takes no interest in his Irish (which also are his English) rights ; nor does Lord Gardner, who, in fact, in the Peerage has no address, and who, though he is, or was lately, known to be living, has never appeared to claim or to take up his peerage. Ancestors of his married very distinguished Indian princesses. His motto is “ Valet anchora virtus ” (Virtue is a sheet anchor). Recent report gave it as though Lord Gardner had died and that at last the title might be claimed, but we have had other reports of the claimants to this title.

V.

The quaint device of a play upon words furnishes us with the thread by which to tie together another group. Here are some instances. The family name of Baron Fermoy is Roche: the motto is “ Mon Dieu est ma Roche ” (My God is my Rock) ; and three roach are set across the shield. The motto of Lord Fairfax is “ Fare fac ” (Speak and act)—a very good motto, at all events for that Lord who spoke and acted so energetically for the Commonwealth.¹ The Fortescues, who have amongst them three peerages—Clermont, Fortescue, and Carlingford—have for motto “ Forte scutum salus ducum ” (A strong shield is a leader’s safeguard). The origin of the

¹ Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton was employed by Queen Elizabeth in diplomatic affairs, especially in her intercourse with the King of Scotland, and was afterwards created a peer of Scotland by the title of Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, in 1627 ; four of his younger sons were killed in arms abroad in the year 1621, two in the Palatinate, one at Rochelle, and one in Turkey. Ferdinando, the second Lord, succeeded in 1640, and took arms in support of the Parliament at the beginning of the Civil War. He was appointed general for the County of York, which he represented in Parliament. He was succeeded by Thomas, third Lord, the celebrated general. The late Lord Fairfax was settled in the United States—in Prince George’s County, Maryland—and in letters from his lordship the present writer has it under his lordship’s own hand that he did not now wish to be addressed at all by his Scottish title, but only as “ Dr. Fairfax,” he having studied medicine and taken his degree at the leading University of America. The present Lord Fairfax, I hear, has resumed the title and has been living in England.

name and motto is accounted for in this way:—The early ancestor of the Fortescues, Sir Richard le Fort, is said to have assumed the name and motto from having, with his shield, preserved the life of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. The Nevilles, who enjoy the Barony of Braybrooke and the Marquisate of Abergavenny, have for motto "*Ne vile velis*" (Incline to nothing base). The Earl of Halsbury, who used to be so familiar to us as Sir Hardinge Giffard, and highly distinguished as a pleader, has taken the same motto, but hardly, so far as we can see, with the same verbal appropriateness as the Nevilles. The family name of the Duke of Buckingham was Temple, and the motto was "*Templa quam dilecta*" (Temples how beloved). Earl Temple (W. Gore-Langton, who succeeded to that title through his mother) took the motto. Fane is the name of the Earls of Westmorland, and they take for motto "*Ne vile Fano*" (Nothing vile to the fane or temple). Gathorne-Hardy, Lord Cranbrook, has "*Armé de foi hardi*" (Armed with a hardy faith). Vernon, Lord Vernon, has "*Vernon semper viret*" (Vernon always flourishes, or The Spring does not always flourish). The Trenches, who hold the Barony of Ashtown and the Earldom of Clancarty, have for motto "*Dieu pour la Tranche, qui contre?*" (If God is for Trench, who is against him?). The Trenches, we read, derive their name from La Tranche in Poitou, whence they emigrated to England after the massacre of St. Bartholomew and settled in the county of Northumberland in 1574. A certain Frederick removed to Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century and purchased a considerable estate and castle in the county Galway. Cavendish is the family name of the Duke of Devonshire, and he has for motto "*Cavendo tutus*" (Safe by caution)—a good motto, at all events for the present duke. The Barons Chesham and Waterpark, too, are Cavendishes and have the same motto. The name of the late Lord Ellenborough is Towry-Law; and for Law the motto is "*Compositum jus fasque animi*" (Law and Equity combined); and for Towry (in a scroll over a lion rampant on the top of a tower) "*Nemo sine cruce*" (No one is without his cross)—a very fitting if somewhat ingenious motto for one who gained his honour by devotion to the law. With regard to Lord Onslow's "*Festina lente*," there may be a play of words there too; for the Latin is simply—On slow. There is no such appropriateness in the case of others who have taken the motto. There is surely a play on words in the motto of Lord Cross: "*Crede Cruci*" (Believe in or trust Cross); as certainly there was in that of Lord Battersea (Cyril Flower), which is "*Flores curat Deus*" (God preserves the Flowers).

I cannot help thinking that there is a play on words in the motto of Lord Wolseley: "Homo homini lupus" (Man is wolf to man). The original old Latin proverb, from which the hint for this motto was no doubt taken, is "Homo homini aut deus aut lupus" (Man is to man either god or wolf). The Wolseley motto leads me to think that the name was originally Wolfesley, and, though I can hardly credit the legendary story that both name and motto are derived from the fact of a progenitor having cleared the county of wolves, yet the notion of wolves suggests a still more ancient origin. A man, though on such account he might very well have taken the name of Wolfesley, could hardly on the same account have declared so honourably or dishonourably of wolves he had exterminated that men were in some quality just like them. If men are wolves to men indeed, the facts suggest something in origin very different; either (1) that men are unqualifiedly vile, inhuman and inhumane to each other, like wolves—

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,

which is not a very exhilarating motto for a noble house; or else (2) that some notion derived from far-away totemic ideas and associations is in it. I wish I could get Lord Wolseley's opinion on the matter.

Lord Deramore evidently intends that his name Bateson should be pronounced "Batson," for his arms are several bats' wings displayed in flight, surmounted by a lion, and a bat's wing for crest, with the motto "Nocte volamus" (We fly by night), enough surely to justify us in placing his motto under this heading. The family name of the Earls of Enniskillen is Cole. Their motto is "Deum cole, regem serva" (Worship God and serve the King). The family name of Lord Henniker is Henniker-Major, and the motto is "Deus major columna" (God the greatest support). The motto of Lord Emly, whose name is Monsell, is "Mone sale" (Advise with prudence).

Lord Armstrong's motto was his own name in Latin, "Fortis in armis," with two strong arms in armour across the shield.

There are sometimes plays on the name on crest or on shield. The Barings all have bears for supporters, suggesting some vague notion of early alliance with bears. The family name of Castlemaine is Handcock, and emblazoned at the top of the shield is a hand upright between two cocks. Farrer has a row of horseshoes (for luck, and more, it may be) slantwise across the shield, with horses for supporters. Lord Rookwood has two rooks for supporters.

VI.

Another set of mottoes are those which have a special appropriateness from the well-known relations or circumstances of the family. This is the case, for example, with Lord Wimborne, whose name of Guest, as head of the great ironworking firm of Dowlais, will recall the association. His motto is "*Ferro, non gladio*" (By iron, and not by the sword), signifying an influence and position due to eminence in the arts of peace; his supporters, two hammermen with anvils. The motto of Lord Hood is "*Ventis secundis*" (With prosperous winds), surely the very thing for a successful sailor, before the days of steam and engines. Lord Belper and Lord Rayleigh have "*Propositi tenax*" (Firm of purpose), which may well be assumed of the men who raised their fortunes out of industry. The Earl of Galloway has "*Virescit vulnere virtus*" (Virtue flourisheth from a wound), which may be true of the earlier representatives of the family, and probably true of the later, but could hardly be applied to one holder of the title, if Robert Burns was either right or justified in heaping his maledictions on him, finding for the nonce in one epigram a classic image to add wondrous effect, which was not his wont:

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire;
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

Two Latin mottoes of Scotch peers are particularly appropriate owing to events in their more recent history: Lord Kinnaird's motto, "*Qui patitur vincit*" (He who suffers conquers), or, in broad Scotch, "He 'at [that] tholes owercomes," and that of the Earl of Kintore "*Quæ amissa salva*" (What is lost is safe). This was due, as is said, to the fact that when the Scottish regalia was thought to be unsafe at Dunnottar Castle, that wild island fortalice on the coast of Kincardineshire, it was carried away in a sack of wool by one of the ladies of the Keith family, and was lost or believed to be lost, though it lay safely under the pulpit of the old Kirk of Kinneff. To these we might almost add a third of that of Lord Rollo in French, "*La Fortune passe partout*" (The vicissitudes of fortune fall to all).

The Courtenays still retain for their motto the touchingly plaintive words, "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci*" (Where am I fallen? What have I done?). These words, which express astonishment at a sudden undeserved fall, are said to have been adopted by the

Powderham branch of the Courtenay, family, when they had lost the Earldom of Devon.

Many of the Scottish peers have very expressive mottoes in English, not a few in the vernacular. Hamilton and Orkney have "Through." Hastings and Loudoun have "Trust winneth troth"—more conciliatory and humane than many Scotch mottoes. Lord Cranstoun has "Thou shalt want ere I want," a fit companion to the English motto of the Curzons. The Earl of Carnwath has "I dar," or "I dare," in English—a motto recalling a proud historic fact; the Marquis of Breadalbane has "Follow me"; the Earl of Buchan has "Judge not"; the Duke of Buccleuch has "Amo" (I love) and "Forward." "Forward," too, is the motto of the houses of Queensberry and Castle Stewart. Lord Belhaven has "Ride through," commemorating a feat of pride; Baron Forbes has "Grace me guide." Lord Sinclair has "Feight," and the Earl of Rosslyn has "Fight," mottoes which were certainly appropriate in the days of Scotland's division and internecine strife, though also, be it admitted, when they had the wit to banish minor differences and to meet a common foe. The Earl of Perth has that fine counsel of prudence and caution, "Gang warily"; the Earl of Rothes has "Grip fast"; the Earl of Morton has "Lock sicker"—that is, Hold secure, commemorating a brave feat in Scottish history. Lord Napier has "Ready, aye Ready"; Earl Cathcart "I hope to speed"; Lord Saltoun has "In God is all"; the Earl of Southesk has "Dread God"; and Lord Ruthven has "Deids schaw." The Murrays, who hold the Dukedom of Athole and the Earldom of Dunmore, have for a motto, "Furth fortune and fill the fetters," which carries us back to a early day in history, when morals and manners were very different from what they are now; and the Bruces, both English and Scotch, including the Lordships of Ailesbury, Balfour, Elgin, and Aberdare, hold to the motto "Fuimus" (We have been). Lord Thurlow, owing to alliance with the Cumming-Bruces, takes the same motto and joins it to some others which seem to have more suitability to the rise and history of the Thurlows—namely, "Courage," "Justitiæ soror fides" (Faith the sister of justice), "Quo fata vocant" (Whither Fate may call me). Lord Tweedmouth has "Advance with courage"; the Earl of Seafield (Grant) has "Stand fast"; the Duke of Roxburghe has "Be traist" and "Pro Christo et Patria" (For Christ and my country).

The Duke of Sutherland has "Frangas non flectes" (You may bend, you will not break me), and this is also the motto of Earl Granville. It was also the motto, if we remember right, of Lord

Palmerston, and was certainly very expressive of his jaunty, indomitable English spirit.

One English peer, Lord Portman, has a very pleasant and expressive English motto, "A clean heart and a cheerful spirit."

Some of the Irish peers adopt Celtic mottoes; but there has not been much originality or inventiveness shown here, notwithstanding the richness of the Celtic in expressions that are suitable. The Duke of Leinster and Baron Fitzgerald has "Crom aboo" (Crom for ever); Lord O'Hagan's is the Celtic for "Victory or death"; the Marquis of Ormonde, being a Butler, has "Butler aboo" (Butler for ever); Lord O'Neill has "Lamh dearg Eirion" (The Red Hand of Ireland); and Baron Castletown (Fitzpatrick) has "Cert laidir aboo" (Might and right for ever).

There are only two titled Scotch families whose ancestors did not possess land at the beginning of the sixteenth century—Primrose and Hope. The present head of the Primrose family, the Earl of Rosebery, who has added lustre to the title, descends from James Primrose, the printer, who, in 1616, had licence to print the tract "God and the King" for twenty-eight years, in English and Latin, abroad and at home. The Rosebery motto is "Fide et fiducia" (By faith and fortitude). The Earls of Hopetoun (the present holder for high services has been raised to the marquise—that of Linlithgow) are descended from a race of lawyers. Sir Thomas Hope, one of the early progenitors of the family, was bred to the Scottish Bar, and, living to see two of his sons, Sir John Hope of Craighall and Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, on the bench, whilst he himself was still an advocate, he had the privilege given him, by the Court of Session, of wearing his hat while pleading, it being judged unbecoming that a father should appear uncovered before his children. Their motto is "At spes non fracta" (But my hope is not broken).

VII.

Some of the mottoes of the Roman Catholic families seem exceedingly appropriate. Lord Arundell of Wardour has "Deo date" (Give to God), and one of his brothers is a priest, one of his sisters is a nun. Lord Petre has three sisters nuns, and is himself a priest of the Church of Rome, and his motto is "Sans Dieu rien" (Nothing without God). The Earl of Abingdon has one sister a nun; and his motto is "Virtus ariete fortior" (Virtue is stronger than a battering ram). The Earl of Denbigh (Feilding) has one

sister a nun, and his mottoes are "Virtutis præmium honor" (Honour is the reward of virtue) and "Crescit sub pondere virtus" (Virtue increases under trial).

Some of the religious mottoes, of which there are many, are commonplace. In one or two cases Scripture is quoted, as in that of Earl Cowley, "Porro unum est necessarium" (Moreover one thing is needful). The Earl of Berkeley and Lord Fitzhardinge have for a motto "Dieu avec nous" (God with us), with an archbishop's mitre for crest, which points to the early associations of the family. Lord Ashbourne (Gibson) has on his shield three keys with the motto, "Pandite, coelestes portæ" (Open, ye gates of heaven!) Lord Bangor (Ward) has "Sub cruce salus" (Under the Cross salvation), and the Earl of Caithness has "Commit thy work to God." Lord Strathallan's motto is the prayerful appeal, "Lord, have mercy."

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

CHARING CROSS AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART VI.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE.—I.

WHEN migratory London, in its restless desire to dissociate domestic life from the bustling highways of commerce, first began "throwing bricks and mortar at haystacks," St. Martin's Lane was one of the earliest localities, at the end of the sixteenth century, to capitulate. The traveller through the Lane might still pause and listen to the nightingale in Spring Gardens, but by the year 1600 both sides were built upon, says Pennant,¹ who is perhaps more entitled to credence than the usually accurate Cunningham in this instance, who says that it was built about 1613; for James Howel in his "Londinopolis," 1657, alludes to one side at least having been occupied by private dwellings before the year given by Cunningham. "On the west side of St. Martin's Church and Lane," he says, "are many gentile fair Houses in a row built by the same Earl of Salisbury who built Britain's Burse, but somewhat before." That is, the houses on the west side of the Lane were built before 1608, which was the year in which the first stone of the New Exchange or Britain's Burse was laid. Although the word "Lane" does not necessarily imply a passage-way between hedgerows only, yet in this case the street certainly does retain evidence, in its name, of former rural environments. And we are reminded of this rusticity, not only in the name of the thoroughfare, known until, at least, 1613 as West Church Lane, but in that of a court between numbers 49 and 50 called the Hop Gardens, though incorrectly, for its old name was the "Hop Garden," in the singular, albeit in Strype's Stow it is called the Hop *Yard*—"The Hop Yard," he says, "indifferent good for Stabling, and has an open passage into Bedfordbury." This Hop Yard, as we may on such high authority speak of it, possibly

¹ *London*, 1793, p. 141.

appertained originally to Sir Hugh Platt, the horsemaster, who was the third son of a London brewer named Richard Flat or Platt. He maintained experimental gardens both in Bethnal Green and St. Martin's Lane. The last of five tracts by him which appeared under the title of "The Jewel House of Art and Nature, containing sundry new Experiments in the Art of Husbandry," in 1594, deals with miscellaneous topics like "the brewing of beer without hops." A Mr. George Fenner, in the middle of the eighteenth century, announces a theft, apparently from the stables alluded to by Slow, of "a bright Bay Mare, fourteen hands high, nine years old, with a small Star on her Forehead, a cut Tail, and an 'R' or 'H' or 'S' clipped on her near Hip, several white Saddle spots, an old Fire-brand of an 'S' on her near shoulder, the Hair rubbed off both her Fillets." Twenty shillings reward is offered by Mr. Fenner at the Hop Garden in St. Martin's Lane. A pamphlet published about the same time (1736) by D. Browne, at the Black Swan without Temple Bar, sets forth "The Riches of a Hop-Garden, from the several Improvements arising by that Beneficial Plant, as well to the private Cultivators of it as to the Publick. With the Observations and Remarks of the most celebrated Hop-Planters in Britain. Wherein such Rules are laid down for the Management of the Hop as may improve the most barren Ground, from one Shilling to thirty or forty Pounds an Acre per Annum. In which is particularly explained, the whole Culture from the first breaking up of the Ground, the Planting etc., to the Kilning, or Drying of the Hop. Rendred familiar to every Capacity. By R. Bradley, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, and F.R.S. The Second Edition. Price 1s. 6d."¹ Also another pamphlet, "Instructions for Planting and Managing of Hops, and for raising of Hop Poles. Drawn up and published by Order of the Dublin Society. Price 1s."²

The progress of science has rendered Dr. Richard Bradley's works obsolete. He is chiefly noteworthy in having forestalled, so it was said, Dr. Brewster in the discovery of the kaleidoscope. But the contrivance proposed by Bradley for producing combinations of coloured surfaces depends on principles totally different from those on which the kaleidoscope is constructed, and are calculated to produce a very inferior effect.³ Whether Sir Hugh Platt was the planter or not, there is every probability that the Hop Garden in St. Martin's Lane dates from the very limited cultivation of the hop at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when England certainly

¹ *St. James's Evening Post*, December 11, 1736.

² *Ibid.*

³ See preface to Martyn's *Dissertation on the Æneis*.

did not produce a quantity sufficient for her own consumption.¹ The garden must almost necessarily have been devoted to a very limited amateur cultivation of the hop, *i.e.* the English hop, "Hop-Scotch," among the children of the court, being at a later period more in evidence. It occupied ground south of the White Horse Livery Stables. In J. T. Smith's "Nollekens and his Times," we are told that these stables were originally Tea Gardens, and that the house overhanging the gateway was supposed then to be the oldest building in the Lane. This was in 1828, but the house has long since vanished. The White Horse stables were well known as "Hornby's livery and private stables," whence in 1820 are advertised a Pony, Gig and Harness, to be Sold, together or separately; the pony is sound, fast, and quiet in harness or to ride; the gig is handsomely and tastily built in the Stanhope style, with drop box and low steps—very little used.² A similar advertisement relates to a "Horse, *Dennet*, and Harness."³ A *dennet* was, I believe, a two-wheeled travelling carriage.

While alluding to old houses, there was in St. Martin's Lane a fine example of the better-class London shop which, sixty years ago, had even then retained all its essential features through many changes. The richly carved private door-case told of the well-to-do trader who had either himself erected it or had converted the place from a private dwelling into a shop, which was that of an Italian warehouse. The window was curiously constructed, carrying out the traditional form of the old open shop with its projecting stall on brackets, and its slight window above, but effecting a compromise for security and comfort by enclosing the whole in a sort of glass box, above which the trade of the occupant was shown more distinctly in the small oil-barrels placed upon it, as well as by the models of candles which hung in bunches from the canopy above. The whole of this framework was of timber, richly carved throughout with foliated ornament, and was unique as a surviving example of the better class of shops of the last century.

The growth of the vine also in the more suburban parts of London, and the good and strong wine, generally of a Burgundy character, that was the result, is really remarkable. At Lee's Nursery, Hammersmith, and at Parson's Green, the production was copious, and the groves of Charing were not behind the more outlying parts in their offerings to Bacchus. Even so late as the beginning of the last century No. 96 St. Martin's Lane possessed a tenant of the name of Powell, whose

¹ Beckmann's *History of Inventions*, 1846, vol. ii. p. 385.

² *Times*, October 10, 1820, first page.

³ *Ibid.*

mother had, for many years, made "a pipe of wine" from a vine nearly a hundred feet long which was attached to the establishment.¹

Perhaps it is worthy of mention that, during the excavations for the foundation of the present St. Martin's Library, I went over a very old house just then receiving the attentions of the "house-breaker," which, in the early days of the "Cradle of English Art,"² had evidently belonged to some well-to-do and possibly distinguished person. Behind a pilastered canopy in one of the bedrooms, where the bed would have been, was a secret door which one could even then open without the slightest perceptible noise. In the ground at the side of the house I found a portion of a beautifully carved stone representation of the royal arms which I had reason to assume had appertained to the old Royal Mews before its dismantling. Near it I obtained also a cornelian-handled razor of the seventeenth century. During the excavations for the new St. Martin's Vestry in Charing Cross Road the old pond re-appeared which, I was told by an antiquary at the time—I do not know how correctly—is mentioned in Hearne's unpublished Diary in the Bodleian Library, as having been the pond into which Nell Gwynn's mother fell whilst in a state of inebriety, and was drowned. Possibly this pond was identical with that mentioned in a paragraph relating to what occurred in a crowd which had collected to observe the ruins, after a fire apparently, at the end of the Lane. Several gentlemen and others one Sunday were standing looking on, when a woman attempted to pick a gentleman's pocket. But he apprehended her in the fact, and "laid her on with his Cane, pretty heartily, which drew the Resentment of the Mobb upon him, as not being acquainted with the Reason; but being acquainted therewith the Offender was hurried away to the Pond in the Meuse,³ and underwent the Discipline usual in such Cases."

But everything should have a beginning, so that it will be as well to revert to the end of St. Martin's Lane, which debouched, until the

¹ *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, by Austin Dobson, 1899 (*The Grub Street of the Arts*, pp. 303-4). The extensive cultivation of the vine in the neighbourhood immediately surrounding *old* London, and the survival of the place-names in which "Vine" occurs, forms a subject meriting particular attention from some future London historian. "The Royal Vineyard" in St. James's Park survived apparently as late as 1742 (see *Daily Advertiser* for April 22 of that year).

² Thus Mr. Ashby-Sterry describes St. Martin's Lane, and it certainly sounds better than *The Grub Street of the Arts* of Allan Cunningham, which is not quite accurate.

³ Probably meaning in the vicinity of the Mews; or could there have been a pond within the Mews walls for watering the horses?

formation of Trafalgar Square and the effacement of the Mews, upon that part of the Strand exactly opposite what is now Northumberland Avenue. The millions that pass Charing Cross in the yearly routine of their avocations and pleasures are happily leavened, doubtless, by a fair proportion of great men and women—both the known and the unknown great. And if these in the flesh were absent, there would be the shadows of Nelson, Napier, Gordon, Havelock, and King Charles, to remind us of Emerson's not very graceful simile, that "without great men great crowds of people in a nation are disgusting; like moving cheese, like hills of ants or of fleas—the more the worse." But among these crowds of great, little, and ordinary folk, how many are aware that just beyond where the Havelock statue, at the south-east corner of the Square, stands—opposite the Grand Hotel—was the entrance to St. Martin's Lane. And a few feet to the west of this threshold of the nursery of English art stood a famous coaching inn known as the "Checker." At what precise time the Chequer Inn disappeared is not apparent, but it seems to have vanished after giving its name to the court, and the growth in the public patronage of coaches for travelling appears to have converted it into the "Coach and Horses," whence the Epsom Coach set out every day in 1740, and the Windsor Coach every day in summer, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in winter.¹ It is this inn that has, I think, been immortalised by Hogarth,² as a background for his first plate of the "Harlot's Progress."

On the east side of the Charing Cross entrance to St. Martin's Lane was the Star Inn. Star Court is thus situated in Strype's plan of St. Martin's parish. The King's Head Inn, situated in a small court next, eastward, to Star Court, was exactly opposite Hartshorn Lane, now Northumberland Street. This was in the Strand. After the publication of Prynne's "Retraction of his Book against Stage Plays, called *Histrionastix*," a large posting bill dated "From the King's Head in the Strand," signed "William Prynne," and headed "The Vindication," recites the title of the pamphlet and declares it "to be a mere forgery and imposture." The style of this "Retraction" so thoroughly imitates Prynne's that nothing in it but the stultification of his general opinions could occasion a doubt of its genuineness; and the imposition might still pass pretty current if one of Prynne's bills were not in existence. A copy of this fierce denial is in Mr. J. P. Collier's "*Poetical Decameron*," vol. ii. p. 322.³

¹ *Complete Guide to London*, 1740, pp. 76-103.

² See further, Part II., February 1905, p. 193.

³ Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*, 1823, p. 216.

On the west side of St. Martin's Lane, mention has been omitted of Woodstock Court, opposite the statue of King Charles, and between the entrance to the Lane and the Great Mews. I have been unable to ascertain why this court was so named, but possibly it was in some way owing to the traffic between London and Woodstock in Oxfordshire, in the fine wash-leather gloves and polished steel watch-chains for which the town of Woodstock was famous. The Woodstock trade in polished steel chains has, however, been killed by Birmingham and Sheffield. The work of the Woodstock artificers was so famous that two ounces of polished steel chain sold in France for 172*l*. John Marston, in "Certain Satyres" (London, 1598) thus describes the ruff of a beau :

His ruffe did eate more time in neatest setting,
Than Woodstock-work in painfull perfecting.

"The comparison of the workmanship of a laced and plaited ruff," says Warton, "to the laboured nicety of the steel-work of Woodstock is just"

But it is equally probable that Woodstock Court derived its name from some association with King Charles I.'s manor of Woodstock, where he was a frequent visitor, as were also his sons, Kings Charles and James. It is worthy of remark, too, that Woodstock Church was dedicated in the name of the same saint as St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours.

For many years subsequent to 1733, there was a crossing westward to the "Checker" between the Mews Gate and Spring Gardens, which was swept assiduously—as beggars will sweep crossings if they find it worth their while—by a one-legged man named Ambrose Gwinett. This Gwinett had been hanged, and afterwards hanged in chains, near Deal, as the murderer, on circumstantial evidence, of one Richard Collins, in reality kidnapped by privateers. Being discovered to be alive, Gwinett was taken down by his relatives, recovered, went to sea, and at Havannah fell in with his supposed victim. In 1768 his story was printed from his own narrative, with a frontispiece evidently based (in part) upon the Execution plate of Hogarth's "Apprentice" series. It is but fair to add that from a manuscript note in a copy of the "Life and Adventures" at the British Museum, it would seem that Bishop Percy regarded the whole thing as a concoction of Bickerstaffe the dramatist.¹ While speaking of crossings, in a Scotch magazine for

¹ *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, by Austin Dobson, 1899, p. 246. The story, however, does not read like an invention, and the survival of the rope on the part of the victim is known to have happened in some cases.

January 1866, there was an article under the title of "Grandfather and I," which described some of the phases of metropolitan life and manners in the year 1800. The pavements, such as they were, must have been in a queer condition to have rendered necessary the tactics of which a lady of considerable distinction was the surprised witness, her companion having alighted, when their carriage stopped at a jeweller's near Charing Cross. The coach stood across the causeway, and some gentlemen, wanting to cross to the other side, desired the coachman to move on a little. The fellow was surly and refused, and during the altercation the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this one of the gentlemen, without any hesitation, opened the coach-door and, with boots and spurs on, went through the carriage; he was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within. To complete the jest, a party of sailors, coming up, observed that "if this was a thoroughfare they had as much right to go through it as the gemmen"; and they accordingly went through the coach also.

Sir William Davenant the poet's indulgence in licentious dissipation subjected him to a disease which so injured his nose as to furnish the sarcastic spirits of the age with a never-failing topic for coarse jests and allusions. Some years after the loss of this both useful and ornamental appendage he was passing by the Mews at Charing Cross, when he was followed by a beggar-woman, who prayed God to preserve his eyesight. Davenant, who had nothing whatever the matter with his eyes, inquired, with some curiosity, what on earth could induce her to pray for his eyesight, for, he said, "I am not purblind as yet." "No, your honour," she said, "but if ever you should be, I was thinking you would have no place to hang your spectacles on."¹

As one came up St. Martin's Lane from the Strand, the first turning on the left, before the Trafalgar Square fountains began discharging their columns of green water, was Duke's Court. The court was here in 1831, and probably later, for even the preliminary preparations for the laying out of the Square were of a leisurely character. This Duke's Court is not mentioned either by Cunningham or by Wheatley, but it was here that the celebrated bookbinder, Roger Payne, dwelt, whose *chef-d'œuvre* was the binding, at a cost of fifteen guineas, of the *Æschylus*² in Lord Spencer's library. Payne was a

¹ Jesse's *Memorials of London*, 2nd series, 1901, p. 152.

² Thomas Stanley, the editor of *Æschylus*, who died in 1678, was buried in St. Martin's churchyard.

native of Windsor Forest, and was born in 1739. His talents as an artist, particularly in the finishing department, were of the first order, and such as, up to his time, had not been developed by any other of his countrymen. "Roger Payne," says Dr. Dibdin, "rose like a star, diffusing lustre on all sides, and rejoicing the hearts of all true sons of bibliomania." He bound with such artistic taste as to command the admiration and patronage of many noblemen, but owing to his excessive indulgence in strong ale, he was in person a deplorable specimen of humanity. During the latter part of his life he was the victim of poverty and disease. He closed his earthly career in Duke's Court, November 20, 1787, and was interred a few yards away from his residence, in the burial-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at the expense of his worthy patron, Mr. Thomas Payne.¹ In this court was one of the toy-shops where Boydell was in the habit of exhibiting his etchings for sale, and which displayed the sign of the "Cricket Bat."

At the "Crown" in Duke's Court the journeymen tailors and stay-makers formed a combination in 1756 against their masters.² In a daily newspaper of November 1762 it is stated that "the signs in Duke's Court are all taken down and fixed to the front of the houses." J. Davies was a bookseller and publisher in this court in 1742.³

Crown Court must have been somewhere immediately in the neighbourhood, although I cannot ascertain where.⁴ One Saturday in April, 1764, three persons were coming to town on horseback from Deptford. One of these, the master of the Thistle and Crown Alehouse in Crown Court, near St. Martin's Church, rode furiously against a post and dashed his brains out. How they managed it we are not told, but another was thrown, had his leg broken, and was taken up for dead, while the third was dismounted and very much bruised.⁵

Mr. J. W. Harrison, whose extensive acquaintance with this neighbourhood is very remarkable, informs me that Duke's Court was called Duke Street when King James granted an acre of land for the graveyard, workhouse, &c.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary artifices resorted to by a

¹ Thornbury's *Haunted London*, 1880, p. 458.

² Collection in St. Martin's Library of material relating to the signs of this part, No. 2, 888.

³ He advertises the *Confessions of Count * * **, translated from the French: *Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 18, 1742.

⁴ Possibly Crown Court, Soho.

⁵ Collection of Newspaper Cuttings, &c., in St. Martin's Library, Charing Cross (April 14, 1764).

bailiff (in the *exigent* eighteenth century), on the scent of a debtor, was that of the famous "Jack" Faringdon. He had an action against Richard Bush, a joiner and coffin-maker in St. Martin's Lane, Strand. This person, being a "shy cock," as the "shoulder-dabbers" styled a wary evader of his pecuniary responsibilities, was found to be a difficult bird to snare. However, the bailiff and his "follower" went to an ale-house in St. Martin's Lane near where he dwelt, and, confiding their plan to the victualler, called for a pack of cards and played at cribbage until high words arose about cheating, when, in their pretended passion, they drew their swords. Now the bailiff's follower had a lamb's bladder filled with blood in his pocket, the contents of which, being pricked by the bailiff's sword, ran about the floor. The bogus victim dropped his sword and fell, as if dead. There was a cry of "Murder!" which flew from one end of the Lane to the other. The victualler shut his door, swearing he would let nobody in till the corpse was laid out. Accordingly the "follower" lay stretched out on a "shuffle-board table" with a clean sheet spread over him, and the tapster was sent to Richard Bush to take measure of the supposed deceased for a coffin, who accordingly came, and, pulling out the rule that he wore tucked into his apron-strings, fell to measuring the supposed corpse without taking off the sheet, saying that he was full 6 feet 3 inches long, and that his coffin must be 1 foot 8 inches in depth. Upon which up jumped the corpse swearing it would be too large for him any way, and Faringdon, taking hold of the joiner, said he had an action for 12*l.* against him, which the poor joiner was forced to discharge before they would dismiss him.¹

Before we come to the *present* lower end of St. Martin's Lane, there was, on the west side, Red Lion Court, which was between Duke's Court and Grant's Court; and Ellis Court, between Grant's Court² and Hemming's Row or Rents. And just about here, "near the Stocks," which were near the wall of the Watchhouse in front of St. Martin's Church, was a place of resort very popular with chess-players, mostly City men, in such leisure time as their business circumstances afforded. But it attracted all the most famous chess and draught-players, as Simpson's did at a later period. When Nathaniel Smith the engraver, father of J. T. Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, lodged with Roubiliac

¹ *The Comical and Tragical History of the Lives and Adventures of the most noted Bayliffs in and about London and Westminster*, by Captain Alexander Smith, 1723, p. 59.

² Strype's *Stow* (1755) alludes to these as "three small ordinary courts."

the sculptor, in St. Martin's Lane, Smith was introduced by Roubiliac—in consequence of a bet made at Old Slaughter's—to the famous Parry, to play at draughts with him. Parry, although blind, was one of the first draught-players in England. The game lasted about half an hour. Smith, perceiving the venerable blind man to be much agitated, would most willingly have lost the game; but as there were bets depending on it, his integrity overpowered his inclination, and he won. This circumstance being made known to the other famous players, Sturges, Batridge, &c., the engraver was soon annoyed with challenges. The Dons at the "Barn" invited him to become a member; but all these temptations he withstood for the Arts, which he then studied with avidity. The "Barn," sometimes called the "Barn Meuse," was for many years frequented by all the noted players of chess and draughts, and it was there they often decided games of the first importance, played between persons of the highest rank, living in different parts of the world.¹

An extremely sad case of self-destruction was that of James Sutherland, Esq., a judge-advocate of the Court of Admiralty, at Minorca and Gibraltar, whose tragic death became accidentally associated with the "Barn" tavern, and the immediately neighbouring St. Martin's Workhouse. While, one day in August 1791, King George III. was passing from the Queen's house to the *levée* at St. James's about one o'clock in the afternoon, this eminent naval adviser placed himself close to the rails of the Green Park, and shot himself in the breast with a pistol, in the hearing, and almost in the presence, of His Majesty. . . . A green silk purse containing two pence in halfpence, a sixpence, a snuff-box, and a white pocket-handkerchief were all that were found in his pockets. The body was conveyed to St. Martin's Workhouse, and the coroner's inquest was taken at the "Barn Meuse," where, after a sitting of four hours, the jury humanely brought in a verdict of lunacy.

In the evidence he was stated to be a man of the strictest honour and most inflexible integrity, but he conceived that he had been treated with neglect at the hands apparently of the King, at the instigation of General Murray, and poverty was the chief cause. Expenses and privation were incurred in an important mission with despatches from Lord Weymouth to the Governor of Minorca. The mission failed, and in addition to his troubles he suffered, for many months, the horrors of a French prison.²

¹ John T. Smith's *Nollekens and his Times*, 1828, vol. ii. p. 215.

Gentleman's Magazine, August 17, 1791 (Deaths), and September, 1791, p. 868-70. St. Martin's Workhouse was situated between Duke's Court and

The turnings that have already been noticed on the left side of St. Martin's Lane, coming up from Charing Cross, were all footways, rather than thoroughfares for vehicular traffic, which took its course through Hemming's Row, described by Elmes as the "first coach-turning on the left hand, going from the Strand." This Hemming's Row, or "Rents," although practically destroyed at the formation, in 1889, of Charing Cross Road, really occupied the present site of St. Martin's Place West with Parr's Bank and St. Martin's Library on the west side, a continuation, in fact, across St. Martin's Lane of Chandos Street. The library and offices of the Royal Society of Literature (No. 4 St. Martin's Place), of which the architect was Decimus Burton in 1830-1, were demolished for the laying out of the south end of Charing Cross Road, after the passing of the National Gallery Enlargement Act, followed by the removal of the workhouse, and Hemming's Row. The Provident Institution and Savings Bank, founded in 1816, stood at the present south-west corner of St. Martin's Lane. It closed its doors on the transfer of the accounts to the Post Office Savings Bank in January 1896, when the building was occupied by Parr's Bank.

I think it is Stow who says that "Hemming's Rents, opposite to Chandos Street, hath a great passage into Leicester Fields both for Horse and Foot. The buildings are on the North side, having the Wall of St. Martin's churchyard, and the Trouble that the Carts and Coaches make in their frequent Passage occasions it not to be over well inhabited." Perhaps it was on account of this churning of the roadway by the heavy traffic of the time that it was unequivocally known as Dirty Lane,¹ a name from which it appears to have been redeemed by one John Hemings, apothecary, who probably built or owned houses here since the street was known as Heming's Rents. In the overseers' accounts of St. Martin's, £12 is stated to have been received in 1679 of John Hemings by way of a fine for not serving as overseer.² The "Ring and Pearl" was the sign of Denis Pere, jeweller and silversmith in Hemming's Row.³

The parish burying-ground adjoining the church of St. Martin was Hemming's Row. See Horwood's *Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster*, 1799.

¹ Hatton's *New View of London*.

² Cunningham. Upon an old wooden house at the west end of the Rents, near the second-floor window, was a stone tablet with the inscription, "Heming Row, 1680" or 1685.

³ *Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 18, 1742. There are two views of houses at different periods at the corner of Hemming's Row and St. Martin's Lane, drawn by T. H. Shepherd, in St. Martin's Library.

destroyed in 1829, when a new site was found in Camden Town. The custom of "waking" the dead, of which one could narrate instances occurring only lately among the Boers and in Italy, as well as among the Irish, is alluded to as having been prevalent in St. Martin's parish, in 1698, by Misson, in his "*Mémoires par un Voyageur en Angleterre.*" Butler, the keeper of the Crown and Sceptre tavern in St. Martin's Lane, he says, told him there was a tun of rich port drunk at his wife's funeral. . . . and that "No men ever goe to women's burials, nor women to men's, so that there were none but women drinking of Butler's wine. Such women in England will hold it out with the men, when they have a bottle before them, as well as upon the other occasions, and tattle infinitely better than they."

There was another popular resort, described sometimes as "at Charing Cross," and at others as "near St. Martin's Church," known as the Rainbow Coffee-house, in Lancaster Court. This Lancaster Court does not appear to have derived its name from the Duchy of Lancaster—which extended west only so far as Cecil Street—but from a former beneficent vicar of St. Martin's, Dr. Lancaster, of whom there is a half-length portrait on the walls of the vestry-room, which vestry-room, according to Waters's plan of the parish in 1799, stood at the top, on the east side, of Lancaster Court, and at the south-eastern corner of the church. Dr. Lancaster was Provost of Queen's College, Oxford (of which University he had been Vice-Chancellor), and Archdeacon of Middlesex, and died in 1717, when he left a considerable sum by will towards completing his college, previously benefited by his munificence.¹ In Lancaster Court John Williams advertises that he "has had the Honour to be employ'd by the greatest Nobility, Gentry, and others in Town to destroy Bugs out of Palaces and other large and antient Buildings in which I have succeeded and effectually cleansed, by an infallible liquid (not to be parallel'd in England) which is endu'd with such exquisite Qualities that it kills them instantly, and is in no wise offensive to the Smell, or destructive to the finest Furniture," &c.² Another advertisement in the "*Craftsman*" ten years earlier³ is embellished with an elegant cut representing six of the animals in question, in detestation of which an owner of the good old Scandinavian name of "Bugg," a word of entirely different etymology,

¹ *Londinium Redivivum*, 1803, vol. iv. p. 193.

² *Daily Advertiser*, June 15, 1742.

³ *The Craftsman* of September 8, 1733. In the winter of 1905 I encountered a respected instance of the name of Bugg in East Anglia, its native home.

advertised in the "Times" that he would in future be known by the name of "Norfolk Howard." Fifteen yards of looped Mechlin lace between two and three fingers broad, and a piece of "grounded" lace of the same length, for which five and four guineas reward are offered respectively, are advertised from the Rainbow Coffee-house in Lancaster Court, by St. Martin's Church.¹ This Lancaster Court ran from the centre of the south side of the church, in a south-eastward direction, to the Strand.²

From Mr. Barrett's at the Golden Anchor and Baptist's Head at the upper end of Church Court near St. Martin's Church is advertised the loss of a "Dimity Pocket, with a little Pocket in the inside, containing two Snuff-boxes, one black, and the other Iron japann'd," &c. . . . "Half a Guinea Reward, or in proportion for any part, and no Questions ask'd."³ This Church Court was at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, between what was afterwards Agar Street and Duncannon Street, and "over against Hungerford Market." Elmes says it was at No. 446 Strand. The houses, among which was Allen's Coffee-house, abutted on Lancaster Court. On October 27, 1737, "Allen's" was the scene of a fire which broke out about four o'clock A.M. The Coffee-house was consumed before the contents could be removed; the proprietor's mother, aged about seventy, who was ill in bed, perished in the flames, and was found in the ruins about eight o'clock. The house adjoining towards the church was gutted, and another beyond was very much damaged. In Lancaster Court Mr. Tovey's "Compting-house" took fire, but now came the "perpetual Stream Hand-Engine belonging to their Office"—presumably the Westminster Fire Assurance Office, incorporated in 1717 and originally located close by in Tom's Coffee-house, St. Martin's Lane,⁴—which played out of the King's Arms Yard, and not only extinguished the fire at Mr. Tovey's, "but 'tis thought greatly contributed to the Preservation of the King's Arms Tavern, for a Closet belonging to an Alehouse next to the Strand, and adjoining to the Tavern, was also extinguished by the said Engine. 'Tis said the fire began in a Stove-Chimney, and there is good Reason to believe it, because the Smell of Burning Soot was taken Notice of by several of the Neighbours about Eleven o'clock on

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 15, 1742.

² R. Horwood's *Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster*, 1799. The ancestors of the Trees lived in Lancaster Court (Mr. J. W. Harrison), and here was Dr. Lancaster's vicarage.

³ *Daily Advertiser*, April 3, 1742.

⁴ See Elmes's *Topographical Dictionary of London* (Westminster).

Thursday Night, which caused an Enquiry not only to be made at Mr. Allen's, but at several other Places in the Neighbourhood." ¹

The above testifies pretty accurately to the site of the King's Arms Tavern at Charing Cross. It was probably near the south-west corner of St. Martin's Church and on the east side of St. Martin's Lane, which, it must be remembered, extended, before the Trafalgar Square Improvements, almost up to the portals of Northumberland House, as may be seen in Stow's plan of St. Martin's parish.

How happy those who preside at the Government Offices would be if they could put troublesome deputations in a bag! Yet half-a-crown reward is offered to whomsoever shall bring "a black-Leather Letter-Case, in which was a Deputation from the Stamp-Office," to the King's Arms in St. Martin's Lane, "and no Questions ask'd." ² It must, however, have been a different kind of deputation.

Being near the Mews—where the abuses that were practised by the King's servants in their "buying and selling horses and chaises, harness and carriages, by which means the Mews had been made a kind of trading place, to the great dishonour of the King," had become notorious ³—the King's Arms Tavern naturally acquired a flavour of horse-dealing, such as, I believe, is associated to this day with taverns in the neighbourhood of Tattersall's and Aldridge's. Many are the advertisements, for instance, like the following:

"To be SOLD,

"At the King's Arms Inn in St. Martin's Lane,

"A Very beautiful strong bay Gelding, fifteen Hands high, eight Years old, with a swish Tail, well mark'd, fit for the Road, a Hunter, or for an Officer, Master of sixteen Stone, and warranted sound." ⁴

Again at the same mart:

"A Chesnut Gelding, fifteen Hands high, six Years old, with a star and small Blaze; walks, trots, and gallops well; fit both for the Road and Hunting, has two Years Meat in his Belly, never was abus'd, and warranted sound." ⁵

The trade in horses which the King's stables here seem to have created drew large numbers of the rougher element in the popula-

¹ *St. James's Evening Post*, Oct. 27, 1737 (possibly 1734).

² *Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 19, 1742.

³ The Earl of Cork and Orrery, "Concerning the Office of the Master of the Horse," in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Jan. 1896

⁴ *Daily Advertiser*, March 1, 1742.

⁵ *Ibid.* June 26.

tion towards the spot, of whose riotous behaviour in this part Charing Cross had its more than fair share of experience. At the King's Arms occurred one among many instances of how a riot was brought about in the streets of London, owing occasionally to the just anger of the mob, but more frequently through the malice of some individual. About the middle of July 1795 a fifer named John Lewis, having been refused liquor at the King's Arms, Charing Cross (then deprived of its license), and turned out of the house for his insulting behaviour, attracted an immense crowd round the door by falsely asserting that his companion had just been kidnapped, and was then chained down in the cellar with three others, whence they were to be conveyed away by a secret door that communicated with the Thames. This tale was so fully credited by the people that, although the house was submitted to search and nothing of the kind discovered, all the furniture was destroyed or carried off, &c., before the military could disperse the rioters. Lewis, however, was taken into custody by some persons who had witnessed his improper conduct. But this was not the end of the matter.

On the two following days a mob assembled both at Charing Cross and in St. George's Fields, where they partly demolished the Recruiting Offices, and made bonfires of the furniture. They were at last dispersed by the Horse Guards, who, after enduring a great deal of insult, were forced to ride their horses among them, by which several were trampled on and severely wounded, and some of the more active rioters were apprehended. On the succeeding morning another great multitude collected, and several parts of the town were threatened with disturbances, but the judicious distribution of the soldiery had the effect of intimidation, and the tumult ceased without the necessity for using particular violence. The instigator of these disorders was capitally convicted for the offence, and was hanged at Newgate in November; some other persons also suffered for participating in them.¹

When the excavator ploughed his cross-furrows of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road through the slums of St. Giles—there are not so many beggars now for the saint to extend his tutelage to—the writer attended the diggings in many cases, and many were the interesting mementoes of seventeenth-century life that he acquired in the wake of the labourer. Among these are especially noteworthy the small collection he formed of Venetian wineglass stems, many of them beautiful in themselves, but all possessing an

¹ Brayley's "London and Middlesex" (*Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. x.) part I., and Allen's *History of London*, 1828, vol. ii. p. 121.

added beauty of opalesque iridescence through long contact with the earth. Generally they resembled the more simple examples represented in the Catalogue of the Collection of Glass formed by Felix Slade, Esq., F.S.A.,¹ but he never encountered a perfect glass with bowl and stem intact, always the stem alone, reminding one of James Howell's quaint saying that "a good name is like Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended; patched it may be." Whether these Venetian wineglasses, found in a peculiar abundance in this neighbourhood,² as I can testify, were purchased at the glass-shop at the corner of St. Martin's Lane, in Glasshouse Street, or in Crutched Friars one cannot say, but there is reason to suppose that the glass-shop at the corner of St. Martin's Lane was coeval in its origin with the fashionable residential quarter where the wine-glass stems alluded to were found, and that the owner of the shop was a wholesale purchaser of one of the glasshouses where, as Stow says of the factory in Crutched Friars, "was made glass of divers sorts to drink in."³ The "Glass-Shop facing the Mews Wall" was so well known as to become a landmark, and there the living Swedish Colossus was exhibited. They called him the "Christian Goliath," but his admirers at a shilling a head must have had some misgivings as to the accommodation which a glass-shop afforded for a giant, than whom "no one of human species had been heard of since that Æra of so monstrous a size," the "Æra" alluded to being that of the Saxon giant, than whom the Swedish "Goliath" was a foot taller.⁴ This Saxon giant was Maximilian Christian Miller, born at "Leipzig" in Saxony in 1674. There is a handbill relating to him in the British Museum as follows:

"G.R. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others. That there is just arrived from France, and is seen at the Two

¹ Ed. 1871, pp. 82-88 (plates b, c, d, &c.).

² In the years 1890-91.

³ Their delicate fabric is again alluded to by James Howell, in a letter written to his brother from Venice in 1621, who says, "When I saw so many curious glasses made here, I thought upon the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who, having five or six comely daughters, said he never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses. The compliment proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here, that the first handsome woman that ever was made was made of Venice glass; which implies beauty, but brittleness withal (and Venice is not unfurnished with some of that mould, for no place abounds more with lasses and glasses)."

⁴ *Daily Advertiser*, March 15, 1742. The giant probably had a room to himself either at the back or upstairs. For the Saxon giant see E. J. Wood's *Giants and Dwarfs*, 1868, p. 115, where, however, no mention is, I think, made of the Swedish giant.

Blue Posts and Rummer near Charing Cross, a giant born in Saxony, almost eight feet in height, and every way proportionable; the like has not been seen in any part of the World for many years: he has had the honour to shew himself to most princes in Europe, particularly to his late Majesty the King of France, who presented him with a noble scymiter, and a silver mace." The King of France referred to was Louis XIV., who died in 1715. James Paris, in his manuscript book in the British Museum, says that Miller was exhibited at the Blue Post, Charing Cross, about the beginning of November 1732. Thoresby the antiquary, in his "Ducatus Leodiensis," 1714, says that he had it under the giant's own hand that he was seven feet five inches, but he had increased several inches by 1728.

The real business of Jerrom Johnson of the Glasshouse was not exploiting giants, but that of satisfying the prevalent taste for cut glass, lustres, &c.: "The right and most curious Lustres, new-fashion Salts, Diamond cut and scallop'd Candlesticks, Decanters, Plates, Dishes, Bowls, Basons, Cups, Saucers, Middle-Stands, Desert Glasses, all cut, scallop'd, and flower'd Glasses, shall always be sold cheapest by the Maker."¹ Johnson himself was a Glass Scalloper,² whose shop appears to have occupied the site of what is now the "Chandos" tavern, at the south-eastern corner of St. Martin's Lane.

Described as near St. Martin's Lane, so, presumably, not far from the "Glass Shop," was the "Tea-Pot," the sign of a china-shop, where inquiries were to be made concerning the letting of "an handsome Gentleman's Seat at Shackleford in Surrey—four Miles from Guilford, six from Farnham, and two from Godalming" . . . "enquire also at the Reverend Mr. Swift's at Puttenham, near Guilford."³

The old St. Martin's round-house, which has already been alluded to, stood at the present bottom of St. Martin's Lane, exactly opposite the centre of the portico of St. Martin's Church,⁴ and I think it has been mentioned that the parish whipping-post may still be seen in the crypt of the church. Mr. Walter Thornbury mentions another riot here which is represented in a rare etching exhibiting the front of the round-house while the row is in progress.⁵ In one of Walpole's

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 4, 1742.

² *i.e.* one who indented the edges either with scallop or shell-like curves or in other ways, as in the gadrooning of the edges of china or earthenware plates and dishes.

³ *Mist's Weekly Journal*, Sept. 3, 1726.

⁴ *Nollekens and his Times*, vol. i. pp. 93-94.

⁵ *Haunted London*, 1880, p. 256.

“Letters” to Sir Horace Mann¹ he relates how there had lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable. A parcel of *drunken* constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six and twenty, all of whom they thrust into St. Martin’s round-house, where they kept them all night with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water; one poor creature said she was worth eighteen-pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered; several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodgings, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women. One of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. One of the constables was taken, and others absconded; but I question if any of them will suffer death, though the greatest criminals in this town are the officers of justice; there is no tyranny they do not exercise, or villainy of which they do not partake. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent Garden, and took up Jack Spencer,² Mr. Stewart, and Lord George Graham, and would have thrust them into the round-house with the poor women, if they had not been worth more than eighteen-pence!”³

The removal of what Malcolm calls “the execrable watch-house and sheds in front of the church” seems to have led to the opening up of the view past the Mews which we now enjoy, looking from Pall Mall East, a betterment which Elmes, as will, I think, be seen in his “London Improvements,” was still further instrumental in promoting. In his “Topographical Dictionary” he says that Pall Mall East is a new street, recently formed from the eastward of Pall Mall to the portico of St. Martin’s Church. Even from Waterloo Place the view embraces a part of the portico of the church, its spire, and the National Gallery, as may be seen on the cover of the new (1905) series of the “Pall Mall Magazine.”

¹ *The Letters of Horace Walpole*, 1840, vol. i. pp. 215-16.

² “Jack” Spencer was the favourite grandson of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who left him a vast fortune. *Ibid.*

³ There is a description of the disgusting and barbarous interior of a watch-house at a late date, drawn from the personal experience of one who was on a certain occasion thus immured by mistake—Henry Angelo. See his *Reminiscences*, 1830, vol. ii. pp. 214-18.

When Hogarth engraved his "Two Plates from a Paviour's Sign" the roads, and, but for the posts separating them therefrom, the footways also, were in a chaotic condition, and the Pavement in St. Martin's Lane was spoken of almost with bated breath. So much admiration did the comparative novelty evoke, indeed, that such spots as had undergone this improvement were spoken of as the Pav'd Alley or Court, the Pav'd Entry, Paviour's Alley or Court, of which varying forms of nomenclature there were in 1761 not more than fifteen or sixteen known instances throughout London.¹ A relic of this eighteenth century stone-worship survives to this day in Finsbury Pavement, while in 1761 there was a Pavement Row in Moorfields. It was not till a year later, in 1762, that this deplorable state of things was remedied by an Act for new paving in the City and Liberties of Westminster. Cobbles were abolished and their place taken by blocks of Scotch granite.² Until then every inhabitant acted according to his fancy, some "doors" consequently being "superbly paved, some indifferently, some very badly, and others totally neglected, according to the wealth, avarice and caprice of the inhabitants. And a proof of the filth and nastiness which prevailed is detailed in the 'London Chronicle' of that time."³ With regard to the plan for a new pavement it was stated that "all sorts of dirt and ashes, oyster shells, and the offals of dead poultry and other animals, will no longer be suffered to be thrown into the streets, but must be kept until the dustman comes; nor will the annoyances erected by coachmakers be permitted; and when a house is pulled down the rubbish must be carried to a proper place and not left in the streets."⁴ The pavement⁵ was considered so remarkable that it served by way of a street sign up to a later period. At the "lower end of the paved stones, St. Martin's Lane," a cabinet-maker hung out his sign of a "Crown and Looking Glass." As printed on his bill-heads the sign consisted of a modern mirror surmounted by a fan.⁶ Again, "at the Golden Fleece on the Pavement in St. Martin's Lane, near Charing Cross,"

¹ *The Environs of London*, 1761, vol. v.

² According to the Rev. John Entick, in his *History of London*, the Strand in 1766 was considered "one of the finest streets in Europe for length, breadth, buildings, trade, and the goodness of the pavement lately performed with Scotch stone in the modern taste" (vol. iv. p. 409).

³ Allen's *History of London*, 1828, vol. iv. p. 346.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 346.

⁵ The west side of the street from Beard's Court to St. Martin's Court was called the Pavement; but the road has since been heightened three feet. Thornbury's *Haunted London*, 1880, p. 252.

⁶ Banks Collection, Brit. Mus.

inquiries were to be made of a Mr. Siddall as to the "Letting . . . of the Turret House on Brooke Green, near Hammersmith, late in the possession of Richard Jackson, Esq. . . . a good Garden wall'd all round and planted with the best of Fruit, Coach-House, Stables, and all other Offices . . . very convenient for fifteen or sixteen in Family."¹ Advertisements for the "Daily Advertiser" were, again, taken in at S. Harding's, the Bible and Anchor, *on the Pavement* in St. Martin's Lane.² This Harding seems to have been the author of a little book on the "Monograms of Old Engravers," and here he sold old prints. It was to this shop that Wilson, the sergeant painter, took an etching of his own, which was sold to Hudson as a genuine Rembrandt. That same night, by agreement, Wilson invited Hogarth and Hudson to supper. When the cold sirloin came in, Scott, the marine painter, called out, "A sail, a sail!" for the beef was stuck with skewers bearing impressions of the new Rembrandt, of which Hudson was so proud.³ In the "Cellar under the Hand and Pen on the Pav'd Stones in St. Martin's Lane (the Cellar and Vault to be Lett)" were for sale "extraordinary good Anchovies for 6d. the Pound or 10s. the Barrel; and fine Florence Oil at 10s. the Gallon, and very good Florence Oils for 7, 8, or 9 Shillings the Gallon."⁴ Later, twenty-eight years later, the Hand and Pen house itself apparently was "to be Lett" . . . "having been a School or Office many Years for the boarding and qualifying Persons for Business in Writing and Accounts, &c. . . . with a pleasant Garden," &c.⁵ At the "lower end of the Lane," which may have been anywhere between New Street and the south-eastern extremity of Trafalgar Square, dwelt the King's Chairman, John Williams, as No. 2680 in Boyne's "Trades Tokens" testifies. Paul Savigne, a cutler, dwelt at the sign of the "Halbert and Crown," in St. Martin's Churchyard, in 1791. "Whereas several Sets of Synopsis of Mineralogy were left with Mr. Haywood of St. Martin's Churchyard, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, by Mr. James Miller: Notice is hereby given that unless the said Mr. James Miller takes them away within fourteen Days from the Date hereof they will be sold to defray Expenses."⁶

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, April 13, 1742. A Beaufoy token (No. 795) relates to a "Golden Fleece" tavern in St. Martin's Lane.

² *Ibid.*, April 3. ³ Smith, *Nollekens and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 224.

⁴ *Post Boy*, April 28, 1714.

⁵ *Daily Advertiser*, April 28, 1742.

⁶ *Ibid.* Jan. 4, 1794.

OUR GRAVES.

AN IMPRESSION.

THE wind moaned with sad insistence. But, behind closely barred doors and windows, grouped round blazing fires, few heeded.

Higher and fiercer the wind gathered. God's night spirits seemed let loose. They leant against the nodding tombstones, and greeted each other with short staccato sentences. But sometimes these cold dim figures of a bygone day smiled instead. It saved many words.

They feared no interruption, for the earth children love their firesides.

"One laid a cross of flowers on my heart to-day," said the tallest of the company. "Hard thoughts had been mine. But our brothers and sisters and lovers remember—sometimes!"

"Why do they creep so fearfully to our resting-places?" one asked.

"They need not fear. It is their eyes that are dim—not ours!"

"We could speak with them if they would."

"But they dim their eyes with weeping!" said another regretfully.

"Not for long!" spoke the first bitterly.

"Would you have it so?" a gentle Spirit murmured. "Is there not weeping enough? God dries their eyes that they may smile a little longer in the sunshine."

"And weeping is easy: the agony that cannot weep God weeps for Himself!"

"Poor children, they forget that, sleeping side by side, at times to some comes sweet converse—it lies with themselves," and that Spirit smiled.

"No Teacher tells one—but in the instant of Death one knows!"

"And that is why so many fall on sleep with a smile? God

whispers to each passing soul just what that soul craves—we know !”

“Yea, we all know !” came in sweet certainty, like one grand amen.

The full moon struggled with a passing cloud, but was overpowered. But Spirits need not the light of heaven nor the light of man. Theirs is the radiance of eternity.

“Is the rush and turmoil of life still as great ?” one asked.

“The cycle of Time knows no vast changes, nor ever will till Birth and Death are abolished.”

“And then ?”

The wind rose to one wild effort, then hushed as suddenly, as if awaiting the answer.

It came softly from the first speaker. “God only knows.”

“Miracle mounted on miracle : another world think you—another chance of doing better ?”

“Eternal forgiveness ?”

“That assuredly.”

“To all ?” came half brokenly.

“To the Potter all his handiwork is precious.”

“The marred and broken and spoiled ?”

“There were ninety and nine,” one said softly.

None heeded the mixed metaphor ! The Dead do not criticise—they marvel !

Then the Spirits looked towards the east : there fell silence. Darkness and the sound of faintest movement. Day was dawning.

MARGARET PURVES.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL IN SCOTLAND.

NOBODY has yet satisfactorily explained why Doctor Johnson went to Scotland. To begin with, he had a notorious prejudice against the Scots. It was something more than Lamb's "imperfect sympathy," it was a downright, unreasoning hatred, at times almost savage in its bitterness. One remembers how he defined the word "oats" in his dictionary, though he was acute enough to perceive the advantage to himself in having Scotsmen for his amanuenses. Scotch learning, he once said, is like bread in a besieged town, "every man gets a mouthful, but no man a bellyful." Once Strachan the publisher remarked in answer to some abusive remarks, "Well, sir, God made Scotland." "Certainly," replied Johnson, "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen, and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strachan, but God made Hell." He apologised for Boswell by saying that "he lives among savages in Scotland," and declared *apropos* of the Union, that it was not so much to be lamented that old England was lost as that the Scots had found it.

When Boswell, in one of his fits of melancholy, expressed a wish to "fly to the woods," the great Cham retorted upon him about the quantity of easily accessible desert in Scotland. Somebody introduced a Scotsman to him, and the Scotsman, knowing his prejudices, apologetically remarked that he could not help coming from Caledonia. "That, sir," said Johnson, "is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help." To an unlucky compatriot of Bozzy's who claimed for his country a great many "noble wild prospects," Johnson replied, "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road which leads to England."

This sturdy antipathy to Scotland and the Scots, if one may

pause to consider it for a little, has been accounted for in various ways. Its origin was forgotten by Johnson himself, though he was willing to accept a theory started by old Sheridan that it was resentment for the betrayal of Charles I. Boswell once hinted to him, when he mentioned how he had been thrashed by Hunter, his first teacher, that Hunter bearing a Scotch name, and being therefore probably a Scotsman, must have given the start to his absurd prejudice. But Hunter, as Johnson promptly explained, was an Englishman. As a matter of fact, when we look closely at the matter, there is nothing very surprising in Johnson's prejudice. It was a prejudice he shared with the majority of his countrymen—a prejudice common enough from the days of his youth, when each people supposed itself to have been cheated by the Union, and Englishmen resented the advent of swarms of needy adventurers, talking with a strange accent, and hanging together with clannish but vexatious persistence. When the century was young, a certain Joseph Taylor, "late of the Inner Temple, Esquire," made a journey to Scotland in the company of two friends. The wags on the borders gave the travellers a terrible account of what might befall them, and it was with sinking hearts that they turned their backs upon Berwick and crossed the invisible boundary between North and South Britain. "Upon our first entrance into Scotland we embrac'd one another with all the friendship imaginable. We were now got into a very desolate country, and could see nothing about us but barren mountains and the black Northern seas. We often cast our eyes back at dear England, and were pleased so long as we could but see the top of the mountain Cheviot. Everyone reckoned our journey extremely dangerous, and told us 'twould be difficult to escape with our lives." Nothing more formidable than their own fears lent danger to the journey, but that these were very real and endured throughout their stay in the country is evident from Mr. Joseph Taylor's exulting description of their return to England and safety. As soon as we set foot on English ground we embraced one another with ecstasies of joy as coming into a new world. The air, climate, and everything else seemed like Paradise."

All this is quoted to show that Johnson was in no way peculiar. He was irritated by what was, after all, a natural defence against English prejudice. He was a "very good hater," as he said himself of Bathurst, and it is possible enough that he rather prided himself upon his resentment against the Scots. But the point need not be laboured. One notices it simply to suggest that in going amongst a people whom he so notoriously disliked, he acted with something

of the character of a hero. And he was heroic in more than this particular. Johnson had no liking whatever for what Boswell calls "rural beauties." A mountain was to him only "an immense protuberance," and the charming solitude of the Highland glens simply raised in him a new admiration for Fleet Street. On the shores of Loch Ness he writes: "It will very readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveller; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls; and that these journeys are useless labours, which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding." When we remember, in addition to what has been already said, that the "useless labours" were undertaken at a time when a visit to the western isles of Scotland was as serious a matter as a visit to Kamtschatka would be now, one must, with Alexander Smith, admire the Fleet Street philosopher as a very hero of the first water.

Boswell had been trying for years to get Johnson to visit his country, but it was not until 1773 that the great man intimated his readiness to start. It has been suggested that the vexed Ossian controversy which had burst in full force with the publication of Macpherson's work in 1762, may have prompted the lexicographer to make for the north and examine the evidence of Ossian's authenticity for himself. Be that as it may, the fact is on record, that on Saturday, August 18, 1773, "Mr Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's." Boyd's was the Old White Horse Inn, situated in a "close" near the head of the Canongate in Edinburgh. Boswell's house was in James's Court off the Lawnmarket, in a block of buildings where Hume also lived before he moved to the new town in 1770. But Boswell did not know of the exact date of Johnson's arrival, and Johnson meanwhile, in that spirit of sturdy independence which led him to throw away the boots that the charitable gentleman commoner placed at his door when at Oxford, took up his temporary residence at Lucky Boyd's. By the time Boswell found him there, a somewhat untoward incident had occurred. Johnson had asked the waiter to bring him some lemonade, and when he complained that it was not sweet enough, the waiter with his dirty fingers lifted a lump of sugar and plumped it into the glass. The doctor, in indignation, threw the whole thing out of the window, and threatened to send the greasy attendant after it. It was another case of Handel and the refractory vocalist.

But fancy Johnson drinking lemonade! he who had declared that port is the liquor for men, and brandy for heroes! The truth is, he was tectotal at this time. He was prevailed upon to take a

little brandy when he contracted a cold in Mull, and towards the end of the journey he called for a gill of whisky, remarking to Boswell: "Come, let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy." For the rest, he gave the bottle the go-by. One of his lady entertainers was greatly puzzled by his abstention. She said she felt sure he would never carry the practice of drinking too far. "Nay, madam," he replied, "it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine, and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it." A teetotaler must have been a veritable phenomenon in the Highlands even in those days when, as Boswell says, everybody took at least one dram in the twenty-four hours; but Bozzy, as we shall see, made up for the moderation of his companion by getting on several occasions, like Samuel Pepys, "scandalously over-served with liquor."

It must have been a fine sight to see Sam Johnson rolling about the streets of Edinburgh in those far-away August days. From Boswell we learn how he was dressed. He wore "a full suit of plain brown clothes with twisted hair, buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings and silver buckles." Upon this tour, when journeying, he "wore boots and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have held the two volumes of his folio dictionary, and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick." This rig-out gave him something of the character of a buck among the simple Highlanders. We read of him one night in Coll strutting about the room "with a broadsword and target," when he made "a formidable appearance." On another occasion, Boswell took the liberty of putting a big blue bonnet on his head, which gave him the appearance of a "Venerable Senachie." Before coming north he had armed himself with a couple of pistols against the supposed savagery of the Scots, but Boswell got him to leave the weapons in Edinburgh. The oak stick, mentioned above, he carried with him as far as Mull, where he lost it. This formidable club served not only as a staff but as a measure, for one nail was driven into it at the length of a foot, and another marked off a yard. Johnson made a great cry about its loss. He could not be persuaded out of the notion that somebody had stolen it. "No, no, my friend," said he to Boswell; "it is not to be expected that any man in Mull who has got it will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here." Is it possible that the Doctor's cudgel is still hidden away somewhere in Mull? What a relic that would be if it were found!

But we must get the travellers started on their journey. Four days sufficed for the sights—and the smells—of Edinburgh, and the party set off on the 22nd, travelling in a post-chaise. Johnson declared that travelling in a post-chaise with a pretty woman was one of the highest delights in life, but on this occasion the pretty woman had to be left out. The first notable halting-place was St. Andrews, where Johnson, after viewing the cathedral and other ruins, vented his spleen on John Knox by expressing a hope that he was buried "in the highway"—which, indeed, poor Knox is. Fergusson the poet has an amusing piece of verse in which he describes the appallingly national dinner which he would have ordered for Johnson at St. Andrews. But the traveller does not seem to have been offered any distinctively Scots dish until he reached Aberdeen. There they gave him Scots broth. Later on, when he was being entertained by Mrs. Mackinnon of Corry, his hostess asked him how he liked his soup. "Madam, it is fit for pigs," said he. "Then, sir," retorted the lady, "allow me to give you another plateful." At Aberdeen he was less rude, perhaps because they had just made him a burgess, and no "petty officer" had asked him for a tip at the ceremony. Johnson, as we read, was "varociously fond of good eating," and Boswell admits that he notoriously failed to "Scottify" his palate. One of Bozzy's attempts in that direction was to get him to try sheep's head. Another was to make him eat a spelding. "He did not like it," is the short comment. It was just as well, Johnson being a teetotaler for the time. The spelding used to be served free by publicans as a thirst-raiser!

On the way to Inverness the travellers had a look at Elgin Cathedral, and drove over the "Witches' Heath," Johnson meanwhile solemnly reciting long passages from "Macbeth." They went to see the old Castle of Cawdor, too, and Johnson had a long talk with Mr. Macaulay, the minister of the parish. Mr. Macaulay's views of ecclesiastical affairs were naturally somewhat different from Johnson's, and Johnson left him to put on record: "This is a day of novelties. I have seen old trees in Scotland, and have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect." At Inverness the travellers wisely abandoned their post-chaise, and took to Highland ponies instead. Imagine the ponderous Johnson on a pony! Boswell asserts that he "rode very well," but he adds significantly: "I wish, sir, the Club saw you in this attitude." One's sympathies are with the pony. Boswell's clearly were, for he arranged that Johnson should ride the two animals alternately! However, they go

mounted, and set off from the Highland capital, bound for the *terra incognita* of the Hebrides. The first funny incident occurred when they came to a Highland hut kept by an elderly female. Johnson could not see where the woman slept, and he asked her where her bed was. One can only quote Boswell for the sequel. "She answered," says he, "with a tone of emotion, saying she was afraid we wanted to go to bed with her. This coquetry, or whatever it may be called, in so wretched a being was truly ludicrous." Johnson, it need hardly be said, respected what Tom Jones called "the delicacy of the sex," but the irrepressible Boswell, like Archer in "The Beaux Stratagem," insisted on "seeing her chamber." How the interview ended had better be gathered from Bozzy's narrative. At Fort George Johnson so far forgot his teetotal principles as to fill some of the soldiers drunk; and Boswell boyishly declared that he felt like a soldier when the military band began to play as they were at dinner. At Glenmorison Johnson took a fancy to his landlord's daughter, and made her a present of a book. Boswell was very anxious to get the title of the volume so as to tell the world what kind of reading the philosopher thought suitable for young ladies. It was—Cocker's Arithmetic! At Glenelg the travellers came to their first bad inn. It was "furnished with not a single article that we could either eat or drink," and not even a bed could be had. Boswell sent for hay and made a "shake-down" in one of the rooms. Johnson, as we know, had no passion for clean linen, so now he buttoned up his great coat and lay down, while the more dainty Boswell had sheets spread on the hay.

This was perhaps the travellers' worst experience of the kind, for they were now about to take boat for Skye, where, as well as in Mull, they were treated with princely magnificence. The sailing, both now and afterwards, was a trial to Johnson and a painful purgatory to Boswell. Johnson hated the sea, as the devil is said to hate holy water. "No man will be a sailor," said he, "who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned." Yet here he was, exposing himself to the tempestuous seas of the Hebrides, placing his life at the mercy of Highland boatmen, whom he held to be the very worst kind of Scots. "What puzzles me most," says Alexander Smith, "is the courage with which the philosopher encountered the sea. I have, in a considerable steamer more than once, shivered at the heavy surge breaking on Ardnamurchan, and yet the Doctor passed the place in an open boat on his way to Mull, lying down below in philosophical tranquillity, with a greyhound at his back to keep him

warm." Poor Bozzy thought his end had come when he got into a storm. He clung for dear life to a rope which a sailor gave him to hold, quieting his insurgent stomach as best he could with pious consideration, and sadly disturbed when he saw a bigger wave than usual come shouldering onward. But he got over it all, and presently had what he admitted to be some of the happiest nights in his existence. This meant, as a rule, that he got uproariously drunk. As for Johnson he was generally tired and often disgusted with the continual rain, and contented himself with the discussion of such questions as second sight, the claims of Ossian, and the duties of Highland chiefs. At Raasay he stayed in the house while Boswell explored the island and danced a hoolichan on the top of Dun Can. At Kingsburgh he had a notable meeting with Flora Macdonald, and slept in the bed which had been occupied by Prince Charlie after Culloden. "I would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed," he said, though he added, "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it." Boswell describes the heroine of the '45 as "a little woman of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred"; while Johnson speaks of her as "a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." Johnson was, as usual, rather quiescent in Flora's presence, but Boswell was "in a cordial humour, and promoted a cheerful glass," after his bear had gone to bed!

At Dunvegan, the oldest residence in the country, the travellers' were so royally entertained that Johnson declared it reminded him of England, and "became quite joyous." The Mull experiences do not seem to have been very entertaining. Johnson had now begun to chafe at his isolation, and when the heavens continued to weep—as they do in Mull—day after day, he exclaimed impatiently that this was "a waste of life." His one diversion seems to have been the bagpipe. He told one of his hosts that "he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar, which was about the extent of his knowledge of music." Yet he was fond of the bagpipe, and used often to "stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone." The only way to account for the vagary is to remember that Johnson was partially deaf. At Iona the philosopher got into a very pious mood, and after inspecting the venerable ruins associated with St. Columba, wrote that famous rolling passage about "the illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." He was somewhat disappointed with the so-called tombs of the kings—"only

some gravestones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscriptions." Boswell complained that they could get only "an illiterate fellow" as guide, but we do not hear that the cicerone was treated as Keats afterwards treated the Iona dominie, who acted for him in a similar capacity. "This pedagogue," said Keats, suggestively, "always stops at one glass unless you offer him a second, and he never goes beyond a second unless you offer him a third." Perhaps Boswell stopped before the *first* glass.

Johnson returned to civilisation when he got to Oban, evidently a very different place then from what it is now, since, as Boswell says, "we could get but one bridle here." The great events after this were visits to the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, to Boswell's ancestral home at Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, and to Glasgow. The Duke treated Johnson with becoming respect, and the Doctor in return owned that he was much struck by the grandeur and elegance of the castle. He thought, however, that the building should have been a story higher: it was too low. "What I admire here," he said, "is the total defiance of expense." As for Boswell, what *he* admired was "some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses." Nay, their "lively manner and gay inviting appearance" pleased him so much that he thought he could have been a knight-errant for them. Poor Boswell! He has a footnote to tell the reader of his wonder that Johnson should have read this confession in the manuscript, and not have censured him for his levity. But the great man could be equally volatile on occasion. "I have often thought," he observed to Boswell one day, "that if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns"—as more cleanly. And who has not heard of him, on this very tour, allowing a certain pretty woman to sit on his knee and hug him round the neck?

At Auchinleck, where a window in the parish church now commemorates the Boswells, Johnson met his match in the old laird. The elder Boswell, who was the staunchest of Whigs, did not relish his son's hero-worship. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon; Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican, and who's tail do you think he's pinned himsel' to now, mon?" Here, says Sir Walter Scott, the authority for the story, the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. "A dominie, mon; an auld dominie; he keepit a schule and cauld it an acaademy." The two managed to keep the peace till one day they got upon Oliver Cromwell. "What had Cromwell done for his

country?" asked Johnson. "God, doctor, he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their necks," retorted the laird—a phrase worthy of Carlyle himself. Scott reports one other scene, and as that was in connection with the Glasgow visit, we may close with it. Adam Smith, it is said, met Johnson in Glasgow, and had an altercation with him about the well-known account of David Hume's death. The dispute ended by Johnson saying to Smith, "You lie." "And what did you reply?" was asked of Smith. "I said, 'You are the son of a ——'." On such terms, as Scott puts it, did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical language between these two great teachers of morality! Of course the dispute cannot have been about Hume's death, for Hume did not die till three years later. But the story is too good to be ignored for an obvious inaccuracy.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE WARD OF VINTRY.

I.

LYING between Cannon Street and the Thames is one of the most interesting of the wards of London, not only on account of its buildings, but because of its rich fund of associations with the past. Here, lords, knights, and ladies have strutted out their little day; here a Princess of Wales took shelter from the violence of the mob; here a powerful duke lay low while the king's agents searched everywhere for him; here, for centuries, was the heart of the wine trade of England.

The words "Vineyards" and the "Vines" among English place-names point to the fact that viticulture must have been practised in the early times in England. Every monastery had its vineyard: the Isle of Ely was known as the "Ile des Vignes." Bede chronicles the existence of vineyards at East Smithfield, Hatton Garden, and St.-Giles's-in-the-Fields. But the enterprise of the Norman sea-captains and merchants found out that the Anglo-Saxons had a taste for stronger drink than native wine, and brought beverages from across the sea which drove out the home product. As early as 1200 we find that the price fixed for wines of Anjou, Poitou, and Alsace was 20s. to 25s. a cask, "unless the quality was of such a kind as to command a higher price." Fifty years later the wine trade received an impetus from the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine; the king then taking as his due (or prisage) one cask before and one behind the mast.

In the reign of Edward I. Bordeaux merchants were compelled to sell their wines (having paid duty) within forty days of having landed them at the Wharf of the Three Cranes, until, in answer to a petition to the king at the siege of Caerlaverack (Carlisle), they were allowed to stow away duty-paid wines till such time as they could sell them. After this, many spacious houses with cellars were erected by the Bordeaux merchants for that purpose in the mayoralty of Henry Valois (or Wallers). In consequence of a dispute between the merchants and the citizens, the same king granted them the use of St. Botolph's Quay, near Billingsgate, on the payment of one silver

penny per annum, to be paid on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The *recta* or prisage was abolished in favour of butlerage, the king having the right of purchasing wine before duty was paid ; to facilitate this, the merchants were allowed to land wines and place them in what grew up to be bonded stores ; the casks being marked, and the collection of lees and droppings being prohibited. The same king allowed all merchants, denizens (not being artificers), to pass in Gascony to fetch wines (1363) in order to increase the freedom of trade and to open a larger market for English goods ; at the same time Gascon merchants and "others" were to sell freely without disturbance or "impeachment." Three years later, this was confirmed to Gascons and aliens by proclamation to restore the financial equilibrium of the French provinces under Angevin rule. In 1271 a fleet of two hundred sail went in search of wine for the English market ; but seven years later the retail trade was closed to foreigners. In 1282 the wine merchants paid £23 6s. 8d. towards the cost of the French wars, a larger sum than the majority of the greater companies of London.

In the fourteenth century we find the beginning of the "tied-house" system : Thomas Drinkwater, taverner, letting his house on London Bridge to James Beauflower, vintner, for the purpose of retailing wines. The latter was evidently a poor man, as his principal gave him twenty shillings wherewith to buy a cloak ; he, in return, providing his own "hannaps," silvern and wooden, and rendering an account of business done.

The wine merchants required some looking after at an early date : in the days of Edward II. a presentment was made against a certain John Wengar for taking money of the Vintners and Fishmongers to enable them to sell wine contrary to the law. In 1364 a vintner was exposed in the pillory for selling adulterated wine ; he was then compelled to drink as much as he could and was drenched with the remainder ; besides this, he was declared unfit to continue in the franchise. Again, in 1426, Parliament petitioned the king to enact that all casks, pipes, and hogsheads (no matter whence they came) should be of true measure ; and John Rainham (mayor in that year) caused the heads of one hundred and thirty-six casks to be stove in and the contents emptied into the gutter like a stream : "thence issued a loathsome savour." The practice of adulteration, having once set in, was difficult to stem. Complaints were made of the falsification of "Gascon and Guyenne wines, which formerly had been pure and fine."

To improve the shipping trade, Henry VII. ordained that no

wine should be imported on other than English, Welsh, or Irish ships, manned with crews of the same nations, under penalty of confiscation. As a retaliatory tariff the Venetians were subjected to an additional tax of ten shillings a cask upon Malmsey; the Lombards paying six and eightpence a bottle and twelve shillings for "bottle large" upon Malvoisie.

In the time of Edward III. and Richard II., the wines from Gascony and the Rhineland were sold at fourpence and sixpence a gallon; yet the trade must have been a flourishing one, as during those reigns there were four vintners occupying the mayoral dignity:

Regnald (Reginald) atte Conduit;

John Oxenford;

Henry Picard, and

John Stodie.

The taste for strong drink rapidly increased. Stow says that he remembers when Malvoisie was sold at three-halfpence a pint, the churchwardens having paid ten shillings for forty quarts (1345); and when "but few sacks (dry wines) were used save as medicaments, but now many are used." Again, in 1660, an Act was passed against the adulteration of wine with cider, perry, stummed wine (in which fermentation had been arrested), honey, sugar, isinglass, brimstone, lime, raisins or raisin-juice, water, clary or any other herb, under heavy penalties, but without prejudice to the Vintners.

The Vintners claim to have received their charter in 1363; some would place it as far back as 1318, when they traded as Merchants Vintners or Vintonners of Gascony; but evidence that the date is not correct is found in the will of Richard Meinal (1439), by which certain lands were given to the Vintners on condition they were incorporated within two years. This points to the acquisition of certain trading rights rather than to actual incorporation. In 1347 they accused John Peache, a member of the Fishmongers' Company, for selling sweet wine, for which he held a royal license; he was fined and imprisoned. But their charter does not date back beyond 1462; previously they had been divided into two classes, the Vinetarii and the Tabernarii: wine importers and tavern-keepers or retailers. Besides these there were several smaller divisions: the New, the King's, and the Shipping Meynes (or Societies) and another, the name of which is not known. Henry IV. united "those Vintners and Wine-drawers, that retayled by the galon, pottle, quart and pinte, who had been incorporated by the name of Wine-tonners in the reign of Edward III., into a body corporate by the name of the Masters Wardens and Freemen, and Commonalty

of the *Mystery of Vintners of London* ; but they do not appear to have received power to make bylaws. Edward VI. attempted to control the trade by appointing a commission consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and certain justices of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and of Assize, to adjust the selling price according to the supply and demand, and to limit the number of wineshops in the country, giving London forty, Westminster three, and so on. By the charter of Mary, they were allowed to sell and "utter" wine at certain times, without the limits of the declaration of Edward VI. as to the number of wineshops, and to carry on the sale of wine without the restrictions of the statute law. Under Elizabeth, various attempts were made to obtain licenses to sell wine, but the Vintners were too powerful. They were then governed by six persons, governors and council, who were to agree upon the price and to employ searchers, with powers to inflict penalties up to twenty nobles. The searcher's oath was as follows: "to well and truly rule the company and to keep the ordinances which are (or should be) made and put them into execution, doing always Evynhood to poor as well as to rich."

The present charter dates from the time of James I. (1612), by which the company consists of a Master, Upper Renter and Swan Wardens, twelve Past Masters, and the Commonalty, without power to make bylaws ; but they were given the right to buy land in mortmain and to use a common seal. To preserve their rights, they were allowed the services of four men (not being innkeepers) as searchers ; but they were compelled to land their wine above bridge for the convenience of the king's butler and gaugers ; those of the company being Gascons were permitted to export cloth and salt fish.

When Charles I. was desperately in want of money he called upon the Vintners to pay him one penny per quart upon all wines they might sell retail. On their refusal, their selling cooked provisions, said to be a violation of their charter, was made a Star Chamber business.¹ To obtain this payment, the Marquis of Hamilton negotiated with William Abel (Master of the Company 1637, and alderman of Bread Street Ward) and a certain Kilvert (said to have been branded on the hand by order of Parliament, 1621, probably in connection with the abortive licensing system of

¹ Stow writes: "FitzStephen says upon the water's edge, between the wines in the ships and the wines sold at taverns, was a common Cookes Row, whereby it appears that every man lived by his own trade ; not one man interfering with his neighbour ; the cooks dressing meat and selling no wine, and the taverners selling wine and dressing no meat."

James I.), who persuaded the company to vote the king £10,000 and forty shillings on all imported wine, as well as a loan of £6,000. In return for this they were to receive a payment of one penny a quart and to grant licenses for the king's benefit, and the wine coopers were prohibited from selling wine as before. For this, Kilvert received £1,000, and Abel was appointed commissioner for granting licenses to innkeepers. As this was not confirmed in Common Hall, some of the company refused to pay the import duty, unless sanctioned by Parliament. The latter took the matter up, and fined the merchants of London and Bristol £66,000 and £1,051 for having diverted public money from the exchequer; Abel was fined £57,000, and Kilvert was bailed out in £20,000, judged a delinquent, and fined £2,000. It may here be noted that Charles was less of a wine-bibber than his father; and on the day of his execution it is said that the company held a high feast in their Hall. Just before the restoration of 1660, the company feasted Monk on his entry into the city, comparing their guest as a vine giving shelter and fruit at the same time.

It may be convenient here to give a short account of the mysteries of the Vintners. Judges have them down as follows :

1. A Vintner is a wholesale wine merchant.
 2. The term should be restricted to those who sell wine for consumption on the premises; and
 3. The charter refers to wholesale rather than retail trading.
- Lord Justice Herbert said that the mystery of a Vintner consists in blending wine, and that his trade is a cheat rather than an art.

In modern times their privileges are jealously guarded. In the Licensing Acts, 1660–1872, it is especially stated that nothing shall be read to their prejudice. One of their privileges is that freemen of the company can sell wine on payment of the licensing fee; but this was restricted (1839) to those who were free by inheritance or servitude, or their widows. Even now a free Vintner is selling wine not far from Charing Cross.

Their Hall was burned down in the great fire of London, was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, and restored in 1820. The principal room is a stately apartment, lined with marble and adorned with a rich wainscoting of flower and fruit by Grinling Gibbons. At the east end is a noble screen, with columns supporting a pediment with figures of Bacchus, panthers, and fauns. A painting attributed to Vandyck shows their patron saint, St. Martin, dividing his cloak with a beggar.

Other companies have (or had) their Halls in this Ward: the

Cutlers in Cloak Lane (now removed to Warwick Street), the site of which is occupied by modern red-brick offices; the Paul Clerks; Plumbers in Palmer's (or Anchor) Lane, now meet in Adelaide Buildings; Glaziers in Maiden (formerly Kenyon) Lane; and the Fruiterers in Worcester House, now removed to Chancery Lane. Stow places the first in Horsebridge Lane, in a tenement let by Peter de Willingtrete to Paul Butcher (1292) for one choice gilliflower and six shillings payable to the poor and convent of St. Marie Overie.

The Vintners, as well as the Crown and the Drapers' Company, have the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames. Their mark is a notch on either side the beak, alluding to the chevron in their arms, corrupted into the well-known sign of the "Swan with two necks" (nicks). This mark is said to have given rise to their toast "the Worshipful Company of Vintners" with "Five" (V), and "Five times five." Others trace their origin to the fact that Sir Henry Picard entertained four kings at once.



II.

It is unnecessary to state that there are many charities to be found in the Vintry. At one time there were four churches: St. Martin's, Berenman, St. Michael Paternoster in the Royal, St. Thomas Apostle, and St. James's, Garlickhythe. The first charity we find mentioned is that of William Ypres, who gave Edred's Hythe to the convent of the Holy Trinity at Bexley Heath. Paternoster Royal was the church chosen by Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice lord mayor" of London, wherein to found the hospital of St. Mary and St. Spirit for a master, chaplain, four fellows (to be M.A.'s), clerks, chorists, and thirteen poor men to be called "Godde's House." Each of these thirteen men was to have a place for himself, a cell, "with a chinney . . . and other necessities;" they were to be clothed in brown, not staring or "long prised," according to their degree, and were to be fed of charity, abstaining from vain or idle words. One of these was to be the "Tutor," having sixteen pence a day, the others twelve pence, for ever, with necessary provisions, a "hutch" with three locks and a common seal. The Tutor was to gather "togedre" and take charge of all the goods of the charity and well

and truly to administer, "goodly oversee, dispose and ordain them," enforcing himself to "edifie and nourish charitie and peace among his felaws." The lord mayor and the commonalty of the Mercers' Company were appointed conservators. The duties of the bedesmen were to pray for the soul of the founder and his wife, Dame Alice ; of his father and mother, Sir John and Dame Joan Whittington ; of his father- and mother-in-law ; of Hugh and Dame Molde Fitzwarren ; and of his patrons Richard II. and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and Anne and Eleanor, their wives. Afterwards this roll was enlarged to include "the good staat of our aforesaid lord (Henry VI.)," the Archbishop Chichele, the conservators and benefactors of the house ; for their own good "staat" and souls when they should pass out of this world ; and generally for those to whom the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife were beholden in any measure, and for all Christian souls. On rising, the Tutor and poor folk were to kneel and say a Paternoster and Ave Maria with special and hearty commendation for Sir Richard and his wife, and during his leisure for the state of all souls, one or two "Sauters" of our Lady, seven Aves and fifteen Paternosters, and three Creeds ; but if unable by weakness to do all this, to say one at least. Before Mass or "Complayn" they were to meet "togedre" about the tomb of their founder, and repeat the *De Profundis* with "versicles and oraisons" that belong thereto, with three Aves and one Creed ; after which the Tutor shall say openly in English, "God have mercy on our founders' souls and all Christians," to be followed by "Amen." Permission was given by Henry IV. to the executors, John Coventry, Jenkin Carpenter, and William Groves, to buy certain vacant lands in the Royal, for the purpose of establishing this charity, which was confirmed by Henry VI. ; but the religious functions were suppressed by Edward VI. as being superstitious, and the church was sold to the Clerk of the Council (1348) for £4 6s. 8d. Whittington himself was buried three times : once by the executors in the ordinary course of events ; at the Reformation his body was exhumed in hopes of finding treasure and hastily reburied ; under Mary it was wrapped up in lead in the interests of public health. The church was repaired and beautified in 1630 at the cost of £120. The almshouses are in the gift of the Mercers' Company.

In the Church of St. James, Garlickhythe (so called because garlic was sold close by), was buried the Countess of Worcester and her two children, and Sir Robert Chichley, citizen and grocer, whose property (assessed in 1437 at £42 19s. 2d.) was left to his relatives

of the same name; while his lands, with the Three Cranes Wharf and stabling in the parishes of St. Martin's and St. James's, between Stodie and Cressingham Lanes, were left to the rector, the keeper of the works, and the parishioners of the latter parish to maintain a fit chaplain at the altar of St. Mary in that church to offer prayers for the souls of his wives, parents, and friends; and the rent of one vault to the master or keeper of the Hospital or College of the blessed Virgin Mary, St. Thomas, and Edward Confessor at Higham Ferrers, and to the Archbishop, his brother, for the maintenance of that hospital, of Romford Church and the relief of the poor at Higham Suldrop. He also left his houses for the maintenance of one chanting priest, the presentation to remain with the dean of St. Mary de Arcubus. Walter Neale (cutler and blader, sheriff, 1337, mayor, 1338) left land to repair the highways between London and "Wiccombe," Aldgate and Chelmsford, and Southwark and Rochester. In the church was a "bretherhede," "nothing of godless condition; to love God and the holy Chirche and his neighbours, as holy Chirche maketh mencion; that the Wardeynes thereof, which Wardeyne schall collect the quarterages of the Bretheren and Sistren thereof and trewlich yield accounts there of every year once to the Wardeynes that have been before him of the Bretherhede"; and they shall "every year comun hold togeder, for to nourish more knowledge and love, a feast, which feast shall be on the Sunday after the day of St. James Apostle, and every man pay xxd. . . . Every brother and sister that hath been of the Fraternite, if he be of power, shall give somewhat in maintenance of the Fraternite." "Any Broteur or Contekour shall be put out of the Bretherhede but he hath wrought, ne for elde or other mischiese of feebleness,¹ and hath dwelled in the Bretherhede for yeres," when he was to have out of the common box thirteen pence a week for life; this was also to be the case when a brother was imprisoned after having been a member for seven years.

In the church of St. Thomas Apostle, restored in 1603 and 1629 at the cost of £760, and freshly decorated in 1632, H. Causton founded a chantry. Here was buried Sir Edward Littlebury (nicknamed by Edward IV. the horner, because of his proficiency in that instrument), Salter and Merchant of the Staple, and mayor 1487, who left money for the replacing of the bells by those of a more musical note, as well as 300 marks for repairing the road between London and Cambridge; and his dwelling-house, the Rose, in Bread Street, with the garden, to be sold to pay a priest 13s. 6d. for

¹ Unless caused by age or feebleness.

the rest of his soul, and to provide £6 13s. for an evening preacher at St. Paul's Cross, and 10s. at Christmas and Easter for the prisoners in Ludgate, Newgate, and King's Bench.

Guy Shuldam built some almshouses upon land already burdened for superstitious uses, incurring the charge of 6s. 8d., which he left to the Vintners. Being burned down in the great fire, they were re-erected at Mile End, and are now given to women connected with the company, each occupant receiving £10 for coal and provisions.

The most ancient church was St. Martin in the Vintry (already mentioned as that of Bereman or Baremaime), mentioned in the deeds of St. Giles's Hospital as paying a yearly rent to Coco, Vintner. In 1399, Matthew Columbins, a stranger merchant from Bordeaux dealing in French wines, left his executors money to be expended in beautifying the church.

III.

Any ward in the city would be uninteresting if it were not inhabited by citizens who have strutted out their little part in their day. To the west of St. Thomas Apostle stood Ypres Inn, so named after William of that ilk, who brought over some Flemings to aid Stephen against Maud; he received the custody of her half-brother, whom he confined in Rochester Castle till he was exchanged for Stephen himself. Fearing the worst on the accession of Henry, he withdrew to the Continent; but his fears were groundless, and he was soon restored to favour.

Over against St. Martin's in the Vintry, alias Bereman or Baremaime, was a large house built of wood and stone, with vast cellars for the storage of wines, known as the Vintrie. Here lived (1311) John Gisors, mayor and constable of the Tower; a combination calculated to shock any student of the Constitution. Here, too, Sir John Picard entertained four kings, Edward of England, John of France, David of Scotland and him of Cyprus (some add, him, too, of Denmark), together with the Black Prince, and the principal nobility. After dinner he held the hall (and Dame Margaret, his wife, her chamber) against all comers at hazard. But he found entertaining royalty not all beer and skittles; all went well till his highness of Cyprus, after winning fifty marks of his host, lost as much again, and complained. Said the host, more royal than his guest: "My lord king, be not grieved; I count not your money, but your play; I did not bid you here to grieve you"; and, restoring his winnings, he made handsome presents to his suite.

Sir John Lewis (a stranger) also entertained the Black Prince and the dukes of Bedford, Clarence, and Gloucester in the same house. It afterwards passed into the hands of Sir John Stodie, of Stodie in Norfolk (sheriff 1357), who conveyed all that "Manor" of the Vintry, including the stone house known as Stoda de Winton juxta "Stodium bridge" in Paternoster Lane over the Wallbrook water (formerly known as Spital Lane), to John Tuke, parson of that church, "to have and to hold the said manor unto himself and his successors to the use and on behalf of that church." As royal permission had not been obtained, John Tuke became "seized thereof as of fee"; on this becoming a matter of the Exchequer Chamber, Richard II. granted it to the Vintners, who built their hall and almshouses on the site.

A mob of citizens (1377), enraged at the treatment of their bishop (Courtney) at the hands of John of Gaunt in the matter of Wycliffe, searched the city, high and low, without finding him. Led by the city standard bearer, Lord Fitzwalter, they broke into the Marshalsea and found one prisoner, whom they released. Failing to find their prey at the Savoy, they went to Ypres Inn; hearing them coming, he hastily rose from his oysters, and butted his knees against the table, refusing to take any arms. With Lord Percy, he made his way to the back door and escaped by water to Kennington, where he found the Black Prince and Joan of Kent.

Four years afterwards, this princess, being surprised by the so-called "Peasants' Revolt" at the Tower, fled to Tower Royal (one of those palatial fortalices so common to mediæval cities), then known as the Queen's Wardrobe. In the time of Edward I. it had been called the Inn Royal, or the Royal in the parish of St. Michael Paternoster, being in the tenancy of one Simon Beaumes; in 1359 it had been valued at "£20 by the year." Afterwards it was given to the College of St. Stephen at Westminster; but appears to have been resumed as Crown property, as it was granted to the King of Armony (Armenia) on his being driven from his own country by the Turks, together with a pension of £1,000. Under the name of the "messuagium cum pertinenciis voc. le Tour infra paroch. Sancti Thomæ Londoniensis," it came into the possession of the Duke of Norfolk. Many kings dwelt there; in the seventeenth century it was turned into tenement houses and mews; it now gives name to a street of warehouses and shops known as Tower Royal. During this revolt, a certain Richard Lyon, Lapidary and Vintner, who had been impeached and banished the realm some eight years previously by the Commons of England for buying up the king's debts, extorting money from the Bretons, selling the castle of St. Sauveur to the French, intercepting

finer on their way to the royal exchequer, and preventing the relief of Pecherel, found means to return to the royal favour; in spite of which he, with Adam and John Peachey, has been deprived of the aldermanic robes, not by the Common Hall, but by the Guild. It is said that Walter Helliard (known as Wat Tyler) had been his servant and had been chastised by him for a trifling offence. Lyon was beheaded in Cheap and was buried under a fair stone, with his effigy, representing him as having his hair cut short, with a little forked beard, a long gown of flowered damask, a purse hanging from his girdle and a hood covering his shoulders.

John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, the patron of Caxton, lived in a house a little to the west of Vintners' Hall. Coming from Italy, he gave five hundred marks' worth of books to the University of Oxford; on the defeat of Edward IV., he was beheaded on Tower Hill (1340).

Within the bounds of the Ward is Three Cranes Lane, not derived from the signboard of an inn, but from three derricks on the wharf whence the lord mayor was accustomed to take boat on his way to Westminster. The "Mercurius Politicus" of May 14, 1660, related that seventeen waggonloads of furniture were taken from the house (near here) belonging to the widow of the great Protector, under the pretext that they were the property of Charles II. In the following January, Pepys dined with his uncle Feimer and his new aunt, "a spiteful, old, ugly, ill-bred woman in a hatt."

On Sunday, January 6, 1661, the Fifth Monarchy Men (a sect but little understood, both then and now, who applied spiritual doctrines to their worldly politics), coming from their meeting-house in Coleman Street, armed themselves, and stood as sentries at St. Paul's, where they killed passers-by for declaring in favour of God and King Charles. Going to Caen Wood, they were dislodged; and on the Wednesday following appeared in Threadneedle Street, whence they were driven to Bishopsgate, a sharp encounter taking place at the "Helmet." They then rushed to the top of College Hill, where Venner, who had published a libel on King Charles, made his last attempt to enforce the kingdom of Christ upon earth. Being scattered they went to Cheapside and kept the city in an uproar for some few days, but their leader was taken and executed.

Returning to England on the death of Cromwell, the Profligate Villiers-Buckingham (son of the Incapable Duke), found the bulk of his father's property in the hands of Lord Fairfax, as the representative of his mother, a Manners-Rutland. Marrying the great General's only daughter, he lived in an honourable captivity at York

House (the site of the present Charing Cross Station and the neighbouring streets), and, at the death of his father-in-law, came into property worth £20,000 a year. A member of the Cabal Ministry, he was distrusted by the king, joined the popular party, and voted for the exclusion of the Duke of York. Like "Alderman" Shaftesbury, he had to lie low, and lived quietly at 4 College Hill (next to Buckingham Court), while the king searched the city high and low for him. He was the object of Dryden's scathing lines :

From damning things we don't understand,
From purchasing in Dowgate and selling in the Strand :
From calling streets after our names, when we've sold the land,
And borrowing our own house to feast scholars ill,
And being unchancellor'd against our will,
Naught left of a College, save College Hill.

Coming down to modern times, we shall see (sadly disfigured) a handsome house, separated from College Hill by a *porte-cochère*, the residence of the legal family of Wilde, to which belonged Lords Truro and Penzance. On the floors of some of the rooms are still brass plates showing where the brave gentlemen sought recreation by dancing the mazes of the cotillon with beauteous dames. In the spacious cellars underneath lived the celebrated Joey Ladle, who did not so much mind when and how he pecked as how much he pecked, but objected to take alcohol by the pores as being conducive to melancholy.

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THE SIRENS' SONG.

ULYSSES, stay, for heedless none hath passed ;
 With us all lingered ; ravished all did go.
 Thou too thy riddle to unravel hast
 (For life is hard), but we the answer know.
 We know the power that makes the rivers flow,
 And each mysterious secret of the sea ;
 We know the charm that makes the roses blow
 Stay, stranger, stay, for we shall sing to thee.

The causes we discern of life and death,
 Of Fortune's devious flitting to and fro ;
 We see the ghost that flutters in the breath ;
 Our eyes have marked the might of empires grow,
 Beggars made kings, and monarchs stricken low.
 We hymn the nature of all things that be,
 With every moving tale of love and woe.
 Stay, stranger, stay, and let us sing to thee.

Ulysses, stay ; accept thy meed of praise.
 Rest, noblest hero that the world can show,
 While sweetly we o'ertell thy toilsome days.
 Thy labours on the Trojan plain we know,
 Thy gloomy voyage to the realm below.
 Art weary still to plough the barren sea?—
 On our soft breasts thy heavy head bestow.
 Stay, Grecian, stay, and we shall sing to thee.

The Sirens sing. The strong companions row ;
 The listener cries, and struggles to be free ;
 Round him a weightier, closer band they throw ;
 With hasty oars they beat the purple sea.

G. D. VALENTINE.

TABLE TALK.

EURIPIDES ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

WHILE dealing with dramatic subjects I may mention the performances given at the Court Theatre during April of the *Troades* of Euripides in a translation by Dr. Gilbert Murray. This I am disposed to regard as unique in modern art. No actor of first-class reputation took part in the presentation, most of those concerned having barely emerged from the chrysalis stage of amateurdom. The translation, it may be conceded, like the renderings by Dr. Murray of the *Hippolytus* and the *Bacchae* of the same author, is unsurpassable—preserving at once the poetry and the unexampled pathos of the original. The play is, however, devoid of action—one incessant wail over past calamities, varied only by the receipt of news of further horrors, the sacrifice of Polyxena to the shade of Achilles, and the cowardly and abject murder, at the bidding of Odysseus, of the infant Astyanax, torn from the arms of his mother and hurled from the walls of Ilium. Yet the presentation moved me as I have been moved by little on the stage, and almost, it may be said, extended the horizon of theatrical art.

POSITION OF EURIPIDES.

I KNOW all that has been urged against Euripides. To the ancients he was what might almost be called a decadent; and although Aristotle called him the most tragic of the poets, yet he—as well as Sophocles, Aristophanes, and others—is severe in judgment. Only five times in all, out of ninety-two efforts, did he carry off the prize at the Dionysiac festivals. To the modern, meanwhile, he is an agnostic—as was, indeed, Sophocles—and, with too much cause, a misogynist, careless in method, a railer, and to some extent a sensualist. From him might almost be drawn that German paradox that the first step in the decline of art is when it stoops to expression. In spite of all these things he is the immeasurable superior, not only of his copyist Racine, but of every dramatist, speaking rather broadly, of the last three centuries. I should look with more favour upon

the plans for the establishment of a repertory theatre, which now move my amusement, if the scheme of any embraced an occasional revival of the Greek classical drama.

EURIPIDES AND SHAKESPEARE.

I WILL mention two points only in which the *Troïdes* of Euripides anticipates Shakespeare. One is the mourning of the three queens—for such I elect to consider them—Hecuba, Cassandra, and Andromache, and that of Margaret, Elizabeth, the Duchess of York, and Lady Anne in *Richard III.* ; and the second is that of Andromache over Astyanax and the lamentation of Constance over Prince Arthur in *King John*. If in Shakespeare the wail is more dramatic—which in the last instance it must be owned to be—it must be remembered that between the time of the fall of Troy and the reign of John the position of woman had entirely changed. Chivalry was surviving in the days of Constance to secure woman a species of homage of which until days quite recent she has not sought to divest herself. In those of Agamemnon and Neoptolemos the matrons and maidens of a defeated nation were in the full sense the spoil of the victors, and bowed the head meekly to the conqueror. In place of the heart-rending passion and invective of Constance we have Andromache eating out her soul in all but silence, lest any utterance of mutiny or revolt should deprive her of the right to bestow burial rites on the dead, and send her son's naked and mourning spirit shuddering through eternity. Hecuba, hearing that Cassandra belongs to Agamemnon, shudders as she thinks of her as a tirewoman to Clytemnestra, the half-sister of Helen ; and Andromache, appropriated by Neoptolemos, thinks with horror and shame of the moment when, in the arms of her conqueror, she shall forget those of her husband.

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